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THE COMPLETE WORKS AND LIFE OF

LAURENCE STERNE

VOLUME THREE

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY

AND

THE LETTERS *of* LAURENCE STERNE TO HIS MOST INTIMATE FRIENDS

VOL. I

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

WILBUR L. CROSS

He Begged that we Might Exchange Boxes

THE CLONMEL SOCIETY

NEW YORK AND LONDON

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INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

"I HAVE long been a sentimental Being," said Sterne the year before his death, "* * * The world has imagined because I wrote *Tristram Shandy* that I was myself more Shandean than I really ever was." It may well be that we do not come quite to the real Sterne when we regard him as he asks us to regard him in *Tristram Shandy*, — as the king's jester. This view was taken by an anonymous critic of his own time, who averred that "the highest excellence of this genuine, this legitimate son of humour, lies not in his humorous but in his pathetic vein."* The same opinion was held by Émile Montégut, who, among the many Frenchmen that have written of Sterne, is the gayest and subtlest of them all. "*Le Voyage sentimental*," he said, — to retain his beautiful French, — "* * * n'a pas la portée du *Tristram Shandy* peut-être, quoique sous son apparente futilité il cache une réelle profondeur; mais

* *The Monthly Review* for March, 1768.

la composition et la forme en sont autrement irréprochables, et la donnée première, quoique moins forte que celle de son aîné, est plus originale en ce sens qu'elle sort plus directement de la nature de l'auteur. Le *Voyage sentimental*, c'est du plus pur Sterne, du Sterne filtré, clarifié, réduit à l'état d'essence. Le *Tristram Shandy* a une tradition, il se rattache en partie à toute une vieille littérature oubliée. Le Burton de *l'Anatomie de la mélancolie*, sir Thomas Browne, Rabelais, Beroalde de Verville, et je ne sais combien de vieux médecins et de vieux théologiens y ont collaboré avec Sterne ; mais le *Voyage sentimental* se rapporte directement à Sterne et n'appartient qu'à lui seul." *

——— It could not be stated better nor with more wit. Rabelais, "Anatomy of Melancholy" Burton, and a score of old physicians and theologians, collaborated, as it were, with Sterne in *Tristram Shandy;* but the *Sentimental Journey* is Sterne and nobody else, — Sterne refined, clarified, and reduced to his very essence.

Sterne was in fact a sentimentalist from the time he took hartshorn to support his spirits

* *Essais sur la Littérature Anglaise.*

during the absence of Miss Lumley from York down to the very end — when he was languishing for the society of Eliza. To his first love he wrote, back in 1740, of a lonely supper just eaten without her: "One solitary plate, one knife, one fork, one glass! — I gave a thousand pensive, penetrating looks at the chair thou hadst so often graced, in those quiet and sentimental repasts, — then laid down my knife and fork, and took out my handkerchief, and clapped it across my face, and wept like a child." In this passage occurs, according to Mr. Sidney Lee, the earliest instance of the word *sentimental* in the English language to designate a tender state of the emotions. *Tristram Shandy* was, of course, primarily a study in grotesque whim. But perhaps even there the passages best remembered are the sentimental ones, such as the story of Le Fevre or the deathbed of Yorick. In fact the seventh book, which is based upon Sterne's long sojourn in France, from the winter of 1762 to the summer of 1764, might be described as *The First Sentimental Journey*. Therein it is related that Mr. Tristram Shandy, a figurehead for the Rev. Laurence Sterne, travelled by chaise from Calais *via* Amiens to Paris and south to

Lyons; thence by boat down the Rhone to Avignon, and then through Languedoc on his mule. It is a curious journey of curious incidents and mishaps, as if it were written in playful banter of ordinary sketches of travel. Mr. Shandy could not describe Calais, for example, because "it was dusky in the evening when I landed, and as dark as pitch in the morning when I set out." He nevertheless proceeded in the very next chapter to give an account of the town, its antiquities and chief buildings, — all drawn, no doubt, from the *itinerary* in his pocket. That, we are to understand, is the way in which travels were usually manufactured. But Mr. Shandy was to meet with experiences out of the common run. As he was leaving the inn at Lyons, he was confronted at the gate by a disconsolate donkey munching the stem of an artichoke; and to take the bitterness from his mouth, Mr. Shandy gave him a macaroon, — the first the poor beast had ever tasted. And in Lanquedoc, betwixt Nismes and Lunel, Mr. Shandy came upon the vintage dance, — and Nannette, "a sun-burnt daughter of Labour." —— "Just Disposer of our joys and sorrows, cried I, why could not a man sit down in the lap of content here, — and

dance, and sing, and say his prayers, and go to Heaven with this nut-brown maid?" —— Both scenes, described in Sterne's very best style, announced the peculiar humor and sentiment that the world now associates with *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy.*

The tour that resulted in this book was the last that Yorick was to take abroad. He set out in October of 1765, following in part the steps of Mr. Tristram Shandy from Calais to southern France. Thence he crossed over into Italy and went south to Rome and Naples. Returning to Coxwold in the summer of 1766, he wrote the last *Shandy* volume, and planned the *Sentimental Journey.* It was to be in four volumes,—two for France and two for Italy. The French part was written in the summer and fall of 1767, while Sterne was in a miserable state of mind and body. He had just come down into Yorkshire, worn out by London dissipations and unnerved by the loss of Eliza,—his one genuine passion—who had gone back to India. Sterne, however, recovered sufficiently to go up to London in the following winter. The *Sentimental Journey* appeared on February 26, 1768; and within a month "the ingenious and Reverend Mr. Sterne"—so was

phrased an obituary — lay dead in his London lodging. According to his plan, the *Sentimental Journey* would have been completed the next year, and then *Shandy* would have been resumed.

An admirer of Yorick's went over the Sterne route in 1825, and described what he saw in two most interesting sketches contributed to the *London Magazine** for that year; and more recently Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has written of Yorick's stopping-places, in his charming life of the humorist. The traveller of 1825 found the inn at Calais still in possession of the Dessein family. A grandson of Yorick's host conducted him to "the very room" Sterne had occupied there, and pointed out the place where the celebrated *remise* had once stood. To the left, as one entered the court-yard, rested, after finishing its career of Europe, the old *désobligeante* in which Sterne wrote the preface to his *Journey;* and on the opposite side of the court, took place the conversation between the poor Franciscan and the beautiful lady in distress. Famous for a century, Dessein's hostelry, Mr. Fitzgerald writes to

* Articles are signed P. (*i.e.*, John Poole, the wit and dramatist).

me, "has gone long since, but I talked lately to one of the family — Madame Dessein. Everything in Calais is gone." Not so, however, at Montreuil. The Hôtel de la Cour de France, where Yorick stayed, is still standing, — "looking exactly," Mr. Fitzgerald goes on to say in his letter, "as it did in Sterne's time, — a charming old place with an archway and courtyard — at the entrance to the town." There the innkeeper's daughter, the beautiful Janatone, set Yorick right on the distinction between *tant pis* and *tant mieux*, and there he discovered La Fleur, the faithful valet for the rest of the tour. It was some distance out of Montreuil that they came upon the famous dead donkey that La Fleur's pony would not pass, and "the poor fellow was kick'd out of his jack-boots." "The journey from Nampont to Amiens," says the tourist of 1825, "affords occasion for a description of French travelling, so fresh, so true, so strictly accurate in all its points, that it might have been written yesterday. La Fleur's jack-boots — the frequent derangement of the tackle — the perversity of the postillion — the hallooing and screaming — the jumbling upon the *pavé* — the 'clattering like a thousand devils' — all these circumstances

are still applicable." About Amiens, where occurred the amusing incident of the transformed letter, Sterne has little to say, and he passes over entirely Chantilly and all other places on the road to Paris. The Hôtel de Modene, where Sterne put up in Paris, — the scene of the starling and "the temptation," that masterpiece in equivoque — was situated in the Rue Jacob, not far from the Pont-Neuf. The *Opéra Comique*, properly the *Comédie Italienne*, to which Yorick inquired the way from the charming grisette, "stood in the Rue Mauconseil, which is near the *Rue de la Vielle Friperie*, where *La Fleur* bought his gay scarlet livery."

There is also a more or less real background of incident and character for the imaginative details of the *Sentimental Journey*. La Fleur, so perfectly tempered, "faithful" and "affectionate," long survived his master, it is said, and served other English travellers on the grand tour. The Count de B——, whom Yorick found reading Shakespeare — one of the finest scenes in the *Journey* — was of course the Comte de Bissy. And Madame de V—— the coquette, who was persuaded by the art and pleasant wit of Yorick to

"put off the epocha of Deism for two years," is said to have been Madame de Vence, a descendant of Madame de Sévigné. The dead donkey, the grisette at the glove-shop, and poor Maria — highly idealized, it is true — seem yet to have been not wholly fictitious. "The case of delicacy" with which the *Journey* ends, though not an incident of Sterne's tour, was an adventure that befell his friend John Crawford of Errol while staying at an inn near Aix-la-Chapelle. But Sterne would not be Sterne without some borrowing. The story of the poor dwarf and the tall German at the theatre was lifted from Scarron.*

It is to be lamented that Sterne did not live to write the Italian part of his *Journey*, which John Hall-Stevenson and others undertook to do for him after his death. At Turin he "spent a joyous fortnight * * * and met with all kinds of honours," including a presentation to the king. Another fortnight brought him by easy stages through Milan, Parma, Placenza, and Bologna to Florence, "with weather," though it was December, "as delicious as a kindly April in England." In another week he was to "tread the Vatican and be intro-

* *Le Roman Comique, seconde partie,* ch. xvii.

duced to all the saints of the Pantheon." He reached Naples in time for the Carnival, into which he entered with zest. "Here I am," Sterne wrote to Hall-Stevenson, "as happy as a king * * * We have a jolly carnival of it — nothing but operas — punchinelloes — festinoes and masquerades. — We (that is, *nous autres*) are all dressing out for one this night at the Princess Francavivalla, which is to be superb." Thoroughly delighted with what he saw and with what he heard everywhere in Italy, Sterne took elaborate notes on manners and customs for those sketches that were never to be written. One episode of the Italian tour, however, found its way as a digression into the *Sentimental Journey* — the adventure at Martini's concert in Milan, where Yorick, on entering the hall, ran into the Marquisina de F*** head to head, as she was coming out. That was indeed a sentimental introduction to the intrigue that followed. The lady was the beautiful Marquisina Fagniani, sometime mistress to George Selwyn and the Duke of Queensbury.

Yorick met on his journey travellers of various types. While sitting in Monsieur Dessein's *désobligeante* at Calais, writing about

them behind the taffeta curtain, he was approached by two "dear countrymen," one of whom was anxious to discover what was giving motion to the old chaise. That was an *Inquisitive Traveller*, the man who makes the grand tour for "knowledge and improvements." Sterne advises this kind of traveller to stay at home. "I am of opinion," says Sterne, "that a man would act as wisely, if he could prevail upon himself to live contented without foreign knowledge or foreign improvements, especially if he lives in a country that has no absolute want of either. * * * Knowledge, in most of its branches, and in most of its affairs, is like music in an Italian street, whereof those may partake who pay nothing." The friend and companion of the Inquisitive Traveller is called the *Simple Traveller*. He had never heard of a preface being wrote in a *désobligeante*. He knew where he dined yesterday, and that was all. Then there is the *Proud Traveller*, who returns from the Continent with a knowledge of the post-roads and nothing more. ——— "Mundungus, with an immense fortune, made the whole tour," says Sterne, "going on from Rome to Naples, — from Naples to Venice, — from Venice to

Vienna, — to Dresden, to Berlin, without one generous connection or pleasurable anecdote to tell of; but he had travelled straight on, looking neither to his right hand nor to his left, lest Love or Pity should seduce him out of his road." Finally there is the *Splenetic Traveller*, "the learned Smelfungus," who "travelled from Boulogne to Paris, — from Paris to Rome, — and so on; — but he set out with the spleen and jaundice; and every object he pass'd by was discoloured or distorted. —— He wrote an account of them; but 't was nothing but the account of his miserable feelings."

This "learned Smelfungus," whom Yorick professes to have come across at Rome and again at Turin, is a thin disguise for Dr. Smollett, the author of *Humphry Clinker*. Broken in health like Sterne, Smollett also made the grand tour, spending two years abroad; and some time after his return to England, he published two volumes of descriptive letters, under the title of *Travels through France and Italy* (1766). The book is, as Sterne takes occasion to say, "a sad tale of sorrowful adventures." The inn at a seaport town near Genoa, where the novelist took up his night's lodging, was

kept, we are told, by a butcher who "had very much the looks of an assassin. His wife was a great masculine virago, who had all the air of having frequented the slaughter-house. * * * We had a very bad supper, miserably dressed, passed a very disagreeable night, and paid a very extravagant bill in the morning, without being thanked for our custom. I was very glad to get out of the house with my throat uncut." The women of Italy Smollett found "the most haughty, insolent, capricious, and revengeful females on the face of the earth." The Tuscan speech, so often praised for its sweetness, was to his ear harsh and disagreeable. "It sounds," he said, "as if the speaker had lost his palate. I really imagined the first man I heard speak in Pisa had met with that misfortune in the course of his amours." While in Florence, he was attracted to the Uffizi gallery by the fame of the Venus de Medicis; but he at once discovered that there is "no beauty in the features" of the marvellous statue, and that "the attitude is awkward and out of character." When he reached Rome, he was "much disappointed at the sight of the Pantheon, which," he goes on to say, "looks like a huge cockpit, open at top. * * * Within side

it has much the air of a mausoleum. It was this appearance which, in all probability, suggested the thought to Boniface IV. to transport hither eight-and-twenty cart-loads of old rotten bones, dug from different burying-places, and then dedicate it as a church to the blessed Virgin and all the holy martyrs."

Sterne set himself point-blank against Smollett, and in a measure against all others that have roamed land or sea since the time of Ulysses. In distinction from them he called himself the *Sentimental Traveller*. "My observations," he said, "will be altogether of a different cast from any of my forerunners." Yorick never stops to describe antiquities, churches, and art galleries, or lovely scenery. Town after town is passed without even the mention of their name. Between Paris and Versailles nothing is discovered to his purpose, and so he fills in the interim of the journey with the later history of the starling. He delays his visit to the Louvre and the Luxembourg, and after he has visited them, there is nothing to say. Yorick did not come to France for pictures, statues, or cathedrals. "I conceive," he told Monsieur le Count, "every fair

being as a temple; and would rather enter in, and see the original drawings, and loose sketches hung up in it, than the Transfiguration of Raphael itself. The thirst of this, continued I, as impatient as that which inflames the breast of the connoisseur, has led me from my own home into France, — and from France will lead me through Italy; — 't is a quiet journey of the heart in pursuit of *Nature*, and those affections which arise out of her, which makes us love each other, — and the world, better than we do."

Instead of describing what he sees for its own sake, Yorick portrays first of all his sensations. And no incident or object is trivial to him provided it may serve to evoke a train of feelings. "I declare," he says, "* * * that was I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections: — if I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to; — I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection; — I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert: if their leaves wither'd, I would teach myself to mourn; — and when they re-

joiced, I would rejoice along with them." The *Inquisitive Traveller*, on reaching Calais in an afternoon, would have strolled through the Place d'Armes for a view of the Hôtel de Ville and the old Watch Tower, and he might have walked on to the Church of Our Lady to see the great altar of white marble. Not so with the *Sentimental Traveller*. He goes straight to Monsieur Dessein's inn, and sits down to a fricaseed chicken and a pint of Burgundy. As he begins his dinner, he reflects that should he die that night of an indigestion, his effects — shirts, silk breeches, portmanteau, and the little picture of Eliza — would all go to the King of France in accordance with the ancient *droits d'aubaine*. In conclusion he drinks a health to the King; his spleen disappears, and the cruel Bourbon becomes a man of mild and humane temper. In this friendly mood, Yorick kicks aside his portmanteau as a symbol of the world's goods, which set at enmity men who should be brothers. He now feels, he says, "every vessel of my frame dilate" and "the arteries beat all cheerily together."

While Yorick is at peace with all the world, and anxious to serve some one in distress, a poor monk of the order of St. Francis appears and

begs an alms for his convent. He is denied, for "no man," says Sterne, "cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies." As quickly as the blush comes and goes, the sweet state of peace and kindness has given way to a spirit of contention and resentment — but so mild is the new mood that we hardly have a name for it. The door closes; the monk is gone; and Yorick, ashamed of his conduct, conceals himself in the old chaise in the court-yard to write his preface. That finished, he goes towards his room, where he meets in the passage Monsieur Dessein, just returned from vespers. He had hoped to be in a hostile frame of mind at the time, that he might drive a good bargain with his landlord for a chaise suitable for the grand tour. But the ill nature he felt a little while before has been dissipated by reflections on the *désobligeante*, a poor "vampt-up business at the first" that "had been twice taken to pieces on Mount Cenis," and had now stood for four months in a corner of the court-yard, exposed to every rain. To drag this poor thing over the mountains into Italy once more is out of the question. So Yorick goes down with Monsieur Dessein to look over his magazine of chaises for one that will give no dis-

quiet to his nerves. On the way to the *remise*, he feels the old spirit of hostility between buyer and seller returning — he imagines his host a Jew, then a Turk, and in thought wishes him to the devil. To reverse these base sentiments arising from an ignoble fear of being overreached in a bargain, Yorick suddenly turns about, and is face to face with the beautiful Fleming. Dislike for Monsieur Dessein vanishes, and all the pity Yorick bestowed a few moments before upon a broken-down chaise is transferred to a fair lady of widowed look: — it is pity, but pity mingled subtly with the passion of sex, as he takes her by the hand and leads her up to the *remise* door, or sits by her side in the chaise scarce large enough for two. Each divines the thought and intent of the other by "the pulsations of the arteries along" their "fingers," as they stand or sit, hand in hand. Amid these pleasant sensations, the aged Franciscan reappears, and Yorick atones for his former harshness by presenting him with his horn snuff-box. Blushing red as scarlet at the kindness, the poor monk begs him to accept his in exchange. "I guard this box," says Yorick, "as I would the instrumental parts of my religion,

to help my mind on to something better: in truth, I seldom go abroad without it: and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous spirit of its owner to regulate my own, in the justlings of the world." The "*gentler* passions" have run their circuit; and benevolence is exalted as a religion: — and all within two hours after Yorick reached Calais.

As at Calais, so on the rest of the journey through France. Everywhere there is the same ebb and flow of the emotions; everywhere alternate the blush and the tear. The sentiment is often whimsical. To no one else would the starling in its cage have suggested in all their details the miseries of slavery or of the lone captive in some dungeon of the Bastille. Probably no other English traveller ever stopped to lament with a poor peasant over the loss of a donkey. It may be that Sterne reached the verge of failure in his attempt to awaken pity for the old *désobligeante* at Calais. The man who is disturbed by the damp and chill that gather about a vampt-up chaise at night, must be indeed of very acute sensibility. Again, Sterne's sentiment is often excessive. His eyes may well have been moist-

ened at the sight of Maria, deserted and out of her senses; but Sterne lets the tears stream: "I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief. — I then steep'd it in my own, — and then in her's, — and then in mine, — and then I wip'd her's again."

In these and in other instances, Sterne's emotions are extraordinary. They may be at times pathological: his paroxysms of tears may come from shattered nerves. But Sterne's emotions are, I think, always sincere, — Thackeray to the contrary, notwithstanding. The *Sentimental Journey* is not, as Thackeray claimed, trick and sham, like "the virtuous oratory" of Joseph Surface in the play. True, Sterne is never profound; he is unstable and volatile: one emotion quickly passes into another, but each is genuine enough while it lasts, though it never lasts long. Three minutes after listening to the sad tale of the Franconian peasant, the dead donkey was forgotten, and Yorick was cursing his postillion. A heart that was broken by the woes of Maria soon recovered, and was ready to enter into the festivity of the vintage season. This was all aptly put by Mme. Suard, one of Sterne's most appre-

ciative admirers in France. "Sterne's merit," she said, "lies, it seems to me, in his having attached an interest to details which in themselves have none whatever; in his having caught a thousand faint impressions, a thousand evanescent feelings, which pass through the heart or the imagination of a sensitive man." *

Yorick travelled with eye and ear alert and soul awake. His impressions — even when they take the form of fancies and opinions — all come from scenes and incidents on the way. There are no meaningless digressions on things in general. Hence it is that the *Sentimental Journey*, subjective as it may be, is also the most objective of books. It moves in a series of dramatic pictures, which, like the emotions that rise out of them, fade into one another with consummate art. With this aspect of the *Sentimental Journey* in view, run over in imagination the shifting scenes at Calais with two or three human figures in them — the monk, the fair Fleming, the little French captain — and then pass on to Montreuil and Paris, to Le Fevre, the beautiful grisette who per-

* J. Texte, *Jean-Jacques Rousseau* (English translation by J. W. Matthews).

mits Yorick to count her pulse beats, the *fille de chambre* who steps into the bookseller's shop and asks for Crébillon's *Égarements du Cœur;* and on to the French peasant's house, the supper, and the dance of his children and grandchildren on the esplanade; or to that touching scene before the assembled States at Rennes, where the Marquis d'E—— reclaims the sword he had laid aside some twenty years before to enter business that he might repair the fortunes of his house. — "His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almost out of the scabbard — 't was the shining face of a friend he had once given up — he look'd attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same — when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it — I think I saw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed. 'I shall find,' said he, 'some *other way* to get it off.'" These little pictures with their nice selection of detail — the sword of the Marquis has a little rust near the point — have been compared to Dutch painting. But they are not broad and coarse enough for that. They are, to para-

phrase Montégut, more like the delicate pastels of Latour with the added color of Watteau. They are delicate and they are brilliant. Were Sterne living and writing to-day, he would be among the impressionists.

W. L. C.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY

——THEY order, said I, this matter better in France——

——You have been in France? said my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the most civil triumph in the world.——Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myself, That one and twenty miles sailing, for 't is absolutely no further from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights——I 'll look into them: so giving up the argument——I went straight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches——"the coat I have on," said I, looking at the sleeve, "will do"——took a place in the Dover stage; and the packet sailing at nine the next morning——by three I had got sat down to my dinner upon a fricaseed chicken, so in-

contestably in France, that had I died that night of an indigestion, the whole world could not have suspended the effects of the *Droits d'aubaine*[1] —— my shirts, and black pair of silk breeches —— portmanteau and all must have gone to the King of France —— even the little picture which I have so long worn, and so often have told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me into my grave, would have been torn from my neck. —— Ungenerous! —— to seize upon the wreck of an unwary passenger, whom your subjects had beckon'd to their coast —— by heaven! SIRE, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me, 't is the monarch of a people so civilized and courteous, and so renowned for sentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reason with ———

But I have scarce set foot in your dominions ———

[1] All the effects of strangers (Swiss and Scotch excepted) dying in France, are seized by virtue of this law, though the heir be upon the spot —— the profit of these contingencies being farmed, there is no redress.

CALAIS

CALAIS

WHEN I had finish'd my dinner, and drank the King of France's health, to satisfy my mind that I bore him no spleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper —— I rose up an inch taller for the accommodation.

—— No —— said I —— the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race: they may be misled like other people; but there is a mildness in their blood. As I acknowledged this, I felt a suffusion of a finer kind upon my cheek —— more warm and friendly to man, than what Burgundy (at least of two livres a bottle, which was such as I had been drinking) could have produced.

—— Just God! said I, kicking my portmanteau aside, what is there in this world's goods which should sharpen our spirits, and make so many kind-hearted brethren of us fall out so cruelly as we do by the way?

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heaviest

of metals in his hand! he pulls out his purse, and holding it airily and uncompress'd, looks round him, as if he sought for an object to share it with.——In doing this, I felt every vessel in my frame dilate——the arteries beat all cheerily together, and every power which sustained life, performed it with so little friction, that 't would have confounded the most *physical précieuse* in France: with all her materialism, she could scarce have called me a machine———

I 'm confident, said I to myself, I should have overset her creed.

The accession of that idea carried nature, at that time, as high as she could go——I was at peace with the world before, and this finish'd the treaty with myself———

Now, was I a King of France, cried I——what a moment for an orphan to have begg'd his father's portmanteau of me!

THE MONK — CALAIS

THE MONK — CALAIS

I HAD scarce uttered the words, when a poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies —— or one man may be generous, as another man is puissant —— *sed non quo ad hanc* —— or be it as it may —— for there is no regular reasoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours; they may depend upon the same causes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themselves —— 't would oft be no discredit to us, to suppose it was so: I 'm sure at least for myself, that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied, to have it said by the world, "I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin nor shame," than have it pass altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was so much of both.

—— But be this as it may. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predeter-

mined not to give him a single sous; and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket —— button'd it up —— set myself a little more upon my center, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scatter'd white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy —— but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more temper'd by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty —— Truth might lie between —— He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seem'd to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted —— mild, pale —— penetrating, free from all commonplace ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth —— it look'd forwards; but

look'd, as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had reverenced it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 't was neither elegant or otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure —— but it was the attitude of Entreaty; and as it now stands presented to my imagination, it gain'd more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journey'd being in his right) —— when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order —— and did it with so simple a grace —— and such an air of deprecation was there in the

whole cast of his look and figure —— was bewitch'd not to have been struck with it ——

—— A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

THE MONK—CALAIS

THE MONK—CALAIS

——'TIS very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address —— 't is very true —— and heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic —— I felt the full force of the appeal —— I acknowledge it, said I —— a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet —— are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind,

the aged, and the infirm —— the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been open'd to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate —— The monk made me a bow —— but of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore —— The monk gave a cordial wave with his head —— as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent —— But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal —— we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour —— and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek,

but could not tarry —— Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him; he shewed none —— but letting his staff fall within his arm, he press'd both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

THE MONK—CALAIS

THE MONK—CALAIS

MY heart smote me the moment he shut the door —— Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times —— but it would not do: every ungracious syllable I had utter'd, crowded back into my imagination: I reflected, I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language —— I considered his grey hairs —— his courteous figure seem'd to re-enter and gently ask me what injury he had done me? —— and why I could use him thus? —— I would have given twenty livres for an advocate —— I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along.

THE DESOBLIGEANT — CALAIS

THE DESOBLIGEANT — CALAIS

WHEN a man is discontented with himself, it has one advantage however, that it puts him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now there being no travelling through France and Italy without a chaise —— and nature generally prompting us to the thing we are fittest for, I walk'd out into the coach-yard to buy or hire something of that kind to my purpose: an old Desobligeant[1] in the furthest corner of the court hit my fancy at first sight, so I instantly got into it, and finding it in tolerable harmony with my feelings, I ordered the waiter to call Monsieur Dessein, the master of the hôtel —— but Monsieur Dessein being gone to vespers, and not caring to face the Franciscan, whom I saw on the opposite side of the court, in conference with a lady

[1] A Chaise, so called in France, from its holding but one person.

just arrived at the inn —— I drew the taffeta curtain betwixt us, and being determined to write my journey, I took out my pen and ink, and wrote the preface to it in the *Desobligeant.*

PREFACE—IN THE DESOBLIGEANT

PREFACE—IN THE DESOBLIGEANT

IT must have been observed by many a peripatetic philosopher, That nature has set up by her own unquestionable authority certain boundaries and fences to circumscribe the discontent of man: she has effected her purpose in the quietest and easiest manner, by laying him under almost insuperable obligations to work out his ease, and to sustain his suffering at home. It is there only that she has provided him with the most suitable objects to partake of his happiness, and bear a part of that burthen, which, in all countries and ages, has ever been too heavy for one pair of shoulders. 'T is true, we are endued with an imperfect power of spreading our happiness sometimes beyond *her* limits, but 't is so ordered, that, from the want of languages, connections, and dependencies, and from the difference in educations, customs, and habits, we lie under so many impedi-

ments in communicating our sensations out of our own sphere, as often amount to a total impossibility.

It will always follow from hence, that the balance of sentimental commerce is always against the expatriated adventurer: he must buy what he has little occasion for, at their own price —— his conversation will seldom be taken in exchange for theirs without a large discount —— and this, by the bye, eternally driving him into the hands of more equitable brokers, for such conversation as he can find, it requires no great spirit of divination to guess at his party ———

This brings me to my point; and naturally leads me (if the see-saw of this *Desobligeant* will but let me get on) into the efficient as well as final causes of travelling ———

Your idle people that leave their native country, and go abroad for some reason or reasons which may be derived from one of these general causes ———

Infirmity of body,

Imbecility of the mind, or

Inevitable necessity.

The two first include all those who travel by land or by water, labouring with pride,

curiosity, vanity, or spleen, subdivided and combined *in infinitum.*

The third class includes the whole army of peregrine martyrs; more especially those travellers who set out upon their travels with the benefit of the clergy, either as delinquents travelling under the direction of governors recommended by the magistrate——— or young gentlemen transported by the cruelty of parents and guardians, and travelling under the direction of governors recommended by Oxford, Aberdeen, and Glasgow.

There is a fourth class, but their number is so small, that they would not deserve a distinction, was it not necessary in a work of this nature to observe the greatest precision and nicety, to avoid a confusion of character. And these men I speak of, are such as cross the seas and sojourn in a land of strangers, with a view of saving money for various reasons and upon various pretences: but as they might also save themselves and others a great deal of unnecessary trouble by saving their money at home —— and as their reasons for travelling are the least complex of any other species

of emigrants, I shall distinguish these gentlemen by the name of

Simple Travellers.

Thus the whole circle of travellers may be reduced to the following *heads:*

Idle Travellers,
Inquisitive Travellers,
Lying Travellers,
Proud Travellers,
Vain Travellers,
Splenetic Travellers,

Then follow

The Travellers of Necessity,
The delinquent and felonious Traveller,
The unfortunate and innocent Traveller,
The simple Traveller,

And last of all (if you please) The Sentimental Traveller (meaning thereby myself), who have travell'd, and of which I am now sitting down to give an account —— as much out of *Necessity,* and the *besoin de Voyager*, as any one in the class.

I am well aware, at the same time, as both my travels and observations will be altogether of a different cast from any of my fore-runners; that I might have insisted upon a whole nitch entirely to myself ——

but I should break in upon the confines of the *Vain* Traveller, in wishing to draw attention towards me, till I have some better grounds for it, than the mere *Novelty of my Vehicle.* It is sufficient for my reader, if he has been a Traveller himself, that with study and reflection hereupon he may be able to determine his own place and rank in the catalogue —— it will be one step towards knowing himself, as it is great odds but he retains some tincture and resemblance of what he imbibed or carried out, to the present hour.

The man who first transplanted the grape of Burgundy to the Cape of Good Hope (observe he was a Dutchman) never dreamt of drinking the same wine at the Cape, that the same grape produced upon the French mountains ——— he was too phlegmatic for that ——— but undoubtedly he expected to drink some sort of vinous liquor; but whether good, bad, or indifferent —— he knew enough of this world to know, that it did not depend upon his choice, but that what is generally called *chance* was to decide his success: however, he hoped for the best: and in these hopes,

by an intemperate confidence in the fortitude of his head, and the depth of his discretion, *Mynheer* might possibly overset both in his new vineyard; and by discovering his nakedness, become a laughing-stock to his people.

Even so it fares with the poor Traveller, sailing and posting through the politer kingdoms of the globe, in pursuit of knowledge and improvements.

Knowledge and improvements are to be got by sailing and posting for that purpose; but whether useful knowledge and real improvements, is all a lottery —— and even where the adventurer is successful, the acquired stock must be used with caution and sobriety, to turn to any profit —— but as the chances run prodigiously the other way, both as to the acquisition and application, I am of opinion, That a man would act as wisely, if he could prevail upon himself to live contented without foreign knowledge or foreign improvements, especially if he lives in a country that has no absolute want of either —— and indeed, much grief of heart has it oft and many a time cost me, when I have observed how

many a foul step the inquisitive Traveller has measured to see sights and look into discoveries; all which, as Sancho Pança said to Don Quixote, they might have seen dry-shod at home. It is an age so full of light, that there is scarce a country or corner of Europe, whose beams are not crossed and interchanged with others ——— Knowledge in most of its branches, and in most affairs, is like music in an Italian street, whereof those may partake, who pay nothing ——— But there is no nation under heaven —— and God is my record (before whose tribunal I must one day come and give an account of this work) —— that I do not speak it vauntingly —— But there is no nation under heaven abounding with more variety of learning —— where the sciences may be more fitly woo'd, or more surely won, than here —— where art is encouraged, and will soon rise high —— where Nature (take her altogether) has so little to answer for —— and, to close all, where there is more wit and variety of character to feed the mind with —— Where then, my dear countrymen, are you going ——

—— We are only looking at this chaise,

said they —— Your most obedient servant, said I, skipping out of it, and pulling off my hat —— We were wondering, said one of them, who, I found, was an *inquisitive Traveller*, —— what could occasion its motion. ——— 'T was the agitation, said I coolly, of writing a preface. —— I never heard, said the other, who was a *simple Traveller*, of a preface wrote in a *Desobligeant*. —— It would have been better, said I, in a *Vis à Vis*.

As an Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen, I retired to my room.

CALAIS

CALAIS

I PERCEIVED that something darken'd the passage more than myself, as I stepp'd along it to my room; it was effectually Mons. Dessein, the master of the hôtel, who had just returned from vespers, and, with his hat under his arm, was most complaisantly following me, to put me in mind of my wants. I had wrote myself pretty well out of conceit with the *Desobligeant;* and Mons. Dessein speaking of it, with a shrug, as if it would no way suit me, it immediately struck my fancy that it belong'd to some *innocent Traveller*, who, on his return home, had left it to Mons. Dessein's honour to make the most of. Four months had elapsed since it had finished its career of Europe in the corner of Mons. Dessein's coach-yard; and having sallied out from thence but a vampt-up business at the first, though it had been twice taken to pieces

on Mount Sennis, it had not profited much by its adventures —— but by none so little as the standing so many months unpitied in the corner of Mons. Dessein's coach-yard. Much indeed was not to be said for it —— but something might —— and when a few words will rescue misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them.

—— Now was I the master of this hôtel, said I, laying the point of my fore-finger on Mons. Dessein's breast, I would inevitably make a point of getting rid of this unfortunate *Desobligeant* —— it stands swinging reproaches at you every time you pass by it. ——

Mon Dieu! said Mons. Dessein —— I have no interest —— Except the interest, said I, which men of a certain turn of mind take, Mons. Dessein, in their own sensations —— I'm persuaded, to a man who feels for others as well as for himself, every rainy night, disguise it as you will, must cast a damp upon your spirits —— You suffer, Mons. Dessein, as much as the machine ——

I have always observed, when there is as much *sour* as *sweet* in a compliment, that an Englishman is eternally at a loss within

himself, whether to take it or let it alone: a Frenchman never is: Mons. Dessein made me a bow.

C'est bien vrai, said he —— But in this case I should only exchange one disquietude for another, and with loss: figure to yourself, my dear Sir, that in giving you a chaise which would fall to pieces before you had got half way to Paris —— figure to yourself how much I should suffer, in giving an ill impression of myself to a man of honour, and lying at the mercy, as I must do, *d'un homme d'esprit.*

The dose was made up exactly after my own prescription; so I could not help taking it —— and returning Mons. Dessein his bow, without more casuistry we walk'd together towards his Remise, to take a view of his magazine of chaises.

IN THE STREET—CALAIS

IN THE STREET—CALAIS

IT must needs be a hostile kind of a world, when the buyer (if it be but of a sorry post-chaise) cannot go forth with the seller thereof into the street, to terminate the difference betwixt them, but he instantly falls into the same frame of mind, and views his conventionist with the same sort of eye, as if he was going along with him to Hyde-park-corner to fight a duel. For my own part, being but a poor swordsman, and no way a match for Monsieur *Dessein*, I felt the rotation of all the movements within me, to which the situation is incident——— I looked at Monsieur *Dessein* through and through ——eyed him as he walk'd along in profile ———then, *en face*———thought he look'd like a Jew——then a Turk——disliked his wig——cursed him by my gods——wished him at the devil———

———And is all this to be lighted up in the heart for a beggarly account of three or

four louis d'ors, which is the most I can be over-reach'd in? —— Base passion! said I, turning myself about, as a man naturally does upon a sudden reverse of sentiment —— base ungentle passion! thy hand is against every man, and every man's hand against thee ——— Heaven forbid! said she, raising her hand up to her forehead, for I had turned full in front upon the lady whom I had seen in conference with the monk —— she had followed us unperceived —— Heaven forbid, indeed! said I, offering her my own ——— she had a black pair of silk gloves, open only at the thumb and two fore-fingers, so accepted it without reserve —— and I led her up to the door of the Remise.

Monsieur *Dessein* had *diabled* the key above fifty times, before he found out he had come with a wrong one in his hand: we were as impatient as himself to have it open'd; and so attentive to the obstacle, that I continued holding her hand almost without knowing it: so that Monsieur *Dessein* left us together, with her hand in mine, and with our faces turned towards the door of the Remise, and said he would be back in five minutes.

Now a colloquy of five minutes, in such a situation, is worth one of as many ages, with your faces turned towards the street: in the latter case, 't is drawn from the objects and occurrences without —— when your eyes are fixed upon a dead blank —— you draw purely from yourselves. A silence of a single moment upon Mons. *Dessein's* leaving us, had been fatal to the situation —— she had infallibly turned about —— so I begun the conversation instantly ———

—— But what were the temptations (as I write not to apologise for the weaknesses of my heart in this tour, —— but to give an account of them) —— shall be described with the same simplicity, with which I felt them.

THE REMISE DOOR — CALAIS

THE REMISE DOOR — CALAIS

WHEN I told the reader that I did not care to get out of the *Desobligeant*, because I saw the monk in close conference with a lady just arrived at the inn —— I told him the whole truth; for I was full as much restrained by the appearance and figure of the lady he was talking to. Suspicion crossed my brain, and said, he was telling her what had passed, something jarred upon it within me —— I wished him at his convent.

When the heart flies out before the understanding, it saves the judgment a world of pains —— I was certain she was of a better order of beings —— however, I thought no more of her, but went on and wrote my preface.

The impression returned upon my encounter with her in the street; a guarded frankness with which she gave me her hand,

shewed, I thought, her good education and her good sense; and as I led her on, I felt a pleasurable ductility about her, which spread a calmness over all my spirits———

———Good God! how a man might lead such a creature as this round the world with him!

I had not yet seen her face———'t was not material; for the drawing was instantly set about, and long before we had got to the door of the Remise, *Fancy* had finish'd the whole head, and pleased herself as much with its fitting her goddess, as if she had dived into the TIBER for it——but thou art a seduced, and a seducing slut; and albeit thou cheatest us seven times a day with thy pictures and images, yet with so many charms dost thou do it, and thou deckest out thy pictures in the shapes of so many angels of light, 't is a shame to break with thee.

When we had got to the door of the Remise, she withdrew her hand from across her forehead, and let me see the original——it was a face of about six and twenty——of a clear transparent brown, simply set off without rouge or powder——it was not

critically handsome, but there was that in it, which, in the frame of mind I was in, attached me much more to it —— it was interesting; I fancied it wore the characters of a widow'd look, and in that state of its declension, which had passed the two first paroxysms of sorrow, and was quietly beginning to reconcile itself to its loss —— but a thousand other distresses might have traced the same lines; I wish'd to know what they had been —— and was ready to enquire (had the same *bon ton* of conversation permitted, as in the days of Esdras) —— "*What aileth thee? and why art thou disquieted? and why is thy understanding troubled?*" —— In a word, I felt benevolence for her; and resolv'd some way or other to throw in my mite of courtesy —— if not of service.

Such were my temptations —— and in this disposition to give way to them, was I left alone with the lady with her hand in mine, and with our faces both turned closer to the door of the Remise than what was absolutely necessary.

THE REMISE DOOR—CALAIS

THE REMISE DOOR—CALAIS

THIS certainly, fair lady! said I, raising her hand up a little lightly as I began, must be one of Fortune's whimsical doings: to take two utter strangers by their hands —— of different sexes, and perhaps from different corners of the globe, and in one moment place them together in such a cordial situation as Friendship herself could scarce have atchieved for them, had she projected it for a month ———

—— And your reflection upon it, shews how much, Monsieur, she has embarrassed you by the adventure ——

When the situation is what we would wish, nothing is so ill-timed as to hint at the circumstances which make it so: you thank Fortune, continued she —— you had reason —— the heart knew it, and was satisfied; and who but an English philosopher

would have sent notice of it to the brain to reverse the judgment?

In saying this she disengaged her hand with a look which I thought a sufficient commentary upon the text.

It is a miserable picture which I am going to give of the weakness of my heart, by owning that it suffered a pain, which worthier occasions could not have inflicted —— I was mortified with the loss of her hand, and the manner in which I had lost it carried neither oil nor wine to the wound: I never felt the pain of a sheepish inferiority so miserably in my life.

The triumphs of a true feminine heart are short upon these discomfitures. In a very few seconds she laid her hand upon the cuff of my coat, in order to finish her reply; so some way or other, God knows how, I regained my situation.

—— She had nothing to add.

I forthwith began to model a different conversation for the lady, thinking from the spirit as well as moral of this, that I had been mistaken in her character; but upon turning her face towards me, the spirit which had animated the reply was fled ——

the muscles relaxed, and I beheld the same unprotected look of distress which first won me to her interest —— melancholy! to see such sprightliness the prey of sorrow —— I pitied her from my soul; and though it may seem ridiculous enough to a torpid heart —— I could have taken her into my arms, and cherished her, though it was in the open street, without blushing.

The pulsations of the arteries along my fingers pressing across her's, told her what was passing within me: she looked down —— a silence of some moments followed.

I fear, in this interval, I must have made some slight efforts towards a closer compression of her hand, from a subtle sensation I felt in the palm of my own —— not as if she was going to withdraw her's —— but as if she thought about it —— and I had infallibly lost it a second time, had not instinct more than reason directed me to the last resource in these dangers —— to hold it loosely and in a manner as if I was every moment going to release it, of myself; so she let it continue, till Monsieur *Dessein* returned with the key; and

in the mean time I set myself to consider how I should undo the ill impressions which the poor monk's story, in case he had told it her, must have planted in her breast against me.

THE SNUFF-BOX — CALAIS

THE SNUFF-BOX — CALAIS

THE good old monk was within six paces of us, as the idea of him cross'd my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no —— He stopp'd, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frankness: and having a horn snuff-box in his hand, he presented it open to me —— You shall taste mine —— said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one) and putting it into his hand —— 'T is most excellent, said the monk; Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all, and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor monk blush'd as red as scarlet. *Mon Dieu!* said he, pressing his hands together —— you never used me unkindly. ——

I should think, said the lady, he is not likely. I blush'd in my turn; but from what movements I leave to the few who feel to analyse —— Excuse me, Madame, replied I —— I treated him most unkindly; and from no provocations. 'T is impossible, said the lady —— My God! cried the monk, with a warmth of asseveration which seem'd not to belong to him —— the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal —— The lady opposed it, and I joined with her in maintaining it was impossible, that a spirit so regulated as his, could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it. —— We remained silent without any sensation of that foolish pain which takes place, when in such a circle you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word. Whilst this lasted, the monk rubb'd his horn box upon the sleeve of his tunick; and as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction —— he made a low bow, and said, 't was too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in

this contest —— but be it as it would —— he begg'd we might exchange boxes —— In saying this, he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kissed it —— with a stream of good-nature in his eyes he put it into his bosom —— and took his leave.

I guard this box, as I would the instrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to something better: in truth, I seldom go abroad without it: and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous spirit of its owner to regulate my own, in the justlings of the world; they had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when upon some military services ill requited, and meeting at the same time with a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, he abandoned the sword and the sex together, and took sanctuary, not so much in his convent as in himself.

I feel a damp upon my spirits, as I am going to add, that in my last return through Calais, upon inquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his convent, but, ac-

cording to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off: I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him —— when upon pulling out his little horn box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears ——— but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

THE REMISE DOOR — CALAIS

THE REMISE DOOR — CALAIS

I HAD never quitted the lady's hand all this time; and had held it so long, that it would have been indecent to have let it go, without first pressing it to my lips: the blood and spirits, which had suffered a revulsion from her, crowded back to her, as I did it.

Now the two travellers, who had spoke to me in the coach-yard, happened at that crisis to be passing by, and observing our communications, naturally took it into their heads that we must be *man and wife*, at least; so stopping as soon as they came up to the door of the Remise, the one of them, who was the inquisitive Traveller, ask'd us, if we set out for Paris the next morning? —— I could only answer for myself, I said; and the lady added, she was for Amiens —— We dined there yesterday, said the simple Traveller —— You

go directly through the town, added the other, in your road to Paris. I was going to return a thousand thanks for the intelligence, *that Amiens was in the road to Paris;* but upon pulling out my poor monk's little horn box to take a pinch of snuff, I made them a quiet bow, and wished them a good passage to Dover —— they left us alone ———

—— Now where would be the harm, said I to myself, if I was to beg of this distressed lady to accept of half of my chaise? —— and what mighty mischief could ensue?

Every dirty passion, and bad propensity in my nature, took the alarm, as I stated the proposition —— It will oblige you to have a third horse, said AVARICE, which will put twenty livres out of your pocket —— You know not what she is, said CAUTION —— or what scrapes the affair may draw you into, whisper'd COWARDICE ———

Depend upon it, Yorick! said DISCRETION, 't will be said you went off with a mistress, and came by assignation to Calais for that purpose.

—— You can never after, cried HYPOCRISY

aloud, shew your face in the world —— or rise, quoth MEANNESS, in the church —— or be any thing in it, said PRIDE, but a lousy prebendary.

But 't is a civil thing, said I —— and as I generally act from the first impulse, and therefore seldom listen to these cabals, which serve no purpose, that I know of, but to encompass the heart with adamant —— I turn'd instantly about to the lady ———

—— But she had glided off unperceived, as the cause was pleading, and had made ten or a dozen paces down the street, by the time I had made the determination; so I set off after her with a long stride, to make her the proposal with the best address I was master of; but observing she walk'd with her cheek half resting upon the palm of her hand —— with the slow, short-measur'd step of thoughtfulness, and with her eyes, as she went step by step, fixed upon the ground, it struck me, she was trying the same cause herself. God help her! said I, she has some mother-in-law, or tartufish aunt, or nonsensical old woman, to consult upon the occasion, as well as myself: so not caring to interrupt the processe, and deeming

it more gallant to take her at discretion than surprise, I faced about, and took a short turn or two before the door of the Remise, whilst she walk'd musing on one side.

IN THE STREET—CALAIS

IN THE STREET — CALAIS

HAVING, on the first sight of the lady, settled the affair in my fancy, "that she was of the better order of beings" —— and then laid it down as a second axiom, as indisputable as the first, that she was a widow, and wore a character of distress —— I went no further; I got ground enough for the situation which pleased me —— and had she remained close beside my elbow till midnight, I should have held true to my system, and considered her only under that general idea.

She had scarce got twenty paces distant from me, ere something within me called out for a more particular inquiry —— it brought on the idea of a further separation —— I might possibly never see her more —— the heart is for saving what it can; and I wanted the traces through which my wishes might find their way to her, in case

I should never rejoin her myself: in a word, I wish'd to know her name —— her family's —— her condition; and as I knew the place to which she was going, I wanted to know from whence she came: but there was no coming at all this intelligence: a hundred little delicacies stood in the way. I form'd a score different plans —— There was no such thing as a man's asking her directly —— the thing was impossible.

A little French *débonnaire* captain, who came dancing down the street, shewed me, it was the easiest thing in the world; for popping in betwixt us, just as the lady was returning back to the door of the Remise, he introduced himself to my acquaintance, and before he had well got announced, begg'd I would do him the honour to present him to the lady —— I had not been presented myself ——— so turning about to her, he did it just as well by asking her, if she had come from Paris? No, she was going that route, she said. ——— *Vous n'êtes pas de Londres?* —— She was not, she replied. ——— Then Madame must have come through Flanders —— *Apparemment vous êtes Flammande?* said the French captain

—— The lady answered, she was —— *Peut-être de Lisle?* added he —— She said, she was not of Lisle. —— Nor Arras? —— nor Cambray? —— nor Ghent? —— nor Brussels? She answered, she was of Brussels.

He had had the honour, he said, to be at the bombardment of it last war —— that it was finely situated, *pour cela* —— and full of noblesse when the Imperialists were driven out by the French (the lady made a slight curtsy) —— so giving her an account of the affair, and of the share he had had in it —— he begg'd the honour to know her name —— so made his bow.

Et Madame a son Mari? said he, looking back when he had made two steps —— and without staying for an answer —— danced down the street.

Had I served seven years' apprenticeship to good breeding, I could not have done as much.

THE REMISE — CALAIS

THE REMISE—CALAIS

AS the little French captain left us, Mons. Dessein came up with the key of the Remise in his hand, and forthwith let us into his magazine of chaises.

The first object which caught my eye, as Mons. Dessein open'd the door of the Remise, was another old tatter'd *Desobligeant:* and notwithstanding it was the exact picture of that which had hit my fancy so much in the coach-yard but an hour before —— the very sight of it stirr'd up a disagreeable sensation within me now; and I thought 't was a churlish beast into whose heart the idea could first enter, to construct such a machine; nor had I much more charity for the man who could think of using it.

I observed the lady was as little taken with it as myself: so Mons. Dessein led us on to a couple of chaises which stood abreast, telling us, as he recommended them, that they had

been purchased by my Lord A. and B. to go the *grand tour*, but had gone no further than Paris, so were in all respects as good —— as new —— They were too good ——— so I pass'd on to a third, which stood behind, and forthwith began to chaffer for the price. But 't will scarce hold two, said I, opening the door and getting in ——— Have the goodness, Madam, said Mons. Dessein, offering his arm, to step in ——— The lady hesitated half a second, and stepp'd in; and the waiter that moment beckoning to speak to Mons. Dessein, he shut the door of the chaise upon us, and left us.

THE REMISE DOOR—CALAIS

THE REMISE DOOR—CALAIS

C'EST *bien comique*, 't is very droll, said the lady smiling, from the reflection that this was the second time we had been left together by a parcel of nonsensical contingencies —— *c'est bien comique*, said she ——

—— There wants nothing, said I, to make it so, but the comic use which the gallantry of a Frenchman would put it to —— to make love the first moment, and an offer of his person the second.

'T is their *fort*, replied the lady.

It is supposed so at least —— and how it has come to pass, continued I, I know not: but they have certainly got the credit of understanding more of love, and making it better than any other nation upon earth; but for my own part, I think them arrant bunglers, and in truth the worst set of marksmen that ever tried Cupid's patience.

——— To think of making love by *sentiments!*

I should as soon think of making a genteel suit of cloaths out of remnants: —— and to do it —— pop —— at first sight by declaration —— is submitting the offer and themselves with it, to be sifted with all their *pours* and *contres*, by an unheated mind.

The lady attended as if she expected I should go on.

Consider then, madam, continued I, laying my hand upon her's ———

That grave people hate Love for the name's sake ———

That selfish people hate it for their own ———

Hypocrites for heaven's ———

And that all of us, both old and young, being ten times worse frighten'd than hurt by the very *report* ———

—— What a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce a man betrays, who ever lets the word come out of his lips, till an hour or two at least after the time, that his silence upon it becomes tormenting. A course of small, quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm —— nor so vague as to be misunder-

stood ——— with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it ——— leaves nature for your mistress, and she fashions it to her mind ———

Then I solemnly declare, said the lady, blushing —— you have been making love to me all this while.

THE REMISE — CALAIS

THE REMISE — CALAIS

MONSIEUR *Dessein* came back to let us out of the chaise, and acquaint the lady, Count de L———, her brother, was just arrived at the hôtel. Though I had infinite good-will for the lady, I cannot say, that I rejoiced in my heart at the event —— and could not help telling her so —— for it is fatal to a proposal, Madam, said I, that I was going to make to you ——

You need not tell me what the proposal was, said she, laying her hand upon both mine, as she interrupted me. —— A man, my good Sir, has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman, but she has a presentiment of it some moments before ———

Nature arms her with it, said I, for immediate preservation —— But I think, said she, looking in my face, I had no evil to apprehend —— and to deal frankly with you, had determined to accept it. —— If I had ——

(she stopped a moment) —— I believe your good-will would have drawn a story from me, which would have made pity the only dangerous thing in the journey.

In saying this, she suffered me to kiss her hand twice, and with a look of sensibility mixed with a concern, she got out of the chaise ——— and bid adieu.

IN THE STREET — CALAIS

IN THE STREET — CALAIS

I NEVER finished a twelve-guinea bargain so expeditiously in my life: my time seemed heavy upon the loss of the lady, and knowing every moment of it would be as two, till I put myself into motion —— I ordered post-horses directly, and walked towards the hôtel.

Lord! said I, hearing the town-clock strike four, and recollecting that I had been little more than a single hour in Calais ———

What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life, by him who interests his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can *fairly* lay his hands on. ———

—— If this won't turn out something —— another will —— no matter —— 't is an assay upon human nature —— I get my labour for

my pains —— 't is enough ——— the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses and the best part of my blood awake, and laid the gross to sleep.

I pity the man who can travel from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, and cry, 'T is all barren —— and so it is; and so is all the world to him, who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that was I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections —— If I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to —— I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection —— I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert: if their leaves wither'd, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

The learned SMELFUNGUS travelled from Boulogne to Paris —— from Paris to Rome —— and so on —— but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he pass'd by was discoloured or distorted —— He wrote an account of them, but 't was

nothing but the account of his miserable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the pantheon —— he was just coming out of it —— '*Tis nothing but a huge cockpit*,[1] said he —— I wish you had said nothing worse of the Venus of Medicis, replied I —— for in passing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddess, and used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature.

I popp'd upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home; and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures he had to tell, "wherein he spoke of moving accidents by flood and field, and of the cannibals which each other eat: the Anthropophagi" ——— he had been flay'd alive, and bedevil'd, and used worse than St Bartholomew, at every stage he had come at ———

—— I'll tell it, cried Smelfungus, to the world. You had better tell it, said I, to your physician.

Mundungus, with an immense fortune, made the whole tour; going on from Rome to Naples ——— from Naples to Venice —— from

[1] Vide S———'s Travels.

Venice to Vienna —— to Dresden, to Berlin, without one generous connection or pleasurable anecdote to tell of; but he had travell'd straight on, looking neither to his right hand or his left, lest Love or Pity should seduce him out of his road.

Peace be to them! if it is to be found; but heaven itself, was it possible to get there with such tempers, would want objects to give it —— every gentle spirit would come flying upon the wings of Love to hail their arrival ——— Nothing would the souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus hear of, but fresh anthems of joy, fresh raptures of love, and fresh congratulations of their common felicity ——— I heartily pity them: they have brought up no faculties for this work; and was the happiest mansion in heaven to be allotted to Smelfungus and Mundungus, they would be so far from being happy, that the souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus would do penance there to all eternity.

MONTRIUL

MONTRIUL

I HAD once lost my portmanteau from behind my chaise, and twice got out in the rain, and one of the times up to the knees in dirt, to help the postillion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting —— Nor was it till I got to Montriul, upon the landlord's asking me if I wanted not a servant, that it occurred to me, that that was the very thing.

A servant! That I do most sadly, quoth I —— Because, Monsieur, said the landlord, there is a clever young fellow, who would be very proud of the honour to serve an Englishman. —— But why an English one, more than any other? —— They are so generous, said the landlord —— I 'll be shot if this is not a livre out of my pocket, quoth I to myself, this very night —— But they have wherewithal to be so, Monsieur, added he —— Set down one livre more for that, quoth

I —— It was but last night, said the landlord, *qu'un my Lord Anglois presentoit un ecu à la fille de chambre* —— *Tant pis, pour Mademoiselle Janatone,* said I.

Now Janatone being the landlord's daughter, and the landlord supposing I was young in French, took the liberty to inform me, I should not have said *tant pis* ——— but, *tant mieux. Tant mieux, toujours, Monsieur,* said he, when there is any thing to be got —— *tant pis,* when there is nothing. It comes to the same thing, said I. *Pardonnez moi,* said the landlord.

I cannot take a fitter opportunity to observe once for all, that *tant pis* and *tant mieux* being two of the great hinges in French conversation, a stranger would do well to set himself right in the use of them, before he gets to Paris.

A prompt French Marquis at our ambassador's table demanded of Mr. H———, if he was H——— the poet? No, said H——— mildly ——— *Tant pis,* replied the Marquis.

It is H——— the historian, said another —— *Tant mieux,* said the Marquis. And Mr. H———, who is a man of an excellent heart, return'd thanks for both.

When the landlord had set me right in this matter, he called in La Fleur, which was the name of the young man he had spoke of ——saying only first, That as for his talents, he would presume to say nothing——Monsieur was the best judge what would suit him; but for the fidelity of La Fleur, he would stand responsible in all he was worth.

The landlord deliver'd this in a manner which instantly set my mind to the business I was upon——and La Fleur, who stood waiting without, in that breathless expectation which every son of nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

MONTRIUL

MONTRIUL

I AM apt to be taken with all kinds of people at first sight; but never more so, than when a poor devil comes to offer his service to so poor a devil as myself; and as I know this weakness, I always suffer my judgment to draw back something on that very account —— and this more or less, according to the mood I am in, and the case —— and I may add the gender too of the person I am to govern.

When La Fleur entered the room, after every discount I could make for my soul, the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour; so I hired him first —— and then began to enquire what he could do: But I shall find out his talents, quoth I, as I want them —— besides, a Frenchman can do every thing.

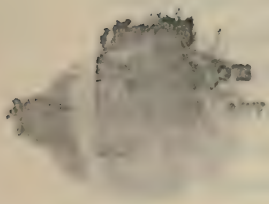
Now poor La Fleur could do nothing in the world but beat a drum, and play a

march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his talents do: and can't say my weakness was ever so insulted by my wisdom, as in the attempt.

La Fleur had set out early in life, as gallantly as most Frenchmen do, with *serving* for a few years: at the end of which, having satisfied the sentiment, and found moreover, That the honour of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it open'd no further track of glory to him —— he retired *à ses terres*, and lived *comme il plaisoit à Dieu* —— that is to say, upon nothing.

—— And so, quoth *Wisdom*, you have hired a drummer to attend you in this tour of yours through France and Italy! Psha! said I, and do not one half of our gentry go with a humdrum *compagnon du voyage* the same round, and have the piper and the devil and all to pay besides? When man can extricate himself with an *equivoque* in such an unequal match —— he is not ill off —— But you can do something else, La Fleur? said I ——— *O qu'oui!* —— he could make spatterdashes, and play a little upon the fiddle —— Bravo! said Wisdom ——

Why I play a bass myself, said I —— we shall do very well. You can shave, and dress a wig a little, La Fleur ? ——— He had all the dispositions in the world —— It is enough for heaven ! said I, interrupting him ——— and ought to be enough for me ——— So supper coming in, and having a frisky English spaniel on one side of my chair, and a French valet, with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever nature painted in one, on the other ——— I was satisfied to my heart's content with my empire ; and if monarchs knew what they would be at, they might be satisfied as I was.



MONTRIUL

MONTRIUL

AS La Fleur went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, and will be often upon the stage, I must interest the reader a little further in his behalf, by saying, that I had never less reason to repent of the impulses which generally do determine me, than in regard to this fellow —— he was a faithful, affectionate, simple soul as ever trudged after the heels of a philosopher; and notwithstanding his talents of drum-beating and spatterdash-making, which, though very good in themselves, happened to be of no great service to me, yet was I hourly recompensed by the festivity of his temper —— it supplied all defects —— I had a constant resource in his looks, in all difficulties and distresses of my own —— I was going to have added, of his too; but La Fleur was out of the reach of every thing; for whether it was hunger or thirst,

or cold or nakedness, or watchings, or whatever stripes of ill luck La Fleur met with in our journeyings, there was no index in his physiognomy to point them out by —— he was eternally the same; so that if I am a piece of a philosopher, which Satan now and then puts into my head I am —— it always mortifies the pride of the conceit, by reflecting how much I owe to the complexional philosophy of this poor fellow, for shaming me into one of a better kind. With all this, La Fleur had a small cast of the coxcomb —— but he seemed at first sight to be more a coxcomb of nature than of art; and before I had been three days in Paris with him ——— he seemed to be no coxcomb at all.

MONTRIUL

MONTRIUL

THE next morning, La Fleur entering upon his employment, I delivered to him the key of my portmanteau, with an inventory of my half a dozen shirts and silk pair of breeches; and bid him fasten all upon the chaise —— get the horses put to —— and desire the landlord to come in with his bill.

C'est un garçon de bonne fortune, said the landlord, pointing through the window to half a dozen wenches who had got round about La Fleur, and were most kindly taking their leave of him, as the postillion was leading out the horses. La Fleur kissed all their hands round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promised he would bring them all pardons from Rome.

The young fellow, said the landlord, is beloved by all the town, and there is scarce

a corner in Montriul, where the want of him will not be felt: he has but one misfortune in the world, continued he, "He is always in love." —— I am heartily glad of it, said I —— 't will save me the trouble every night of putting my breeches under my head. In saying this, I was making not so much La Fleur's eloge, as my own, having been in love, with one princess or other, almost all my life, and I hope I shall go on so till I die, being firmly persuaded, that if ever I do a mean action, it must be in some interval betwixt one passion and another: whilst this interregnum lasts, I always perceive my heart locked up —— I can scarce find in it to give Misery a sixpence; and therefore I always get out of it as fast as I can, and the moment I am rekindled, I am all generosity and good-will again; and would do any thing in the world, either for or with any one, if they will but satisfy me there is no sin in it.

—— But in saying this —— sure I am commending the passion —— not myself.

A FRAGMENT

A FRAGMENT

——THE town of Abdera, notwithstanding Democritus lived there, trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it, was the vilest and most profligate town in all Thrace. What for poisons, conspiracies, and assassinations —— libels, pasquinades, and tumults, there was no going there by day —— 't was worse by night.

Now, when things were at the worst, it came to pass, that the Andromeda of Euripides being represented at Abdera, the whole orchestra was delighted with it: but of all the passages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imaginations, than the tender strokes of nature, which the poet had wrought up in that pathetic speech of Perseus, *O Cupid, prince of God and men*, &c. Every man almost spoke pure iambics the next day, and talk'd of

nothing but Perseus his pathetic address —— "O Cupid, prince of God and men" —— in every street of Abdera, in every house —— "O Cupid! Cupid!" —— in every mouth, like the natural notes of some sweet melody which drops from it whether it will or no —— nothing but "Cupid! Cupid! prince of God and men" —— The fire caught —— and the whole city, like the heart of one man, open'd itself to Love.

No pharmacopolist could sell one grain of helebore —— not a single armourer had a heart to forge one instrument of death —— Friendship and Virtue met together, and kiss'd each other in the street —— the golden age returned, and hung over the town of Abdera —— every Abderite took his oaten pipe, and every Abderitish woman left her purple web, and chastely sat her down and listened to the song ——

'T was only in the power, says the Fragment, of the God whose empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the sea, to have done this.

MONTRIUL

MONTRIUL

WHEN all is ready, and every article is disputed and paid for in the inn, unless you are a little sour'd by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaise, and that is with the sons and daughters of poverty, who surround you. Let no man say, "let them go to the devil" —— 't is a cruel journey to send a few miserables, and they have had sufferings enow without it: I always think it better to take a few sous out in my hand; and I would counsel every gentle traveller to do so likewise; he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them —— They will be register'd elsewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives so little as I do; for few, that I know, have so little to give: but as this was the first public act of my charity in France, I took the more notice of it.

A well-a-way! said I, I have but eight sous in the world, shewing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tatter'd soul, without a shirt on, instantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two steps out of the circle, and making a disqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole parterre cried out, *Place aux dames*, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the sentiment of a deference for the sex with half the effect.

Just Heaven! for what wise reasons hast thou ordered it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this?

——I insisted upon presenting him with a single sous, merely for his *politesse*.

A poor little dwarfish, brisk fellow, who stood over-against me in the circle, putting something first under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his snuff-box out of his pocket, and generously offer'd a pinch on both sides of him: it was a gift of consequence, and modestly declined —— The poor little fellow press'd it upon them with

a nod of welcomeness —— *Prenez en* —— *prenez*, said he, looking another way; so they each took a pinch —— Pity thy box should ever want one, said I to myself; so I put a couple of sous into it —— taking a small pinch out of his box, to enhance their value, as I did it. —— He felt the weight of the second obligation more than of the first —— 't was doing him an honour —— the other was only doing him a charity ——— and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

——— Here! said I to an old soldier with one hand, who had been campaign'd and worn out to death in the service ——— here's a couple of sous for thee. *Vive le Roi!* said the old soldier.

I had then but three sous left: so I gave one, simply *pour l'amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begg'd —— The poor woman had a dislocated hip; so it could not be well upon any other motive.

Mon cher et tres charitable Monsieur —— There's no opposing this, said I.

My Lord Anglois —— the very sound was worth the money —— so I gave *my last sous for it*. But in the eagerness of giving,

I had overlooked a *pauvre honteux*, who had no one to ask a sous for him, and who, I believed, would have perished ere he could have ask'd one for himself: he stood by the chaise, a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had seen better days —— Good God! said I —— and I have not one single sous left to give him —— But you have a thousand! cried all the powers of nature, stirring within me ——— so I gave him ——— no matter what ——— I am ashamed to say *how much*, now —— and was ashamed to think how little, then: so if the reader can form any conjecture of my disposition, as these two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the precise sum.

I could afford nothing for the rest, but *Dieu vous benisse* —— *Et le bon Dieu vous benisse encore* —— said the old soldier, the dwarf, &c. The *pauvre honteux* could say nothing —— he pull'd out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away —— and I thought he thanked me more than them all.

THE BIDET

THE BIDET

HAVING settled all these little matters, I got into my post-chaise with more ease than ever I got into a post-chaise in my life; and La Fleur having got one large jack-boot on the far side of a little *bidet*,[1] and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs) —— he canter'd away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince ——

—— But what is happiness! what is grandeur in this painted scene of life! A dead ass, before we had got a league, put a sudden stop to La Fleur's career —— his bidet would not pass by it ——— a contention arose betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kick'd out of his jack-boots the very first kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French christian, saying neither more or less upon it, than, Diable! so presently got up and came

[1] Post horse.

to the charge again astride his bidet, beating him up to it as he would have beat his drum.

The bidet flew from one side of the road to the other, then back again —— then this way —— then that way, and in short every way but by the dead ass —— La Fleur insisted upon the thing —— and the bidet threw him.

What's the matter, La Fleur, said I, with this bidet of thine? —— *Monsieur*, said he, *c'est un cheval le plus opiniatre du monde* ——— Nay, if he is a conceited beast, he must go his own way, replied I —— so La Fleur got off him, and giving him a good sound lash, the bidet took me at my word, and away he scamper'd back to Montriul ——— *Peste!* said La Fleur.

It is not *mal-à-propos* to take notice here, that though La Fleur availed himself but of two different terms of exclamation in this encounter —— namely, *Diable!* and *Peste!* that there are nevertheless three, in the French language; like the positive, comparative, and superlative, one or the other of which serve for every unexpected throw of the dice in life.

Le Diable! which is the first, and positive

degree, is generally used upon ordinary emotions of the mind, where small things only fall out contrary to your expectations —— such as —— the throwing once doublets —— La Fleur's being kick'd off his horse, and so forth —— cuckoldom, for the same reason, is always —— *Le Diable!*

But in cases where the cast has something provoking in it, as in that of the bidet's running away after, and leaving La Fleur aground in jack-boots —— 't is the second degree.

'T is then *Peste!*

And for the third ———

—— But here my heart is wrung with pity and fellow-feeling, when I reflect what miseries must have been their lot, and how bitterly so refined a people must have smarted, to have forced them upon the use of it ———

Grant me, O ye powers which touch the tongue with eloquence in distress! —— whatever is my *cast*, grant me but decent words to exclaim in, and I will give my nature way.

—— But as these were not to be had in France, I resolved to take every evil just as it befel me without any exclamation at all.

La Fleur, who had made no such covenant

with himself, followed the bidet with his eyes till it was got out of sight —— and then, you may imagine, if you please, with what word he closed the whole affair.

As there was no hunting down a frighten'd horse in jack-boots, there remained no alternative but taking La Fleur either behind the chaise, or into it ———

I preferred the latter, and in half an hour we got to the post-house at Nampont.

NAMPONT — THE DEAD ASS

NAMPONT—THE DEAD ASS

——AND this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet ——and this, should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me.——I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 't was to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone-bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time——then laid them down——look'd at them and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand——then laid it upon the bit of

his ass's bridle —— looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made ——and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur amongst the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

—— He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopp'd to pay nature his tribute ——— and wept bitterly.

He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey ——— that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern ——— La Fleur offered him money ——— The mourner said, he did not want it ——— it was not the value of the ass —— but the loss of him. ——— The ass, he said, he was assured loved him —— and upon this told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that they had neither scarce eat or drank till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least in the loss of thy poor beast; I 'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him. —— Alas! said the mourner, I thought so, when he was alive —— but now that he is dead I think otherwise. —— I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him —— they have short-

ened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for. —— Shame on the world! said I to myself —— Did we love each other, as this poor soul but loved his ass ——'t would be something. ———

NAMPONT — THE POSTILLION

NAMPONT—THE POSTILLION

THE concern which the poor fellow's story threw me into required some attention: the postillion paid not the least to it, but set off upon the *pavé* in a full gallop.

The thirstiest soul in the most sandy desert of Arabia could not have wished more for a cup of cold water, than mine did for grave and quiet movements; and I should have had an high opinion of the postillion, had he but stolen off with me in something like a pensive pace —— On the contrary, as the mourner finished his lamentation, the fellow gave an unfeeling lash to each of his beasts, and set off clattering like a thousand devils.

I called to him as loud as I could, for heaven's sake to go slower —— and the louder I called, the more unmercifully he galloped —— The duce take him and his

galloping too —— said I —— he 'll go on tearing my nerves to pieces till he has worked me into a foolish passion, and then he 'll go slow, that I may enjoy the sweets of it.

The postillion managed the point to a miracle: by the time he had got to the foot of a steep hill about half a league from Nampont, —— he had put me out of temper with him —— and then with myself, for being so.

My case then required a different treatment; and a good rattling gallop would have been of real service to me ———

Then, prithee, get on —— get on, my good lad, said I.

The postillion pointed to the hill —— I then tried to return back to the story of the poor German and his ass —— but I had broke the clue ——— and could no more get into it again, than the postillion could into a trot.

—— The duce go, said I, with it all! Here am I sitting as candidly disposed to make the best of the worst, as ever wight was, and all runs counter.

There is one sweet lenitive at least for

evils, which Nature holds out to us: so I took it kindly at her hands, and fell asleep; and the first word which roused me was *Amiens.*

——Bless me! said I, rubbing my eyes ——this is the very town where my poor lady is to come.

AMIENS

AMIENS

THE words were scarce out of my mouth, when the count de L***'s post-chaise, with his sister in it, drove hastily by: she had just time to make me a bow of recognition —— and of that particular kind of it, which told me she had not yet done with me. She was as good as her look; for, before I had quite finished my supper, her brother's servant came into the room with a billet, in which she said she had taken the liberty to charge me with a letter, which I was to present myself to Madame R*** the first morning I had nothing to do at Paris. There was only added, she was sorry, but from what *penchant* she had not considered, that she had been prevented telling me her story —— that she still owed it me; and if my route should ever lay through Brussels, and I had not by then forgot the name of Madame de L*** —— that Madame

de L*** would be glad to discharge her obligation.

Then I will meet thee, said I, fair spirit! at Brussels —— 't is only returning from Italy through Germany to Holland, by the route of Flanders, home —— 't will scarce be ten posts out of my way; but were it ten thousand! with what a moral delight will it crown my journey, in sharing in the sickening incidents of a tale of misery told to me by such a sufferer! to see her weep! and though I cannot dry up the fountain of her tears, what an exquisite sensation is there still left, in wiping them away from off the cheeks of the first and fairest of women, as I 'm sitting with my handkerchief in my hand in silence the whole night beside her?

There was nothing wrong in the sentiment; and yet I instantly reproached my heart with it in the bitterest and most reprobate of expressions.

It had ever, as I told the reader, been one of the singular blessings of my life, to be almost every hour of it miserably in love with some one; and my last flame happening to be blown out by a whiff of jealousy on the sudden turn of a corner, I had lighted

it up afresh at the pure taper of Eliza but about three months before —— swearing as I did it, that it should last me through the whole journey —— Why should I dissemble the matter? I had sworn to her eternal fidelity —— she had a right to my whole heart ——— to divide my affections was to lessen them —— to expose them, was to risk them: where there is risk, there may be loss: —— and what wilt thou have, Yorick! to answer a heart so full of trust and confidence —— so good, so gentle and unreproaching!

—— I will not go to Brussels, replied I, interrupting myself —— but my imagination went on —— I recalled her looks at that crisis of our separation, when neither of us had power to say adieu! I look'd at the picture she had tied in a black ribband about my neck —— and blush'd as I look'd at it —— I would have given the world to have kiss'd it —— but was ashamed —— and shall this tender flower, said I, pressing it between my hands —— shall it be smitten to its very root —— and smitten, Yorick! by thee, who hast promised to shelter it in thy breast?

Eternal fountain of happiness! said I, kneeling down upon the ground —— be thou my witness —— and every pure spirit which tastes it, be my witness also, That I would not travel to Brussels, unless Eliza went along with me, did the road lead me towards heaven.

In transports of this kind, the heart, in spite of the understanding, will always say too much.

THE LETTER — AMIENS

THE LETTER—AMIENS

FORTUNE had not smiled upon La Fleur; for he had been unsuccessful in his feats of chivalry —— and not one thing had offered to signalize his zeal for my service from the time he had entered into it, which was almost four-and-twenty hours. The poor soul burn'd with impatience; and the Count de L***'s servant coming with the letter, being the first practicable occasion which offered, La Fleur had laid hold of it; and in order to do honour to his master, had taken him into a back parlour in the Auberge, and treated him with a cup or two of the best wine in Picardy; and the Count de L***'s servant, in return, and not to be behind-hand in politeness with La Fleur, had taken him back with him to the Count's hotel. La Fleur's *prevenancy* (for there was a passport in his very looks) soon set every servant in the kitchen at

ease with him; and as a Frenchman, whatever be his talents, has no sort of prudery in showing them, La Fleur, in less than five minutes, had pulled out his fife, and leading off the dance himself with the first note, set the *fille de chambre*, the *maitre d'hotel*, the cook, the scullion, and all the household, dogs and cats, besides an old monkey, a-dancing: I suppose there never was a merrier kitchen since the flood.

Madame de L***, in passing from her brother's apartments to her own, hearing so much jollity below stairs, rung up her *fille de chambre* to ask about it; and hearing it was the English gentleman's servant who had set the whole house merry with his pipe, she ordered him up.

As the poor fellow could not present himself empty, he had loaden'd himself in going up stairs with a thousand compliments to Madame de L***, on the part of his master —— added a long apocrypha of enquiries after Madame de L———'s health —— told her, that Monsieur his master was *au desespoire* for her re-establishment from the fatigues of her journey —— and, to close all, that Monsieur had received the letter

which Madame had done him the honour ——— And he has done me the honour, said Madame de L———, interrupting La Fleur, to send a billet in return.

Madame de L——— had said this with such a tone of reliance upon the fact, that La Fleur had not power to disappoint her expectations —— he trembled for my honour —— and possibly might not altogether be unconcerned for his own, as a man capable of being attached to a master who could be wanting *en egards vis à vis d'une femme!* so that when Madame de L——— asked La Fleur if he had brought a letter —— *O qu'oui,* said La Fleur; so laying down his hat upon the ground, and taking hold of the flap of his right-side pocket with his left-hand, he began to search for the letter with his right —— then contrary-wise. —— *Diable!* —— then sought every pocket, pocket by pocket, round, not forgetting his fob —— *Peste!* —— then La Fleur emptied them upon the floor ——— pulled out a dirty cravat——a handkerchief——a comb —— a whip-lash —— a night-cap —— then gave a peep into his hat —— *Quelle etourderie!* He had left the letter upon the table

in the Auberge —— he would run for it, and be back with it in three minutes.

I had just finished my supper when La Fleur came in to give me an account of his adventure: he told the whole story simply as it was; and only added, that if Monsieur had forgot (*par hazard*) to answer Madame's letter, the arrangement gave him an opportunity to recover the *faux pas* ——— and if not, that things were only as they were.

Now I was not altogether sure of my *etiquette*, whether I ought to have wrote or no; but if I had —— a devil himself could not have been angry: 'T was but the officious zeal of a well-meaning creature for my honour; and however he might have mistook the road, or embarrassed me in so doing —— his heart was in no fault —— I was under no necessity to write —— and what weighed more than all —— he did not look as if he had done amiss.

—— 'T is all very well, La Fleur, said I —— 'T was sufficient. La Fleur flew out of the room like lightning, and return'd with pen, ink, and paper, in his hand; and coming up to the table, laid them close before me, with such a delight in his coun-

tenance, that I could not help taking up the pen.

I begun and begun again; and though I had nothing to say, and that nothing might have been expressed in half a dozen lines, I made half a dozen different beginnings, and could no way please myself.

In short, I was in no mood to write.

La Fleur stepp'd out and brought a little water in a glass to dilute my ink —— then fetched sand and seal-wax —— It was all one; I wrote, and blotted, and tore off, and burnt, and wrote again —— *Le diable l'emporte*, said I half to myself —— I cannot write this self-same letter; throwing the pen down despairingly as I said it.

As soon as I had cast down the pen, La Fleur advanced with the most respectful carriage up to the table, and making a thousand apologies for the liberty he was going to take, told me he had a letter in his pocket wrote by a drummer in his regiment to a corporal's wife, which, he durst say, would suit the occasion.

I had a mind to let the poor fellow have his humour —— Then prithee, said I, let me see it.

La Fleur instantly pulled out a little dirty pocket book cramm'd full of small letters and billet-doux in a sad condition, and laying it upon the table, and then untying the string which held them all together, run them over one by one, till he came to the letter in question —— *La voila*, said he, clapping his hands: so unfolding it first, he laid it before me, and retired three steps from the table whilst I read it.

THE LETTER

THE LETTER

MADAME,

JE suis penetré de la douler la plus vive, et reduit en même temps au desespoir par ce retour imprevû du Corporal qui rend notre entrevue de ce soir la chose du monde la plus impossible.

Mais vive la joie ! et toute la mienne sera de penser à vous.

L'amour n'est *rien* sans sentiment.

Et le sentiment est encore *moins* sans amour.

On dit qu'on ne doit jamais se desesperer.

On dit aussi que Monsieur le Corporal monte la garde Mercredi : alors ce sera mon tour.

Chacun à son tour.

En attendant — Vive l'amour ! et vive la bagatelle !

Je suis, MADAME,
Avec toutes les sentiments les
plus respectueux et les plus
tendres, tout à vous.

JAQUES ROQUE.

It was but changing the Corporal into the Count —— and saying nothing about mounting guard on Wednesday —— and the letter was neither right or wrong —— so to gratify the poor fellow, who stood trembling, for my honour, his own, and the honour of his letter —— I took the cream gently off it, and whipping it up in my own way —— I seal'd it up and sent him with it to Madame de L*** ——— and the next morning we pursued our journey to Paris.

PARIS

PARIS

WHEN a man can contest the point by dint of equipage, and carry on all floundering before him with half a dozen lackies and a couple of cooks —— 't is very well in such a place as Paris —— he may drive in at which end of a street he will.

A poor prince who is weak in cavalry, and whose whole infantry does not exceed a single man, had best quit the field; and signalize himself in the cabinet, if he can get up into it —— I say *up into it* —— for there is no descending perpendicular amongst 'em with a "*Me voici, mes enfans*" —— here I am —— whatever many may think.

I own my first sensations, as soon as I was left solitary and alone in my own chamber in the hotel, were far from being so flattering as I had prefigured them. I walked up gravely to the window in my

dusty black coat, and looking through the glass saw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleasure. ——— The old with broken lances, and in helmets which had lost their vizards —— the young in armour bright which shone like gold, beplumed with each gay feather of the east —— all —— all —— tilting at it like fascinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love ———

Alas, poor Yorick! cried I, what art thou doing here? On the very first onset of all this glittering clatter thou art reduced to an atom —— seek —— seek some winding alley, with a tourniquet at the end of it, where chariot never rolled or flambeau shot its rays —— there thou mayest solace thy soul in converse sweet with some kind *grisset* of a barber's wife, and get into such coteries! ———

—— May I perish! if I do, said I, pulling out a letter which I had to present to Madame de R***. —— I 'll wait upon this lady, the very first thing I do. So I called La Fleur to go seek me a barber directly —— and come back and brush my coat.

THE WIG—PARIS

THE WIG—PARIS

WHEN the barber came, he absolutely refused to have any thing to do with my wig: 't was either above or below his art: I had nothing to do, but to take one ready made of his own recommendation.

——But I fear, friend! said I, this buckle won't stand.—— You may immerge it, replied he, into the ocean, and it will stand——

What a great scale is every thing upon in this city! thought I—— The utmost stretch of an English periwig-maker's ideas could have gone no further than to have "dipped it into a pail of water."—— What differance! 't is like time to eternity.

I confess I do hate all cold conceptions, as I do the puny ideas which engender them; and am generally so struck with the great works of nature, that for my own part, if I could help it, I never would make a

comparison less than a mountain at least. All that can be said against the French sublime in this instance of it, is this —— that the grandeur is *more* in the *word;* and *less* in the *thing.* No doubt the ocean fills the mind with vast ideas; but Paris being so far inland, it was not likely I should run post a hundred miles out of it, to try the experiment —— the Parisian barber meant nothing. ———

The pail of water standing beside the great deep, makes certainly but a sorry figure in speech —— but 't will be said —— it has one advantage —— 't is in the next room, and the truth of the buckle may be tried in it without more ado, in a single moment.

In honest truth, and upon a more candid revision of the matter, *The French expression professes more than it performs.*

I think I can see the precise and distinguishing marks of national characters more in these nonsensical *minutiæ,* than in the most important matters of state; where great men of all nations talk and stalk so much alike, that I would not give ninepence to chuse amongst them.

I was so long in getting from under my barber's hands, that it was too late to think of going with my letter to Madame R*** that night: but when a man is once dressed at all points for going out, his reflections turn to little account, so taking down the name of the Hotel de Modene, where I lodged, I walked forth without any determination where to go ——— I shall consider of that, said I, as I walk along.

THE PULSE — PARIS

THE PULSE—PARIS

HAIL ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty which beget inclinations to love at first sight: 't is ye who open this door and let the stranger in.

—— Pray, Madame, said I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the Opera comique: —— Most willingly, Monsieur, said she, laying aside her work ———

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption; till at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat in a low chair on the far side of the shop facing the door ——

—— *Tres volontiers;* most willingly, said she, laying her work down upon a chair next

her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement and so cheerful a look, that had I been laying out fifty louis d'ors with her, I should have said —— "This woman is grateful."

You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take —— you must turn first to your left hand —— *mais prenez garde* —— there are two turns; and be so good as to take the second —— then go down a little way and you'll see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *Pont Neuf*, which you must cross —— and there any one will do himself the pleasure to shew you ———

She repeated her instructions three times over to me, with the same good-natur'd patience the third time as the first; —— and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out ——— she seemed really interested, that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's

beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest Grisset, I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes, ——— and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said ——— so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of the shop as if to look whether I went right or not ——— I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left ——— for that I had absolutely forgot. —— Is it possible? said she, half laughing. —— 'T is very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman, than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth —— she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight courtesy.

——— *Attendez*, said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back-shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am just going

to send him, said she, with a packet into that quarter, and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place.—— So I walk'd in with her to the far side of the shop, and taking up the ruffle in my hand which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down beside her.

—— He will be ready, Monsieur, said she, in a moment—— And in that moment, replied I, most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good-nature, but a continuation of them shews it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, if it is the same blood which comes from the heart, which descends to the extremes (touching her wrist), I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world—— Feel it, said she, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of my other to the artery——

—— Would to heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lack-a-day-sical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever ——— How wouldst thou have laugh'd and moralized upon my new profession! ——— and thou shouldst have laugh'd and moralized on —— Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have said, "there are worse occupations in this world *than feeling a woman's pulse.*" —— But a Grisset's! thou wouldst have said —— and in an open shop! Yorick ———

—— So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw me feel it.

THE HUSBAND—PARIS

THE HUSBAND—PARIS

I HAD counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband coming unexpected from a back parlour into the shop, put me a little out of my reckoning.——'T was nobody but her husband, she said——so I began a fresh score——Monsieur is so good, quoth she, as he pass'd by us, as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse——The husband took off his hat, and making me a bow, said, I did him too much honour——and having said that, he put on his hat and walk'd out.

Good God! said I to myself, as he went out——and can this man be the husband of this woman!

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper's wife seem to be one bone and one flesh: in the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, sometimes the other has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as a man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different: for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there——— in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrum night-cap, the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *salique*, having ceded this department, with sundry others, totally to the women—— by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook long together in a bag, by amicable collisions, they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant—— Monsieur *le Mari* is little better than the stone under your foot——

—— Surely —— surely, man! it is not good for thee to sit alone —— thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings, and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

—— And how does it beat, Monsieur? said she. —— With all the benignity, said I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected —— She was going to say something civil in return ——— but the lad came into the shop with the gloves —— *A propos*, said I, I want a couple of pair myself.

THE GLOVES — PARIS

THE GLOVES—PARIS

THE beautiful Grisset rose up when I said this, and going behind the counter, reach'd down a parcel and untied it: I advanced to the side over-against her: they were all too large. The beautiful Grisset measured them one by one across my hand —— It would not alter the dimensions —— She begg'd I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least —— She held it open —— my hand slipped into it at once —— It will not do, said I, shaking my head a little —— No, said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety —— where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense, are so blended, that all the languages of Babel set loose together could not express them ——— they are communicated and caught so instantaneously, that you can scarce say which party is the

infector. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it —— it is enough in the present to say again, the gloves would not do; so folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter —— it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lay between us.

The beautiful Grisset look'd sometimes at the gloves, then side-ways to the window, then at the gloves —— and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence —— I follow'd her example: so I look'd at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her —— and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack ——— she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eyelashes with such penetration, that she look'd into my very heart and reins —— It may seem strange, but I could actually feel she did ———

It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful Grisset had not ask'd above a single livre above the price ——— I wish'd she had ask'd a livre

more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about —— Do you think, my dear Sir, said she, mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a *sous* too much of a stranger —— and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himself at my mercy? —— *M'en croyez capable?* —— Faith! not I, said I; and if you were, you are welcome —— So counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shop-keeper's wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

THE TRANSLATION—PARIS

THE TRANSLATION — PARIS

THERE was nobody in the box I was let into but a kindly old French officer. I love the character, not only because I honour the man whose manners are softened by a profession which makes bad men worse; but that I once knew one —— for he is no more —— and why should I not rescue one page from violation by writing his name in it, and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy, the dearest of my flock and friends, whose philanthropy I never think of at this long distance from his death —— but my eyes gush out with tears. For his sake, I have a predilection for the whole corps of veterans; and so I strode over the two back rows of benches, and placed myself beside him.

The old officer was reading attentively a small pamphlet, it might be the book of the opera, with a large pair of spectacles.

As soon as I sat down, he took his spectacles off, and putting them into a shagreen case, return'd them and the book into his pocket together. I half rose up, and made him a bow.

Translate this into any civilized language in the world——the sense is this:

"Here's a poor stranger come into the box——he seems as if he knew nobody; and is never likely, was he to be seven years in Paris, if every man he comes near keeps his spectacles upon his nose——'t is shutting the door of conversation absolutely in his face——and using him worse than a German."

The French officer might as well have said it all aloud: and if he had, I should in course have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him, "I was sensible of his attention, and return'd him a thousand thanks for it."

There is not a secret so aiding to the progress of sociality, as to get master of this *short hand*, and be quick in rendering the several turns of looks and limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude,

I do it so mechanically, that when I walk the streets of London, I go translating all the way; and have more than once stood behind in the circle, where not three words have been said, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could have fairly wrote down and sworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini's concert at Milan, and was just entering the door of the hall, when the Marquisina di F*** was coming out in a sort of a hurry —— she was almost upon me before I saw her; so I gave a spring to one side to let her pass —— She had done the same, and on the same side too: so we ran our heads together: she instantly got to the other side to get out: I was just as unfortunate as she had been; for I had sprung to that side, and opposed her passage again —— We both flew together to the other side, and then back —— and so on —— it was ridiculous; we both blush'd intolerably; so I did at last the thing I should have done at first —— I stood stock still, and the Marquisina had no more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room, till I had made her so much reparation as to wait and follow her with my

eye to the end of the passage —— She look'd back twice, and walk'd along it rather sideways, as if she would make room for any one coming up stairs to pass her —— No, said I —— that 's a vile translation: the Marquisina has a right to the best apology I can make her; and that opening is left for me to do it in —— so I ran and begg'd pardon for the embarrassment I had given her, saying it was my intention to have made her way. She answered, she was guided by the same intention towards me —— so we reciprocally thank'd each other. She was at the top of the stairs; and seeing no *chichesbee* near her, I begg'd to hand her to her coach —— so we went down the stairs, stopping at every third step to talk of the concert and the adventure ——— Upon my word, Madame, said I, when I had handed her in, I made six different efforts to let you go out ——— And I made six efforts, replied she, to let you enter —— I wish to heaven you would make the seventh, said I —— With all my heart, said she, making room —— Life is too short to be long about the forms of it —— so I instantly stepp'd in, and she carried me home with her ——— And

what became of the concert, St Cecilia, who, I suppose, was at it, knows more than I.

I will only add, that the connection which arose out of the translation, gave me more pleasure than any one I had the honour to make in Italy.

THE DWARF—PARIS

THE DWARF—PARIS

I HAD never heard the remark made by any one in my life, except by one; and who that was will probably come out in this chapter: so that being pretty much unprepossessed, there must have been grounds for what struck me the moment I cast my eyes over the *parterre*——and that was, the unaccountable sport of nature in forming such numbers of dwarfs——No doubt she sports at certain times in almost every corner of the world; but in Paris, there is no end to her amusements——The goddess seems almost as merry as she is wise.

As I carried my idea out of the *opera comique* with me, I measured every body I saw walking in the streets by it——Melancholy application! especially where the size was extremely little——the face extremely dark——the eyes quick——the nose long——the teeth white——the jaw prominent——to see so many miserables, by force of

accidents driven out of their own proper class into the very verge of another, which it gives me pain to write down —— every third man a pigmy! —— some by ricketty heads and hump backs —— others by bandy legs —— a third set arrested by the hand of Nature in the sixth and seventh years of their growth ——— a fourth, in their perfect and natural state, like dwarf apple-trees; from the first rudiments and stamina of their existence, never meant to grow higher.

A medical traveller might say, 't is owing to undue bandages —— a splenetic one, to want of air —— and an inquisitive traveller, to fortify the system, may measure the height of their houses ——— the narrowness of their streets, and in how few feet square in the sixth and seventh stories such numbers of the *Bourgoisie* eat and sleep together; but I remember, Mr Shandy the elder, who accounted for nothing like any body else, in speaking one evening of these matters, averred, that children, like other animals, might be increased almost to any size, provided they came right into the world; but the misery was, the citizens of Paris were so coop'd up, that they had not actually room

enough to get them —— I did not call it getting any thing, said he —— 't is getting nothing —— Nay, continued he, rising in his argument, 't is getting worse than nothing, when all you have got, after twenty or five-and-twenty years of the tenderest care and most nutritious aliment bestowed upon it, shall not at last be as high as my leg. Now, Mr Shandy being very short, there could be nothing more said of it.

As this is not a work of reasoning, I leave the solution as I found it, and content myself with the truth only of the remark, which is verified in every lane and by-lane of Paris. I was walking down that which leads from the Carousal to the Palais Royal, and observing a little boy in some distress at the side of the gutter, which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and help'd him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty —— Never mind, said I; some good body will do as much for me, when I am ninety.

I feel some little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful towards this poor blighted part of my species, who have neither size or strength to get on in the

world. —— I cannot bear to see one of them trod upon; and had scarce got seated beside my old French officer, ere the disgust was exercised, by seeing the very thing happen under the box we sat in.

At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the first side-box, there is a small esplanade left, where, when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Though you stand, as in the parterre, you pay the same price as in the orchestra. A poor defenceless being of this order had got thrust somehow or other into this luckless place —— the night was hot, and he was surrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on all sides; but the thing which incommoded him most, was a tall corpulent German, near seven feet high, who stood directly betwixt him and all possibility of his seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards by seeking for some little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying first one side, then the other; but the German stood square in the most unaccommodating

posture that can be imagined —— the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepest draw-well in Paris; so he civilly reach'd up his hand to the German's sleeve, and told him his distress —— The German turn'd his head back, look'd down upon him as Goliah did upon David —— and unfeelingly resumed his posture.

I was just then taking a pinch of snuff out of my monk's little horn box —— And how would thy meek and courteous spirit, my dear monk! so temper'd to *bear and forbear!* ——— how sweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor soul's complaint!

The old French officer, seeing me lift up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apostrophe, took the liberty to ask me what was the matter ——— I told him the story in three words, and added, how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his first transports, which are generally unreasonable, had told the German he would cut off his long queue with his knife. ——— The German look'd back coolly, and told him he was welcome, if he could reach it.

An injury sharpen'd by an insult, be it to whom it will, makes every man of sentiment a party: I could have leap'd out of the box to have redressed it——— The old French officer did it with much less confusion; for leaning a little over, and nodding to a centinel, and pointing at the same time with his finger at the distress —— the centinel made his way to it.——— There was no occasion to tell the grievance —— the thing told itself; so thrusting back the German instantly with his musket —— he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him —— This is noble! said I, clapping my hands together —— And yet you would not permit this, said the old officer, in England.

——— In England, dear Sir, said I, *we sit all at our ease.*

The old French officer would have set me at unity with myself, in case I had been at variance, —— by saying it was a *bon mot* —— and as a *bon mot* is always worth something at Paris, he offered me a pinch of snuff.

THE ROSE—PARIS

THE ROSE—PARIS

IT was now my turn to ask the old French officer, "what was the matter?" for a cry of "*Haussez les mains, Monsieur l'Abbé,*" re-echoed from a dozen different parts of the parterre, was as unintelligible to me, as my apostrophe to the monk had been to him.

He told me, it was some poor Abbé in one of the upper loges, who he supposed had got planted perdu behind a couple of grissets, in order to see the opera, and that the parterre espying him, were insisting upon his holding up both his hands during the representation. —— And can it be supposed, said I, that an ecclesiastic would pick the grissets' pockets? The old French officer smiled, and whispering in my ear, opened a door of knowledge which I had no idea of.

Good God! said I, turning pale with astonishment —— is it possible, that a people so smit with sentiment should at the same

time be so unclean, and so unlike themselves ——— *Quelle grossiereté!* added I.

The French officer told me it was an illiberal sarcasm at the church, which had begun in the theatre about the time the Tartuffe was given in it, by Moliere —— but, like other remains of Gothic manners, was declining —— Every nation, continued he, have their refinements and *grossieretés*, in which they take the lead, and lose it of one another by turns —— that he had been in most countries, but never in one where he found not some delicacies, which others seemed to want. *Le* POUR *et le* CONTRE *se trouvant en chaque nation;* there is a balance, said he, of good and bad every where; and nothing but the knowing it is so, can emancipate one-half of the world from the prepossession which it holds against the other —— that the advantage of travel, as it regarded the *sçavoir vivre*, was by seeing a great deal both of men and manners; it taught us mutual toleration; and mutual toleration, concluded he, making me a bow, taught us mutual love.

The old French officer delivered this with an air of such candour and good sense, as

coincided with my first favourable impressions of his character —— I thought I loved the man; but I fear I mistook the object ——— 't was my own way of thinking —— the difference was, I could not have expressed it half so well.

It is alike troublesome to both the rider and his beast —— if the latter goes pricking up his ears, and starting all the way at every object which he never saw before ——— I have as little torment of this kind as any creature alive; and yet I honestly confess, that many a thing gave me pain, and that I blush'd at many a word the first month —— which I found inconsequent and perfectly innocent the second.

Madame de Rambouliet, after an acquaintance of about six weeks with her, had done me the honour to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town. ——— Of all women, Madame de Rambouliet is the most correct; and I never wish to see one of more virtues and purity of heart —— In our return back, Madame de Rambouliet desired me to pull the cord —— I asked her if she wanted any thing ——— *Rien que pisser*, said Madame de Rambouliet.

Grieve not, gentle traveller, to let Madame de Rambouliet p—ss on ——— And, ye fair mystic nymphs! go each one *pluck your rose*, and scatter them in your path —— for Madame de Rambouliet did no more —— I handed Madame de Rambouliet out of the coach; and had I been the priest of the chaste CASTALIA, I could not have served at her fountain with a more respectful decorum.

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE—PARIS

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE—PARIS

WHAT the old French officer had delivered upon travelling, bringing Polonius's advice to his son upon the same subject into my head —— and that bringing in Hamlet; and Hamlet the rest of Shakespeare's works, I stopp'd at the Quai de Conti in my return home, to purchase the whole set.

The bookseller said he had not a set in the world —— *Comment!* said I; taking one up out of a set which lay upon the counter betwixt us ——— He said, they were sent him only to be got bound, and were to be sent back to Versailles in the morning to the Count de B****.

—— And does the Count de B****, said I, read Shakespeare? *C'est un Esprit fort*, replied the bookseller. —— He loves English books; and what is more to his honour, Monsieur, he loves the English too. You speak this so civilly, said I, that it

is enough to oblige an Englishman to lay out a Louis d'or or two at your shop —— The bookseller made a bow, and was going to say something, when a young decent girl about twenty, who by her air and dress seemed to be *fille de chambre* to some devout woman of fashion, came into the shop and asked for *Les Egarements du Cœur & de l'Esprit:* the bookseller gave her the book directly; she pulled out a little green sattin purse run round with ribband of the same colour, and putting her finger and thumb into it, she took out the money and paid for it. As I had nothing more to stay me in the shop, we both walk'd out of the door together.

——— And what have you to do, my dear, said I, with *The Wanderings of the Heart,* who scarce know yet you have one; nor, till love has first told you it, or some faithless shepherd has made it ache, canst thou ever be sure it is so. —— *Le Dieu m'en garde!* said the girl. —— With reason, said I ——— for if it is a good one, 't is pity it should be stolen; 't is a little treasure to thee, and gives a better air to your face, than if it was dress'd out with pearls.

The young girl listened with a submissive attention, holding her sattin purse by its ribband in her hand all the time —— 'T is a very small one, said I, taking hold of the bottom of it ——— she held it towards me ——— and there is very little in it, my dear, said I; but be but as good as thou art handsome, and heaven will fill it: I had a parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for Shakespeare; and as she had let go the purse entirely, I put a single one in; and tying up the ribband in a bow-knot, returned it to her.

The young girl made me more a humble courtesy than a low one ——— 't was one of those quiet, thankful sinkings, where the spirit bows itself down ——— the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a girl a crown in my life which gave me half the pleasure.

My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, said I, if I had not given this along with it: but now, when you see the crown, you 'll remember it ——— so don't, my dear, lay it out in ribbands.

Upon my word, Sir, said the girl, ear-

nestly, I am incapable —— in saying which, as is usual in little bargains of honour, she gave me her hand ——— *En veritè, Monsieur, je mettrai cet argent apart,* said she.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it sanctifies their most private walks: so notwithstanding it was dusky, yet as both our roads lay the same way, we made no scruple of walking along the Quai de Conti together.

She made me a second courtesy in setting off, and before we got twenty yards from the door, as if she had not done enough before, she made a sort of a little stop to tell me again —— she thank'd me.

It was a small tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying to virtue, and would not be mistaken in the person I had been rendering it to for the world —— but I see innocence, my dear, in your face ——— and foul befal the man who ever lays a snare in its way!

The girl seem'd affected some way or other with what I said —— she gave a low sigh —— I found I was not impowered to inquire at all after it —— so said nothing

more till I got to the corner of the Rue de Nevers, where we were to part.

—— But is this the way, my dear, said I, to the Hotel de Modene? she told me it was —— or, that I might go by the Rue de Gueneguault, which was the next turn. —— Then I 'll go, my dear, by the Rue de Gueneguault, said I, for two reasons; first I shall please myself, and next I shall give you the protection of my company as far on your way as I can. The girl was sensible I was civil —— and said, she wish'd the Hotel de Modene was in the Rue de St Pierre ——— You live there? said I —— She told me she was *fille de chambre* to Madame R**** —— Good God! said I, 't is the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from Amiens —— The girl told me that Madame R****, she believed, expected a stranger with a letter, and was impatient to see him —— so I desired the girl to present my compliments to Madame R****, and say I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We stood still at the corner of the Rue de Nevers whilst this pass'd —— We then stopped a moment whilst she disposed of

her *Egarements du Cœur*, &c. more commodiously than carrying them in her hand —— they were two volumes; so I held the second for her whilst she put the first into her pocket; and then she held her pocket, and I put in the other after it.

'T is sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our affections are drawn together.

We set off afresh, and as she took her third step, the girl put her hand within my arm —— I was just bidding her ——— but she did it of herself with that undeliberating simplicity, which shew'd it was out of her head that she had never seen me before. For my own part, I felt the conviction of consanguinity so strongly, that I could not help turning half round to look in her face, and see if I could trace out any thing in it of a family likeness —— Tut! said I, are we not all relations?

When we arrived at the turning up of the Rue de Gueneguault, I stopp'd to bid her adieu for good and all: the girl would thank me again for my company and kindness —— She bid me adieu twice —— I repeated it as often; and so cordial was the parting between us, that had it happened

any where else, I 'm not sure but I should have signed it with a kiss of charity, as warm and holy as an apostle.

But in Paris, as none kiss each other but the men ——— I did, what amounted to the same thing ———

——— I bid God bless her.

THE PASSPORT—PARIS

THE PASSPORT—PARIS

WHEN I got home to my hotel, La Fleur told me I had been enquired after by the Lieutenant de Police —— The duce take it! said I ——— I know the reason. It is time the reader should know it, for in the order of things in which it happened, it was omitted; not that it was out of my head; but that, had I told it then, it might have been forgot now ——— and now is the time I want it.

I had left London with so much precipitation, that it never enter'd my mind that we were at war with France; and had reached Dover, and looked through my glass at the hills beyond Boulogne, before the idea presented itself; and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a passport. Go but to the end of a street, I have a mortal aversion for returning back no wiser than I set out; and

as this was one of the greatest efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could less bear the thoughts of it; so hearing the Count de **** had hired the packet, I begg'd he would take me in his *suite*. The Count had some little knowledge of me, so made little or no difficulty —— only said, his inclination to serve me could reach no farther than Calais, as he was to return by way of Brussels to Paris; however, when I had once pass'd there, I might get to Paris without interruption; but that in Paris I must make friends and shift for myself ——— Let me get to Paris, Monsieur le Count, said I ——— and I shall do very well. So I embark'd, and never thought more of the matter.

When La Fleur told me the Lieutenant de Police had been enquiring after me —— the thing instantly recurred —— and by the time La Fleur had well told me, the master of the hotel came into my room to tell me the same thing, with this addition to it, that my passport had been particularly asked after: the master of the hotel concluded with saying, He hoped I had one ——— Not I, faith! said I.

The master of the hotel retired three steps from me, as from an infected person, as I declared this ——— and poor La Fleur advanced three steps towards me, and with that sort of movement which a good soul makes to succour a distress'd one ——— the fellow won my heart by it; and from that single *trait*, I knew his character as perfectly, and could rely upon it as firmly, as if he had served me with fidelity for seven years.

Mon seigneur! cried the master of the hotel ——— but recollecting himself as he made the exclamation, he instantly changed the tone of it ——— If Monsieur, said he, has not a passport (*apparemment*) in all likelihood he has friends in Paris who can procure him one ——— Not that I know of, quoth I, with an air of indifference. ——— Then, *certes*, replied he, you 'll be sent to the Bastile or the Chatelet, *au moins*. Poo! said I, the king of France is a good-natur'd soul —— he 'll hurt nobody. —— *Cela n'empeche pas*, said he —— you will certainly be sent to the Bastile to-morrow morning. —— But I 've taken your lodgings for a month, answer'd I, and I 'll not quit them a day

before the time for all the kings of France in the world. La Fleur whispered in my ear, That nobody could oppose the king of France.

Pardi! said my host, *ces Messieurs Anglois sont des gens tres extraordinaires* ——— and having both said and sworn it —— he went out.

THE PASSPORT — THE HOTEL AT PARIS

THE PASSPORT—THE HOTEL AT PARIS

I COULD not find in my heart to torture La Fleur's with a serious look upon the subject of my embarrassment, which was the reason I had treated it so cavalierly; and to shew him how light it lay upon my mind, I dropt the subject entirely; and whilst he waited upon me at supper, talk'd to him with more than usual gaiety about Paris, and of the opera comique. ——— La Fleur had been there himself, and had followed me through the streets as far as the bookseller's shop; but seeing me come out with the young *fille de chambre*, and that we walk'd down the Quai de Conti together, La Fleur deem'd it unnecessary to follow me a step further —— so making his own reflections upon it, he took a shorter cut —— and got to the hotel in time to be inform'd of the affair of the police against my arrival.

As soon as the honest creature had taken away, and gone down to sup himself, I then began to think a little seriously about my situation. ———

——— And here, I know, Eugenius, thou wilt smile at the remembrance of a short dialogue which pass'd betwixt us the moment I was going to set out —— I must tell it here.

Eugenius, knowing that I was as little subject to be overburthen'd with money as thought, had drawn me aside to interrogate me how much I had taken care for; upon telling him the exact sum, Eugenius shook his head, and said it would not do; so pull'd out his purse in order to empty it into mine. ——— I 've enough in conscience Eugenius, said I. ——— Indeed, Yorick, you have not, replied Eugenius ——— I know France and Italy better than you ——— But you don't consider, Eugenius, said I, refusing his offer, that before I have been three days in Paris, I shall take care to say or do something or other for which I shall get clapp'd up into the Bastile, and that I shall live there a couple of months entirely at the king of France's expence. I beg

pardon, said Eugenius, drily: really I had forgot that resource.

Now the event I treated gaily came seriously to my door.

Is it folly, or nonchalance, or philosophy, or pertinacity ——— or what is it in me, that, after all, when La Fleur had gone down stairs, and I was quite alone, I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwise than I had then spoken of it to Eugenius?

—— And as for the Bastile; the terror is in the word ——— Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower ——— and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of ——— Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year —— but with nine livres a day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within —— at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forgot what) to step into the court-yard, as I settled this

account; and remember I walk'd down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning ——— Beshrew the *sombre* pencil! said I vauntingly ——— for I envy not its power, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them —— 'T is true, said I, correcting the proposition ——— the Bastile is not an evil to be despised ——— But strip it of its towers ——— fill up the fossé —— unbarricade the doors —— call it simply a confinement, and suppose 't is some tyrant of a distemper —— and not of a man which holds you in it ——— the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out." —— I look'd up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, or child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung

in a little cage ——— "I can't get out —— I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approach'd it, with the same lamentation of its captivity —— "I can't get out," said the starling —— God help thee! said I —— but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get to the door; it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces —— I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient —— I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty ——"No," said the starling —— "I can't get out —— I can't get out," said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; or do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly call'd home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature

were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walk'd up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! said I —— still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. —— 'T is thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to LIBERTY, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till NATURE herself shall change —— no *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron —— with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled —— Gracious heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion —— and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

THE CAPTIVE—PARIS

THE CAPTIVE—PARIS

THE bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery: but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me——

——I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then look'd through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was

which arises from hope deferr'd. Upon looking nearer I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once fann'd his blood —— he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time —— nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice: —— his children ——

But here my heart began to bleed ——— and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notch'd all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there —— he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down —— shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. —— He gave a deep sigh —— I saw the iron enter into his soul —— I burst into tears ——— I

could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn —— I started up from my chair, and called La Fleur, I bid him bespeak me a *remise*, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning.

—— I 'll go directly, said I, myself to Monsieur le Duc de Choiseul.

La Fleur would have put me to bed; but not willing he should see any thing upon my cheek which would cost the honest fellow a heart-ach ——— I told him I would go to bed by myself ——— and bid him go do the same.

THE STARLING — ROAD TO VERSAILLES

THE STARLING—ROAD TO VERSAILLES

I GOT into my *remise* the hour I promised: La Fleur got up behind, and I bid the coachman make the best of his way to Versailles.

As there was nothing in this road, or rather nothing which I look for in travelling, I cannot fill up the blank better than with a short history of this self-same bird, which became the subject of the last chapter.

Whilst the Honourable Mr**** was waiting for a wind at Dover, it had been caught upon the cliffs before it could well fly, by an English lad who was his groom; who not caring to destroy it, had taken it in his breast into the packet—— and by course of feeding it, and taking it once under his protection, in a day or two grew fond of it, and got it safe along with him to Paris.

At Paris the lad had laid out a livre in a little cage for the starling, and as he had

little to do better the five months his master staid there, he taught it in his mother's tongue the four simple words —— (and no more) —— to which I own'd myself so much its debtor.

Upon his master's going on for Italy ——— the lad had given it to the master of the hotel —— But his little song for liberty being in an *unknown* language at Paris, the bird had little or no store set by him —— so La Fleur bought both him and his cage for me for a bottle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy I brought him with me to the country in whose language he had learn'd his notes —— and telling the story of him to Lord A——, Lord A begg'd the bird of me —— in a week Lord A gave him to Lord B——; Lord B made a present of him to Lord C——; and Lord C's gentleman sold him to Lord D's for a shilling ——— Lord D gave him to Lord E——, and so on —— half round the alphabet —— From that rank he pass'd into the lower house, and pass'd the hands of as many commoners ——— But as all these wanted to *get in* —— and my bird wanted to *get out* —— he had almost as little store set by him in London as in Paris.

It is impossible but many of my readers must have heard of him; and if any by mere chance have ever seen him, —— I beg leave to inform them, that that bird was my bird —— or some vile copy set up to represent him.

I have nothing farther to add upon him, but that from that time to this, I have borne this poor starling as the crest to my arms. —— Thus

——— And let the heralds' officers twist his neck about if they dare.

THE ADDRESS — VERSAILLES

THE ADDRESS — VERSAILLES

I SHOULD not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind when I am going to ask protection of any man; for which reason I generally endeavour to protect myself; but this going to Monsieur le Duc de C**** was an act of compulsion ——— had it been an act of choice, I should have done it, I suppose, like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty address, as I went along, did my servile heart form! I deserved the Bastile for every one of them.

Then nothing would serve me, when I got within sight of Versailles, but putting words and sentences together, and conceiving attitudes and tones to wreath myself into Monsieur le Duc de C****'s good graces ——— This will do, said I —— Just as well, retorted I again, as a coat carried up to him by an adventurous taylor, without

taking his measure ——— Fool! continued I, —— see Monsieur le Duc's face first ——— observe what character is written in it —— take notice in what posture he stands to hear you —— mark the turns and expressions of his body and limbs —— and for the tone —— the first sound which comes from his lips will give it you; and from all these together you'll compound an address at once upon the spot, which cannot disgust the Duke —— the ingredients are his own, and most likely to go down.

Well! said I, I wish it well over —— Coward again! as if man to man was not equal throughout the whole surface of the globe; and if in the field —— why not face to face in the cabinet too? And trust me, Yorick, whenever it is not so, man is false to himself, and betrays his own succours ten times where nature does it once. Go to the Duc de C**** with the Bastile in thy looks —— My life for it, thou wilt be sent back to Paris in half an hour with an escort.

I believe so, said I —— Then I'll go to the Duke, by Heaven! with all the gaiety and debonairness in the world. ——

—— And there you are wrong again, re-

plied I ——— A heart at ease, Yorick, flies into no extremes —— 't is ever on its center —— Well! well! cried I, as the coachman turn'd in at the gates, I find I shall do very well: and by the time he had wheel'd round the court, and brought me up to the door, I found myself so much the better for my own lecture, that I neither ascended the steps like a victim to justice, who was to part with life upon the topmost —— nor did I mount them with a skip and a couple of strides, as I do when I fly up, Eliza! to thee, to meet it.

As I entered the door of the saloon I was met by a person who possibly might be the maitre d'hotel, but had more the air of one of the under-secretaries, who told me the Duc de C**** was busy, —— I am utterly ignorant, said I, of the forms of obtaining an audience, being an absolute stranger, and what is worse in the present conjuncture of affairs, being an Englishman too. ——— He replied, that did not increase the difficulty. —— I made him a slight bow, and told him, I had something of importance to say to Monsieur le Duc. The secretary look'd towards the stairs, as if he was about to leave

me to carry up this account to some one —— But I must not mislead you, said I, —— for what I have to say is of no manner of importance to Monsieur le Duc de C**** —— but of great importance to myself. —— *C'est une autre affaire*, replied he ——— Not at all, said I, to a man of gallantry. But pray, good Sir, continued I, when can a stranger hope to have *accesse*? —— In not less than two hours, said he, looking at his watch. The number of equipages in the court-yard seemed to justify the calculation, that I could have no nearer a prospect —— and as walking backwards and forwards in the saloon, without a soul to commune with, was for the time as bad as being in the Bastile itself, I instantly went back to my *remise*, and bid the coachman to drive me to the *Cordon Bleu*, which was the nearest hotel.

I think there is a fatality in it —— I seldom go to the place I set out for.

LE PATISSER — VERSAILLES

LE PATISSER — VERSAILLES

BEFORE I had got half-way down the street I changed my mind: as I am at Versailles, thought I, I might as well take a view of the town; so I pull'd the cord, and ordered the coachman to drive round some of the principal streets —— I suppose the town is not very large, said I. —— The coachman begg'd pardon for setting me right, and told me it was very superb, and that numbers of the first dukes and marquisses and counts had hotels —— The count de B****, of whom the bookseller at the Quai de Conti had spoke so handsomely the night before, came instantly into my mind —— And why should I not go, thought I, to the Count de B****, who has so high an idea of English books, and English men —— and tell him my story? so I changed my mind a second time —— In truth it was the third; for I had intended

that day for Madame de R**** in the Rue St Pierre, and had devoutly sent her word by her *fille de chambre* that I would assuredly wait upon her —— but I am governed by circumstances —— I cannot govern them; so seeing a man standing with a basket on the other side of the street, as if he had something to sell, I bid La Fleur go up to him and enquire for the Count's hotel.

La Fleur returned a little pale: and told me it was a Chevalier de St Louis selling *patés* —— It is impossible, La Fleur, said I. —— La Fleur could no more account for the phænomenon than myself; but persisted in his story: he had seen the croix set in gold, with its red ribband, he said, tied to his button-hole —— and had looked into the basket and seen the *patés* which the Chevalier was selling; so could not be mistaken in that.

Such a reverse in man's life awakens a better principle than curiosity: I could not help looking for some time at him as I sat in the *remise* —— the more I look'd at him, his croix, and his basket, the stronger they wove themselves into my brain —— I got out of the *remise*, and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron which fell below his knees, and with a sort of a bib that went half way up his breast; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his croix. His basket of little *patés* was covered over with a white damask napkin; another of the same kind was spread at the bottom; and there was a look of *propreté* and neatness throughout, that one might have bought his *patés* of him, as much from appetite as sentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but stood still with them at the corner of a hotel, for those to buy who chose it, without solicitation.

He was about forty-eight ——— of a sedate look, something approaching to gravity. I did not wonder. ——— I went up rather to the basket than him, and having lifted up the napkin, and taken one of his *patés* into my hand —— I begg'd he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the best part of his life had pass'd in the service, in which, after spending a small patrimony, he had obtain'd a company and the croix

with it; but that, at the conclusion of the last peace, his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps, with those of some other regiments, left without any provision, he found himself in a wide world without friends, without a livre ——— and indeed, said he, without any thing but this —— (pointing, as he said it, to his croix) ——— The poor Chevalier won my pity, and he finished the scene with winning my esteem too.

The king, he said, was the most generous of princes, but his generosity could neither relieve or reward every one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongst the number. He had a little wife, he said, whom he loved, who did the *patisserie;* and added, he felt no dishonour in defending her and himself from want in this way —— unless Providence had offer'd him a better.

It would be wicked to withhold a pleasure from the good, in passing over what happen'd to this poor Chevalier of St Louis about nine months after.

It seems he usually took his stand near the iron gates which lead up to the palace,

and as his croix had caught the eye of numbers, numbers had made the same inquiry which I had done ——— He had told the same story, and always with so much modesty and good sense, that it had reach'd at last the king's ears —— who hearing the Chevalier had been a gallant officer, and respected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity —— he broke up his little trade by a pension of fifteen hundred livres a year.

As I have told this to please the reader, I beg he will allow me to relate another, out of its order, to please myself —— the two stories reflect light upon each other —— and 't is a pity they should be parted.

THE SWORD — RENNES

THE SWORD — RENNES

WHEN states and empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty is ——— I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house d'E**** in Britanny into decay. The Marquis d'E**** had fought up against his condition with great firmness; wishing to preserve, and still shew to the world, some little fragments of what his ancestors had been —— their indiscretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of *obscurity* —— But he had two boys who look'd up to him for *light* —— he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword —— it could not open the way —— the *mounting* was too expensive —— and simple œconomy was not a match for it —— there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France, save Britanny, this was smiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wish'd to see re-blossom —— But in Britanny, there being a provision for this, he avail'd himself of it; and taking an occasion when the states were assembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his two boys, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though seldom claim'd, he said, was no less in force, he took his sword from his side ——— Here, said he, take it; and be trusty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The president accepted the Marquis's sword —— he staid a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house, and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlook'd-for bequests from distant branches of his house, return'd home to reclaim his nobility and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which

will never happen to any traveller, but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition: I call it solemn —— it was so to me.

The Marquis enter'd the court with his whole family: he supported his lady ——— his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother ——— he put his handkerchief to his face twice ———

—— There was a dead silence. When the Marquis had approach'd within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family —— he reclaim'd his sword. His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand he drew it almost out of the scabbard —— 't was the shining face of a friend he had once given up —— he look'd attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same —— when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it ——— I think I saw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

"I shall find," said he, "some *other way* to get it off."

When the Marquis had said this, he return'd his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it —— and with his wife and daughter, and his two sons following him, walk'd out.

O how I envied him his feelings!

THE PASSPORT — VERSAILLES

THE PASSPORT — VERSAILLES

I FOUND no difficulty in getting admittance to Monsieur le Count de B****.

The set of Shakespeares was laid upon the table, and he was tumbling them over. I walk'd up close to the table, and giving first such a look at the books as to make him conceive I knew what they were —— I told him I had come without any one to present me, knowing I should meet with a friend in his apartment, who, I trusted, would do it for me —— it is my countryman the great Shakespeare, said I, pointing to his works ——— *et ayez la bonté, mon cher ami,* apostrophizing his spirit, added I, *de me faire cet honneur-là.* ———

The Count smiled at the singularity of the introduction; and seeing I look'd a little pale and sickly, insisted upon my taking an arm-chair: so I sat down; and to save him conjectures upon a visit so out of all rule, I

told him simply of the incident in the bookseller's shop, and how that had impelled me rather to go to him with the story of a little embarrassment I was under, than to any other man in France —— And what is your embarrassment? let me hear it, said the Count. So I told him the story just as I have told it the reader. ———

——— And the master of my hotel, said I, as I concluded it, will needs have it, Monsieur le Count, that I should be sent to the Bastile —— but I have no apprehensions, continued I —— for in falling into the hands of the most polish'd people in the world, and being conscious I was a true man, and not come to spy the nakedness of the land, I scarce thought I laid at their mercy. —— It does not suit the gallantry of the French, Monsieur le Count, said I, to shew it against invalids.

An animated blush came into the Count de B****'s cheeks as I spoke this —— *Ne craignez rien* —— Don't fear, said he —— Indeed I don't, replied I again —— Besides, continued I a little sportingly, I have come laughing all the way from London to Paris, and I do not think Monsieur le Duc de

Choiseul is such an enemy to mirth, as to send me back crying for my pains.

——My application to you, Monsieur le Count de B**** (making him a low bow) is to desire he will not.

The Count heard me with great good-nature, or I had not said half as much —— and once or twice said ——— *C'est bien dit.* So I rested my cause there ——— and determined to say no more about it.

The Count led the discourse: we talk'd of indifferent things —— of books, and politics, and men —— and then of women ——— God bless them all! said I, after much discourse about them —— there is not a man upon earth who loves them so much as I do: after all the foibles I have seen, and all the satires I have read against them, still I love them; being firmly persuaded that a man, who has not a sort of an affection for the whole sex, is incapable of ever loving a single one as he ought.

Heh bien! Monsieur l'Anglois, said the Count, gaily ——— You are not come to spy the nakedness of the land ——— I believe you ——— *ni encore,* I dare say *that* of our women —— But permit me to conjecture

——— if, *par hazard*, they fell into your way, that the prospect would not affect you.

I have something within me which cannot bear the shock of the least indecent insinuation: in the sportability of chit-chat I have often endeavoured to conquer it, and with infinite pain have hazarded a thousand things to a dozen of the sex together —— the least of which I could not venture to a single one to gain heaven.

Excuse me, Monsieur le Count, said I —— as for the nakedness of your land, if I saw it, I should cast my eyes over it with tears in them —— and for that of your women (blushing at the idea he had excited in me), I am so evangelical in this, and have such a fellow-feeling for whatever is *weak* about them, that I would cover it with a garment, if I knew how to throw it on —— But I could wish, continued I, to spy the *nakedness* of their hearts, and through the different disguises of customs, climates, and religion, find out what is good in them to fashion my own by —— and therefore am I come.

It is for this reason, Monsieur le Count, continued I, that I have not seen the Palais

Royal —— nor the Luxembourg ——— nor the Façade of the Louvre —— nor have attempted to swell the catalogues we have of pictures, statues, and churches ——— I conceive every fair being as a temple, and would rather enter in, and see the original drawings, and loose sketches hung up in it, than the transfiguration of Raphael itself.

The thirst of this, continued I, as impatient as that which inflames the breast of the connoisseur, has led me from my own home into France —— and from France will lead me through Italy —— 't is a quiet journey of the heart in pursuit of NATURE, and those affections which arise out of her, which make us love each other —— and the world, better than we do.

The Count said a great many civil things to me upon the occasion; and added, very politely, how much he stood obliged to Shakespeare for making me known to him ——— But, *à-propos*, said he, ——— Shakespeare is full of great things ——— he forgot a small punctilio of announcing your name —— it puts you under a necessity of doing it yourself.

THE PASSPORT — VERSAILLES

THE PASSPORT—VERSAILLES

THERE is not a more perplexing affair in life to me, than to set about telling any one who I am —— for there is scarce anybody I cannot give a better account of than myself; and I have often wish'd I could do it in a single word ——— and have an end of it. It was the only time and occasion in my life I could accomplish this to any purpose —— for Shakespeare lying upon the table, and recollecting I was in his books, I took up Hamlet, and turning immediately to the grave-diggers' scene in the fifth act, I laid my finger upon YORICK, and advancing the book to the Count, with my finger all the way over the name ——— *Me! voici!* said I.

Now whether the idea of poor Yorick's skull was put out of the Count's mind by the reality of my own, or by what magic he could drop a period of seven or eight hundred years, makes nothing in this account

———'t is certain the French conceive better than they combine——— I wonder at nothing in this world, and the less at this; inasmuch as one of the first of our own church, for whose candour and paternal sentiments I have the highest veneration, fell into the same mistake in the very same case, —— "He could not bear," he said, "to look into the sermons wrote by the king of Denmark's jester."—— Good, my lord! said I; but there are two Yoricks. The Yorick your lordship thinks of has been dead and buried eight hundred years ago; he flourish'd in Horwendillus's court——the other Yorick is myself, who have flourish'd, my lord, in no court—— He shook his head—— Good God! said I, you might as well confound Alexander the Great with Alexander the Coppersmith, my lord——— 'T was all one, he replied.

—— If Alexander king of Macedon could have translated your lordship, said I, I 'm sure your lordship would not have said so.

The poor Count de B**** fell but into the same *error*———

———*Et, Monsieur, est il Yorick?* cried the Count. ———*Je le suis,* said I.———

Vous? —— *Moi* —— *moi qui ai l'honneur de vous parler, Monsieur le Comte* —— *Mon Dieu!* said he, embracing me —— *Vous êtes Yorick!*

The Count instantly put the Shakespeare into his pocket, and left me alone in his room.

THE PASSPORT — VERSAILLES

THE PASSPORT—VERSAILLES

I COULD not conceive why the Count de B**** had gone so abruptly out of the room, any more than I could conceive why he had put the Shakespeare into his pocket—— *Mysteries which must explain themselves are not worth the loss of time which a conjecture about them takes up:* 't was better to read Shakespeare; so taking up "*Much ado about Nothing*," I transported myself instantly from the chair I sat in to Messina in Sicily, and got so busy with Don Pedro and Benedict and Beatrice, that I thought not of Versailles, the Count, or the Passport.

Sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!——— Long —— long since had he number'd out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them upon this enchanted ground; when my way is too rough for my

feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it, to some smooth velvet path which fancy has scattered over with rose-buds of delights; and having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthen'd and refresh'd ——— When evils press sore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in this world, then I take a new course —— I leave it —— and as I have a clearer idea of the elysian fields than I have of heaven, I force myself, like Æneas, into them —— I see him meet the pensive shade of his forsaken Dido, and wish to recognize it —— I see the injured spirit wave her head, and turn off silent from the author of her miseries and dishonours —— I lose the feelings for myself in her's, and in those affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at school.

Surely this is not walking in a vain shadow —— nor does man disquiet himself in vain *by it* —— he oftener does so in trusting the issue of his commotions to reason only —— I can safely say for myself, I was never able to conquer any one single bad sensation in my heart so decisively, as by beating up as fast as I could for some kindly and gentle sensation to fight it upon its own ground.

When I had got to the end of the third act, the Count de B**** entered with my passport in his hand. Mons. le Duc de C****, said the Count, is as good a prophet, I dare say, as he is a statesman —— *Un homme qui rit*, said the duke, *ne sera jamais dangereux.* —— Had it been for any one but the king's jester, added the Count, I could not have got it these two hours. ——— *Pardonnez moi*, Mons. le Count, said I —— I am not the king's jester. —— But you are Yorick? —— Yes. —— *Et vous plaisantez?* —— I answered, Indeed I did jest —— but was not paid for it —— 't was entirely at my own expence.

We have no jester at court, Mons. le Count, said I; the last we had was in the licentious reign of Charles II. —— since which time our manners have been so gradually refining, that our court at present is so full of patriots, who wish for *nothing* but the honours and wealth of their country —— and our ladies are all so chaste, so spotless, so good, so devout —— there is nothing for a jester to make a jest of ——

Voila un persiflage! cried the Count.

THE PASSPORT — VERSAILLES

THE PASSPORT—VERSAILLES

AS the Passport was directed to all lieutenant-governors, governors, and commandants of cities, generals of armies, justiciaries, and all officers of justice, to let Mr Yorick the king's jester, and his baggage, travel quietly along——I own the triumph of obtaining the Passport was not a little tarnish'd by the figure I cut in it——But there is nothing unmix'd in this world; and some of the gravest of our divines have carried it so far as to affirm, that enjoyment itself was attended even with a sigh——and that the greatest *they knew of* terminated *in a general way*, in little better than a convulsion.

I remember the grave and learned Bevorskius, in his Commentary upon the Generations from Adam, very naturally breaks off in the middle of a note to give an account to the world of a couple of sparrows upon the out-edge of his window, which had in-

commoded him all the time he wrote, and at last had entirely taken him off from his genealogy.

——'T is strange! writes Bevoriskius; but the facts are certain, for I have had the curiosity to mark them down one by one with my pen——but the cock-sparrow, during the little time that I could have finished the other half of this note, has actually interrupted me with the reiteration of his caresses three-and-twenty times and a half.

How merciful, adds Bevoriskius, is heaven to his creatures!

Ill-fated Yorick! that the gravest of thy brethren should be able to write that to the world, which stains thy face with crimson, to copy in even thy study.

But this is nothing to my travels——So I twice——twice beg pardon for it,

CHARACTER — VERSAILLES

CHARACTER — VERSAILLES

AND how do you find the French? said the Count de B****, after he had given me the Passport.

The reader may suppose, that after so obliging a proof of courtesy, I could not be at a loss to say something handsome to the enquiry.

—— *Mais passe, pour cela* ——— Speak frankly, said he: do you find all the urbanity in the French which the world give us the honour of? —— I had found every thing, I said, which confirmed it —— *Vraiment*, said the Count —— *les François sont polis* —— To an excess, replied I.

The Count took notice of the word *excesse;* and would have it I meant more than I said. I defended myself a long time as well as I could against it —— he insisted I had a reserve, and that I would speak my opinion frankly.

I believe, Mons. le Count, said I, that man has a certain compass, as well as an instrument; and that the social and other calls have occasion by turns for every key in him; so that if you begin a note too high or too low, there must be a want either in the upper or under part, to fill up the system of harmony.—— The Count de B**** did not understand music, so desired me to explain it some other way. A polish'd nation, my dear Count, said I, makes every one its debtor; and besides, urbanity itself, like the fair sex, has so many charms, it goes against the heart to say it can do ill; and yet, I believe, there is but a certain line of perfection, that man, take him altogether, is impower'd to arrive at —— if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities than gets them. I must not presume to say, how far this has affected the French in the subject we are speaking of —— but should it ever be the case of the English, in the progress of their refinements, to arrive at the same polish which distinguishes the French, if we did not lose the *politesse du cœur*, which inclines men more to humane actions, than courteous ones —— we should at least lose that distinct variety

and originality of character, which distinguishes them, not only from each other, but from all the world besides.

I had a few of King William's shillings as smooth as glass in my pocket; and foreseeing they would be of use in the illustration of my hypothesis, I had got them into my hand, when I had proceeded so far ———

See, Mons. le Count, said I, rising up, and laying them before him upon the table —— by jingling and rubbing one against another for seventy years together in one body's pocket or another's, they are become so much alike, you can scarce distinguish one shilling from another.

The English, like ancient medals, kept more apart, and passing but few people's hands, preserve the first sharpnesses which the fine hand of Nature has given them —— they are not so pleasant to feel ——— but, in return, the legend is so visible, that at the first look you see whose image and superscription they bear. But the French, Mons. le Count, added I (wishing to soften what I had said), have so many excellencies, they can the better spare this —— they are a loyal, a gallant, a generous, an ingenious, and good-

temper'd people as is under heaven —— if they have a fault, they are too *serious.*

Mon Dieu! cried the Count, rising out of his chair.

Mais vous plaisantez, said he, correcting his exclamation. ——— I laid my hand upon my breast, and with earnest gravity assured him it was my most settled opinion.

The Count said he was mortified he could not stay to hear my reasons, being engaged to go that moment to dine with the Duc de C****.

But if it is not too far to come to Versailles to eat your soup with me, I beg, before you leave France, I may have the pleasure of knowing you retract your opinion ——— or, in what manner you support it. —— But if you do support it, Mons. Anglois, said he, you must do it with all your powers, because you have the whole world against you. —— I promised the Count I would do myself the honour of dining with him before I set out for Italy —— so took my leave.

THE TEMPTATION — PARIS

THE TEMPTATION—PARIS

WHEN I alighted at the hotel, the porter told me a young woman with a bandbox had been that moment enquiring for me.——I do not know, said the porter, whether she is gone away or no. I took the key of my chamber of him, and went up stairs; and when I had got within ten steps of the top of the landing before my door, I met her coming easily down.

It was the fair *fille de chambre* I had walked along the Quai de Conti with: Madame de R**** had sent her upon some commission to a *merchante de modes* within a step or two of the hotel de Modene; and as I had fail'd in waiting upon her, had bid her enquire if I had left Paris; and if so, whether I had not left a letter addressed to her.

As the fair *fille de chambre* was so near my door, she return'd back and went into the room with me for a moment or two whilst I wrote a card.

It was a fine still evening in the latter end of the month of May ——— the crimson window-curtains (which were of the same colour of those of the bed) were drawn close —— the sun was setting, and reflected through them so warm a tint into the fair *fille de chambre's* face ——— I thought she blush'd ——— the idea of it made me blush myself —— we were quite alone; and that superinduced a second blush before the first could get off.

There is a sort of a pleasing half-guilty blush, where the blood is more in fault than the man —— 't is sent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it —— not to call it back, but to make the sensation of it more delicious to the nerves ——— 't is associated. ———

But I 'll not describe it ——— I felt something at first within me which was not in strict unison with the lesson of virtue I had given her the night before —— I sought five minutes for a card —— I knew I had not one. I took up a pen —— I laid it down again ——— my hand trembled —— the devil was in me.

I know as well as any one he is an ad-

versary, whom if we resist he will fly from us —— but I seldom resist him at all; from a terror, that though I may conquer, I may still get a hurt in the combat —— so I give up the triumph for security; and instead of thinking to make him fly, I generally fly myself.

The fair *fille de chambre* came close up to the bureau where I was looking for a card —— took up first the pen I cast down, then offer'd to hold me the ink; she offer'd it so sweetly, I was going to accept it —— but I durst not —— I have nothing, my dear, said I, to write upon. —— Write it, said she, simply, upon any thing ———

I was just going to cry out, Then I will write it, fair girl! upon thy lips. ———

If I do, said I, I shall perish ——— so I took her by the hand, and led her to the door, and begg'd she would not forget the lesson I had given her —— She said, indeed she would not —— and as she uttered it with some earnestness, she turn'd about, and gave me both her hands, closed together, into mine —— it was impossible not to compress them in that situation ——— I wish'd to let them go; and all the time I held

them, I kept arguing within myself against it ——— and still I held them on. ——— In two minutes I found I had all the battle to fight over again —— and I felt my legs and every limb about me tremble at the idea.

The foot of the bed was within a yard and a half of the place where we were standing —— I had still hold of her hands ——— and how it happened I can give no account, but I neither ask'd her ——— nor drew her —— nor did I think of the bed ——— but so it did happen, we both sat down.

I'll just shew you, said the fair *fille de chambre*, the little purse I have been making to-day to hold your crown. So she put her hand into her right pocket, which was next me, and felt for it some time ——— then into the left ——— "She had lost it." ——— I never bore expectation more quietly —— it was in her right pocket at last —— she pull'd it out; it was of green taffeta, lined with a little bit of white quilted sattin, and just big enough to hold the crown —— she put it into my hand; —— it was pretty; and I held

it ten minutes with the back of my hand resting upon her lap —— looking sometimes at the purse, sometimes on one side of it.

A stitch or two had broke out in the gathers of my stock ——— the fair *fille de chambre*, without saying a word, took out her little housewife, threaded a small needle, and sew'd it up ——— I foresaw it would hazard the glory of the day; and as she pass'd her hand in silence across and across my neck in the manœuvre, I felt the laurels shake which fancy had wreath'd about my head.

A strap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her shoe was just falling off —— See, said the *fille de chambre*, holding up her foot ——— I could not from my soul but fasten the buckle in return, and putting in the strap —— and lifting up the other foot with it, when I had done, to see both were right —— in doing it too suddenly —— it unavoidably threw the fair *fille de chambre* off her centre ——— and then ——

THE CONQUEST

THE CONQUEST

YES —— and then —— Ye whose clay-cold heads and lukewarm hearts can argue down or mask your passions, tell me, what trespass is it that man should have them? or how his spirit stands answerable to the Father of spirits but for his conduct under them.

If Nature has so wove her web of kindness that some threads of love and desire are entangled with the piece —— must the whole web be rent in drawing them out? —— Whip me such stoics, great Governor of nature! said I to myself —— Wherever thy providence shall place me for the trials of my virtue —— whatever is my danger —— whatever is my situation —— let me feel the movements which rise out of it, and which belong to me as a man —— and if I govern them as a good one, I will trust the issues to thy justice: for thou hast made us, and not we ourselves.

As I finish'd my address, I raised the fair *fille de chambre* up by the hand, and led her out of the room ——— she stood by me till I lock'd the door and put the key in my pocket ——— *and then* ——— the victory being quite decisive ——— and not till then, I press'd my lips to her cheek, and taking her by the hand again, led her safe to the gate of the hotel.

THE MYSTERY — PARIS

THE MYSTERY—PARIS

IF a man knows the heart, he will know it was impossible to go back instantly to my chamber——it was touching a cold key with a flat third to it, upon the close of a piece of music, which had call'd forth my affections——therefore when I let go the hand of the *fille de chambre*, I remain'd at the gate of the hotel for some time, looking at every one who pass'd by, and forming conjectures upon them, till my attention got fix'd upon a single object which confounded all kind of reasoning upon him.

It was a tall figure of a philosophic, serious, adust look, which pass'd and repass'd sedately along the street, making a turn of about sixty paces on each side of the gate of the hotel——the man was about fifty-two——had a small cane under his arm——was dress'd in a dark drab-colour'd

coat, waistcoat, and breeches, which seem'd to have seen some years service —— they were still clean, and there was a little air of frugal *propreté* throughout him. By his pulling off his hat, and his attitude of accosting a good many in his way, I saw he was asking charity; so I got a sous or two out of my pocket ready to give him, as he took me in his turn —— He pass'd by me without asking any thing —— and yet did not go five steps farther before he ask'd charity of a little woman ——— I was much more likely to have given of the two —— He had scarce done with the woman, when he pull'd his hat off to another who was coming the same way. —— An ancient gentleman came slowly —— and, after him, a young smart one —— He let them both pass, and ask'd nothing; I stood observing him half an hour, in which time he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably pursued the same plan.

There were two things very singular in this, which set my brain to work, and to no purpose —— the first was, why the man should *only* tell his story to the sex ——

and secondly —— what kind of story it was, and what species of eloquence it could be, which soften'd the hearts of the women, which he knew 't was to no purpose to practise upon the men.

There were two other circumstances which entangled this mystery —— the one was, he told every woman what he had to say in her ear, and in a way which had much more the air of a secret than a petition —— the other was, it was always successful —— he never stopp'd a woman, but she pull'd out her purse, and immediately gave him something.

I could form no system to explain the phænomenon.

I had got a riddle to amuse me for the rest of the evening, so I walk'd up stairs to my chamber.

THE CASE OF CONSCIENCE—PARIS

THE CASE OF CONSCIENCE—PARIS

I WAS immediately followed up by the master of the hotel, who came into my room to tell me I must provide lodgings elsewhere. ——— How so, friend? said I. —— He answer'd, I had had a young woman lock'd up with me two hours that evening in my bed-chamber, and 't was against the rules of his house ——— Very well, said I, we 'll all part friends then —— for the girl is no worse ——— and I am no worse —— and you will be just as I found you. ——— It was enough, he said, to overthrow the credit of his hotel. —— *Voyez vous, Monsieur*, said he, pointing to the foot of the bed we had been sitting upon ——— I own it had something of the appearance of an evidence; but my pride not suffering me to enter into any detail of the case, I exhorted him to let his soul sleep in peace, as I resolved to let mine do

that night, and that I would discharge what I owed him at breakfast.

I should not have minded, *Monsieur*, said he, if you had had twenty girls——'T is a score more, replied I, interrupting him, than I ever reckon'd upon —— Provided, added he, it had been but in a morning. —— And does the difference of the time of the day at Paris make a difference in the sin? —— It made a difference, he said, in the scandal. —— I like a good distinction in my heart; and cannot say I was intolerably out of temper with the man. ——— I own it is necessary, resumed the master of the hotel, that a stranger at Paris should have the opportunities presented to him of buying lace and silk stockings and ruffles, *et tout cela* —— and 't is nothing if a woman comes with a bandbox. ——— O' my conscience, said I, she had one; but I never look'd into it. ——— Then *Monsieur*, said he, has bought nothing. —— Not one earthly thing, replied I. —— Because, said he, I could recommend one to you who would use you *en conscience*. —— But I must see her this night, said I. —— He made me a low bow, and walk'd down.

Now shall I triumph over this *maître d'hotel*, cried I ——— and what then? Then I shall let him see I know he is a dirty fellow. —— And what then? —— What then! I was too near myself to say it was for the sake of others. —— I had no good answer left —— there was more of spleen than principle in my project, and I was sick of it before the execution.

In a few minutes the Grisset came in with her box of lace —— I 'll buy nothing, however, said I, within myself.

The Grisset would shew me every thing —— I was hard to please: she would not seem to see it; she open'd her little magazine, and laid all her laces one after another before me —— unfolded and folded them up again one by one with the most patient sweetness —— I might buy —— or not —— she would let me have every thing at my own price —— the poor creature seem'd anxious to get a penny; and laid herself out to win me, and not so much in a manner which seem'd artful, as in one I felt simple and caressing.

If there is not a fund of honest cullibility in man, so much the worse —— my heart

relented, and I gave up my second resolution as quietly as the first —— Why should I chastise one for the trespass of another? If thou art tributary to this tyrant of an host, thought I, looking up in her face, so much harder is thy bread.

If I had not had more than four *Louis d'ors* in my purse, there was no such thing as rising up and shewing her the door, till I had first laid three of them out in a pair of ruffles.

——The master of the hotel will share the profit with her——no matter——then I have only paid as many a poor soul has *paid* before me, for an act he *could* not do, or think of.

THE RIDDLE—PARIS

THE RIDDLE—PARIS

WHEN La Fleur came up to wait upon me at supper, he told me how sorry the master of the hotel was for his affront to me in bidding me change my lodgings.

A man who values a good night's rest will not lie down with enmity in his heart, if he can help it —— So I bid La Fleur tell the master of the hotel, that I was sorry on my side for the occasion I had given him —— and you may tell him, if you will, La Fleur, added I, that if the young woman should call again, I shall not see her.

This was a sacrifice not to him, but myself, having resolved, after so narrow an escape, to run no more risks, but to leave Paris, if it was possible, with all the virtue I enter'd it.

C'est deroger à noblesse, Monsieur, said La Fleur, making me a bow down to the

ground as he said it —— *Et encore, Monsieur*, said he, may change his sentiments —— and if (*par hazard*) he should like to amuse himself —— I find no amusement in it, said I, interrupting him ——

Mon Dieu! said La Fleur ——— and took away.

In an hour's time he came to put me to bed, and was more than commonly officious ——— something hung upon his lips to say to me, or ask me, which he could not get off: I could not conceive what it was, and indeed gave myself little trouble to find it out, as I had another riddle so much more interesting upon my mind, which was that of the man's asking charity before the door of the hotel —— I would have given any thing to have got to the bottom of it; and that, not out of curiosity —— 't is so low a principle of enquiry, in general, I would not purchase the gratification of it with a two-sous piece ——— but a secret, I thought, which so soon and so certainly soften'd the heart of every woman you came near, was a secret at least equal to the philosopher's stone: had I had both the Indies, I would have given up one to have been master of it.

I toss'd and turn'd it almost all night long in my brains to no manner of purpose; and when I awoke in the morning, I found my spirit as much troubled with my *dreams*, as ever the king of Babylon had been with his; and I will not hesitate to affirm, it would have puzzled all the wise men of Paris as much as those of Chaldea, to have given its interpretation.

LE DIMANCHE — PARIS

LE DIMANCHE—PARIS

IT was Sunday; and when La Fleur came in, in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, he had got himself so gallantly array'd, I scarce knew him.

I had covenanted at Montriul to give him a new hat with a silver button and loop, and four Louis d'ors *pour s'adoniser*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him justice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good scarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the same —— They were not a crown worse, he said, for the wearing —— I wish'd him hang'd for telling me —— They look'd so fresh, that tho' I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have imposed upon my fancy with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the *Rue de Friperie.*

This is a nicety which makes not the heart sore at Paris.

He had purchased moreover a handsome blue sattin waistcoat, fancifully enough embroidered ——— this was indeed something the worse for the service it had done, but 't was clean scour'd ——— the gold had been touch'd up, and upon the whole was rather showy than otherwise —— and as the blue was not violent, it suited with the coat and breeches very well: he had squeez'd out of the money, moreover, a new bag and a solitaire; and had insisted with the *fripier* upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches knees —— He had purchased muslin ruffles, *bien brodées*, with four livres of his own money —— and a pair of white silk stockings for five more —— and, to top all, nature had given him a handsome figure, without costing him a sous.

He entered the room thus set off, with his hair drest in the first style, and with a handsome *bouquet* in his breast ——— in a word, there was that look of festivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday —— and by combining both together, it instantly struck me, that the favour he wish'd to ask of me the

night before, was to spend the day as every body in Paris spent it besides. I had scarce made the conjecture, when La Fleur, with infinite humility, but with a look of trust, as if I should not refuse him, begg'd I would grant him the day, *pour faire le galant vis-à-vis de sa maîtresse.*

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myself *vis-à-vis* Madame de R**** ——— I had retained the Remise on purpose for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a servant so well dress'd as La Fleur was, to have got up behind it: I never could have worse spared him.

But we must *feel*, not argue in these embarrassments ——— the sons and daughters of service part with liberty, but not with nature in their contracts; they are flesh and blood, and have their little vanities and wishes in the midst of the house of bondage, as well as their task-masters —— no doubt they have set their self-denials at a price —— and their expectations are so unreasonable, that I would often disappoint them, but that their condition puts it so much in my power to do it.

Behold ——— *Behold, I am thy servant*

——— disarms me at once of the powers of a master ———

——— Thou shalt go, La Fleur! said I.

—— And what mistress, La Fleur, said I, canst thou have pick'd up in so little a time at Paris? La Fleur laid his hand upon his breast, and said 't was a *petite demoiselle*, at Monsieur le Count de B****'s —— La Fleur had a heart made for society; and, to speak the truth of him, let as few occasions slip him as his master —— so that somehow or other —— but how —— Heaven knows —— he had connected himself with the *demoiselle* upon the landing of the stair-case, during the time I was taken up with my passport; and as there was time enough for me to win the Count to my interest, La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his. The family, it seems, was to be at Paris that day, and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the Count's household, upon the *boulevards*.

Happy people! that once a week at least are sure to lay down all your cares together, and dance and sing, and sport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the spirit of other nations to the earth.

THE FRAGMENT—PARIS

THE FRAGMENT—PARIS

LA FLEUR had left me something to amuse myself with for the day more than I had bargain'd for, or could have entered either into his head or mine.

He had brought the little print of butter upon a currant-leaf; and as the morning was warm, he had begg'd a sheet of waste paper to put betwixt the currant-leaf in his hand —— As that was plate sufficient, I bad him lay it upon the table as it was; and as I resolved to stay within all day, I ordered him to call upon the *traiteur*, to bespeak my dinner, and leave me to breakfast by myself.

When I had finished the butter, I threw the currant-leaf out of the window, and was going to do the same by the waste paper —— but stopping to read a line first, and that drawing me on to a second and third

—— I thought it better worth; so I shut the window, and drawing a chair up to it, I sat down to read it.

It was in the old French of Rabelais's time, and for aught I know might have been wrote by him ——— it was moreover in a Gothic letter, and that so faded and gone off by damps and length of time, it cost me infinite trouble to make any thing of it —— I threw it down; and then wrote a letter to Eugenius —— then I took it up again and embroiled my patience with it afresh —— and then to cure that, I wrote a letter to Eliza —— Still it kept hold of me; and the difficulty of understanding it increased but the desire.

I got my dinner; and after I had enlightened my mind with a bottle of Burgundy, I at it again —— and after two or three hours poring upon it, with almost as deep attention as ever Gruter or Jacob Spon did upon a nonsensical inscription, I thought I made sense of it; but to make sure of it, the best way, I imagined, was to turn it into English, and see how it would look then —— so I went on leisurely as a trifling man does, sometimes writing a sentence —— then tak-

ing a turn or two —— and then looking how the world went out of the window; so that it was nine o'clock at night before I had done it —— I then began and read it as follows.

THE FRAGMENT—PARIS

THE FRAGMENT—PARIS

——NOW as the Notary's wife disputed the point with the Notary with too much heat —— I wish, said the Notary (throwing down the parchment) that there was another Notary here only to set down and attest all this ———

——And what would you do then, Monsieur? said she, rising hastily up —— the Notary's wife was a little fume of a woman, and the Notary thought it well to avoid a hurricane by a mild reply —— I would go, answered he, to bed ——— You may go to the devil, answer'd the Notary's wife.

Now there happening to be but one bed in the house, the other two rooms being unfurnished, as is the custom at Paris, and the Notary not caring to lie in the same bed with a woman who had but that moment sent him pell-mell to the devil, went forth

with his hat and cane and short cloak, the night being very windy, and walk'd out ill at ease towards the *Pont Neuf.*

Of all the bridges which ever were built, the whole world who have pass'd over the *Pont Neuf* must own, that it is the noblest —— the finest —— the grandest —— the lightest —— the longest —— the broadest that ever conjoin'd land and land together upon the face of the terraqueous globe ——

By this it seems as if the author of the fragment had not been a Frenchman.

The worst fault which divines and the doctors of the Sorbone can allege against it, is, that if there is but a cap-full of wind in or about Paris, 't is more blasphemously *sacre Dieu'd* there than in any other aperture of the whole city —— and with reason, good and cogent, Messieurs; for it comes against you without crying *garde d'eau,* and with such unpremeditable puffs, that of the few who cross it with their hats on, not one in fifty but hazards two livres and a half, which is its full worth.

The poor Notary, just as he was passing by the sentry, instinctively clapp'd his cane to the side of it, but in raising it up, the

point of his cane catching hold of the loop of the centinel's hat, hoisted it over the spikes of the ballustrade clear into the Seine——

——*'Tis an ill wind*, said a boatman, who catch'd it, *which blows nobody any good.*

The sentry, being a Gascon, incontinently twirl'd up his whiskers, and levell'd his harquebuss.

Harquebusses in those days went off with matches; and an old woman's paper lantern at the end of the bridge happening to be blown out, she had borrow'd the sentry's match to light it—— it gave a moment's time for the Gascon's blood to run cool, and turn the accident better to his advantage ——*'Tis an ill wind*, said he, catching off the Notary's castor, and legitimating the capture with the boatman's adage.

The poor Notary cross'd the bridge, and passing along the rue de Dauphine into the fauxbourg of St Germain, lamented himself as he walked along in this manner:

Luckless man that I am! said the Notary, to be the sport of hurricanes all my days ——— to be born to have the storm of ill language levell'd against me and my profession wherever I go——— to be forced into

marriage by the thunder of the church to a tempest of a woman —— to be driven forth out of my house by domestic winds, and despoil'd of my castor by pontific ones ——— to be here, bare-headed, in a windy night at the mercy of the ebbs and flows of accidents —— where am I to lay my head? —— miserable man! what wind in the two-and-thirty points of the whole compass can blow unto thee, as it does to the rest of thy fellow-creatures, good!

As the Notary was passing on by a dark passage, complaining in this sort, a voice call'd out to a girl, to bid her run for the next Notary —— now the Notary being the next, and availing himself of his situation, walk'd up the passage to the door, and passing through an old sort of a saloon, was usher'd into a large chamber, dismantled of every thing but a long military pike —— a breast-plate —— a rusty old sword, and bandoleer, hung up equidistant in four different places against the wall.

An old personage, who had heretofore been a gentleman, and unless decay of fortune taints the blood along with it, was a gentleman at that time, lay supporting his head

upon his hand, in his bed; a little table with a taper burning was set close beside it, and close by the table was placed a chair —— the Notary sat him down in it; and pulling out his inkhorn and a sheet or two of paper which he had in his pocket, he placed them before him, and dipping his pen in his ink, and leaning his breast over the table, he disposed every thing to make the gentleman's last will and testament.

Alas! Monsieur le Notaire, said the gentleman, raising himself up a little, I have nothing to bequeath, which will pay the expence of bequeathing, except the history of myself, which I could not die in peace unless I left it as a legacy to the world; the profits arising out of it I bequeath to you for the pains of taking it from me ——— it is a story so uncommon, it must be read by all mankind —— it will make the fortunes of your house —— the Notary dipp'd his pen into his inkhorn —— Almighty Director of every event in my life! said the old gentleman, looking up earnestly, and raising his hands towards heaven —— Thou, whose hand hast led me on through such a labyrinth of strange passages down into this scene of desolation,

assist the decaying memory of an old, infirm, and broken-hearted man——direct my tongue by the spirit of thy eternal truth, that this stranger may set down nought but what is written in that Book, from whose records, said he, clasping his hands together, I am to be condemn'd or acquitted!——The Notary held up the point of his pen betwixt the taper and his eye——

——It is a story, Monsieur le Notaire, said the gentleman, which will rouse up every affection in nature——it will kill the humane, and touch the heart of cruelty herself with pity——

——The Notary was inflamed with a desire to begin, and put his pen a third time into his inkhorn——and the old gentleman turning a little more towards the Notary, began to dictate his story in these words——

——And where is the rest of it, La Fleur? said I——as he just then entered the room.

THE FRAGMENT AND THE BOUQUET—PARIS

THE FRAGMENT AND THE BOUQUET[1]—PARIS

WHEN La Fleur came up close to the table, and was made to comprehend what I wanted, he told me there were only two other sheets of it, which he had wrapt round the stalks of a *bouquet* to keep it together, which he had presented to the *demoiselle* upon the *boulevards*—— Then prithee, La Fleur, said I, step back to her to the Count de B****'s hotel, and *see if thou canst get it*—— There is no doubt of it, said La Fleur—— and away he flew.

In a very little time the poor fellow came back quite out of breath, with deeper marks of disappointment in his looks than could arise from the simple irreparability of the fragment—— *Juste ciel!* in less than two minutes that the poor fellow had taken his last tender farewel of her——— his faith-

[1] Nosegay.

less mistress had given his *gage d'amour* to one of the Count's footmen —— the footman to a young sempstress —— and the sempstress to a fidler, with my fragment at the end of it —— Our misfortunes were involved together —— I gave a sigh —— and La Fleur echo'd it back again to my ear.

—— How perfidious! cried La Fleur —— How unlucky! said I.

—— I should not have been mortified, Monsieur, quoth La Fleur, if she had lost it —— Nor I, La Fleur, said I, had I found it.

Whether I did or no will be seen hereafter.

THE ACT OF CHARITY — PARIS

THE ACT OF CHARITY — PARIS

THE man who either disdains or fears to walk up a dark entry, may be an excellent good man, and fit for a hundred things; but he will not do to make a good sentimental traveller. I count little of the many things I see pass at broad noonday, in large and open streets. ——— Nature is shy, and hates to act before spectators; but in such an unobserved corner you sometimes see a single short scene of hers, worth all the sentiments of a dozen French plays compounded together —— and yet they are *absolutely* fine; —— and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than common, as they suit a preacher just as well as a hero, I generally make my sermon out of 'em —— and for the text —— "Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia" —— is as good as any one in the Bible.

There is a long dark passage issuing out from the opera comique into a narrow street; 't is trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre*,[1] or wish to get off quietly o' foot when the opera is done. At the end of it, towards the theatre, 't is lighted by a small candle, the light of which is almost lost before you get half-way down, but near the door —— 't is more for ornament than use: you see it as a fix'd star of the least magnitude; it burns —— but does little good to the world, that we know of.

In returning along this passage, I discern'd, as I approach'd within five or six paces of the door, two ladies standing arm in arm with their backs against the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a *fiacre* —— as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; so edged myself up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my stand —— I was in black, and scarce seen.

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman, of about thirty-six; the other of the same size and make, of about forty; there was no mark of wife or widow in any

[1] Hackney-coach.

one part of either of them —— they seem'd to be two upright vestal sisters, unsapp'd by caresses, unbroke in upon by tender salutations: I could have wish'd to have made them happy —— their happiness was destin'd, that night, to come from another quarter.

A low voice, with a good turn of expression, and sweet cadence at the end of it, begg'd for a twelve-sous piece betwixt them, for the love of Heaven. I thought it singular that a beggar should fix the quota of an alms —— and that the sum should be twelve times as much as what is usually given in the dark. They both seem'd astonish'd at it as much as myself. —— Twelve sous! said one —— A twelve-sous piece! said the other —— and made no reply.

The poor man said, he knew not how to ask less of ladies of their rank; and bow'd down his head to the ground.

Poo! said they —— we have no money.

The beggar remained silent for a moment or two, and renew'd his supplication.

Do not, my fair young ladies, said he, stop your good ears against me —— Upon my word, honest man! said the younger, we have no change —— Then God bless

you, said the poor man, and multiply those joys which you can give to others without change! —— I observed the elder sister put her hand into her pocket —— I 'll see, said she, if I have a sous. —— A sous! give twelve, said the supplicant; Nature has been bountiful to you, be bountiful to a poor man.

I would, friend, with all my heart, said the younger, if I had it.

My fair charitable! said he, addressing himself to the elder —— What is it but your goodness and humanity which makes your bright eyes so sweet, that they outshine the morning even in this dark passage? and what was it which made the Marquis de Santerre and his brother say so much of you both as they just pass'd by?

The two ladies seemed much affected; and impulsively at the same time they both put their hands into their pocket, and each took out a twelve-sous piece.

The contest betwixt them and the poor supplicant was no more —— it was continued betwixt themselves, which of the two should give the twelve-sous piece in charity ——— and to end the dispute, they both gave it together, and the man went away.

THE RIDDLE EXPLAINED—PARIS

THE RIDDLE EXPLAINED—PARIS

I STEPPED hastily after him: it was the very man whose success in asking charity of the women before the door of the hotel had so puzzled me —— and I found at once his secret, or at least the basis of it ——— 't was flattery.

Delicious essence! how refreshing art thou to nature! how strongly are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart!

The poor man, as he was not straiten'd for time, had given it here in a larger dose: 't is certain he had a way of bringing it into less form, for the many sudden cases he had to do with in the streets; but how he contrived to correct, sweeten, concentre, and qualify it —— I vex not my spirit with

the inquiry ——— it is enough, the beggar gained two twelve-sous pieces —— and they can best tell the rest, who have gained much greater matters by it.

PARIS

PARIS

WE get forwards in the world, not so much by doing services, as receiving them; you take a withering twig, and put it in the ground; and then you water it because you have planted it.

Mons. le Count de B****, merely because he had done me one kindness in the affair of my passport, would go on and do me another, the few days he was at Paris, in making me known to a few people of rank; and they were to present me to others, and so on.

I had got master of my *secret* just in time to turn these honours to some little account; otherwise, as is commonly the case, I should have din'd or supp'd a single time or two round, and then by *translating* French looks and attitudes into plain English, I should presently have seen, that I had gold out of the *couvert*[1] of some

[1] Plate, napkin, knife, fork, and spoon.

more entertaining guest; and in course should have resigned all my places one after another, merely upon the principle that I could not keep them. —— As it was, things did not go much amiss.

I had the honour of being introduced to the old Marquis de B****: in days of yore he had signaliz'd himself by some small feats of chivalry in the *Cour d'amour*, and had dress'd himself out to the idea of tilts and tournaments ever since —— the Marquis de B**** wish'd to have it thought the affair was somewhere else than in his brain. "He could like to take a trip to England," and ask'd much of the English ladies. Stay where you are, I beseech you, Mons. le Marquis, said I ——— Les Messrs Anglois can scarce get a kind look from them as it is ——— The Marquis invited me to supper.

Mons. P**** the farmer-general was just as inquisitive about our taxes. —— They were very considerable, he heard ——— If we knew but how to collect them, said I, making him a low bow.

I could never have been invited to Mons. P****'s concerts upon any other terms.

I had been misrepresented to Madame de Q*** as an *esprit* ——— Madame de Q*** was an *esprit* herself: she burnt with impatience to see me, and hear me talk. I had not taken my seat, before I saw she did not care a sous whether I had any wit or no —— I was let in, to be convinced she had. —— I call Heaven to witness I never once open'd the door of my lips.

Madame de V*** vow'd to every creature she met, "She had never had a more improving conversation with a man in her life."

There are three epochas in the empire of a French woman —— She is coquette —— then deist —— then *dévote:* the empire during these is never lost ——— she only changes her subjects: when thirty-five years and more have unpeopled her dominions of the slaves of love, she repeoples it with slaves of infidelity —— and then with the slaves of the church.

Madame de V*** was vibrating betwixt the first of these epochas: the colour of the rose was fading fast away —— she ought to have been a deist five years before the time I had the honour to pay my first visit.

She placed me upon the same sopha with her, for the sake of disputing the point of religion more closely —— In short, Madame de V*** told me she believed nothing.

I told Madame de V*** it might be her principle; but I was sure it could not be her interest to level the outworks, without which I could not conceive how such a citadel as her's could be defended —— that there was not a more dangerous thing in the world than for a beauty to be a deist —— that it was a debt I owed my creed, not to conceal it from her —— that I had not been five minutes sat upon the sopha beside her, but I had begun to form designs —— and what is it, but the sentiments of religion, and the persuasion they had excited in her breast, which could have check'd them as they rose up?

We are not adamant, said I, taking hold of her hand —— and there is need of all restraints, till age in her own time steals in and lays them on us —— but, my dear lady, said I, kissing her hand ——— 't is too ——— too soon ———

I declare I had the credit all over Paris of unperverting Madame de V*** ———

She affirmed to Mons. D*** and the Abbe M***, that in one half-hour I had said more for revealed religion, than all their Encyclopedia had said against it —— I was lifted directly into Madame de V***'s *Coterie* —— and she put off the epocha of deism for two years.

I remember it was in this *Coterie*, in the middle of a discourse, in which I was shewing the necessity of a *first cause*, that the young Count de Faineant took me by the hand to the farthest corner of the room, to tell me my *solitaire* was pinn'd too strait about my neck —— It should be *plus badinant*, said the Count, looking down upon his own ——— but a word, Mons. Yorick, *to the wise* ——

———And *from the wise*, Mons. le Count, replied I, making him a bow ——*is enough.*

The Count de Faineant embraced me with more ardour than ever I was embraced by mortal man.

For three weeks together, I was of every man's opinion I met. ——— *Pardi! ce Mons. Yorick a autant d'esprit que nous autres.* ——— *Il raisonne bien*, said another ——— *C'est un bon enfant*, said a third. ————And

at this price I could have eaten and drank and been merry all the days of my life at Paris; but 't was a dishonest *reckoning* —— I grew ashamed of it. ——— It was the gain of a slave —— every sentiment of honour revolted against it ——— the higher I got, the more was I forced upon my *beggarly system* —— the better the *Coterie* ——— the more children of Art —— I languish'd for those of Nature: and one night, after a most vile prostitution of myself to half a dozen different people, I grew sick —— went to bed —— order'd La Fleur to get me horses in the morning to set out for Italy.

MARIA — MOULINES

MARIA — MOULINES

I NEVER felt what the distress of plenty was in any one shape till now —— to travel it through the Bourbonnois, the sweetest part of France —— in the hey-day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up —— a journey through each step of which Music beats time to *Labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters —— to pass through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me —— and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.

Just Heaven! —— it would fill up twenty volumes —— and alas! I have but a few small pages left of this to crowd it into —— and half of these must be taken up with the poor Maria my friend Mr Shandy met with near Moulines.

The story he had told of that disorder'd maid affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strong into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to enquire after her.

'T is going, I own, like the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures ——— but I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly conscious of the existence of a soul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door, her looks told me the story before she open'd her mouth —— She had lost her husband; he had died, she said, of anguish, for the loss of Maria's senses, about a month before. ——— She had feared at first, she added, that it would have plunder'd her poor girl of what little understanding was left ——— but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself —— still she could not rest ——— her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering somewhere about the road ———

——Why does my pulse beat languid as I write this? and what made La Fleur, whose heart seem'd only to be tuned to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it? I beckoned to the postillion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar——— she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand ——— a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulines —— and La Fleur to bespeak my supper —— and that I would walk after him.

She was dress'd in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net. ——— She had, superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green ribband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe. —— Her goat had been as faithless as

her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle: as I look'd at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string. —— "Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio," said she. I look'd in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as she utter'd them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief. —— I then steep'd it in my own —— and then in her's —— and then in mine —— and then I wip'd her's again ——— and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me to the contrary.

MARIA

MARIA

WHEN Maria had come a little to herself, I ask'd her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remember'd it upon two accounts —— that ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft —— she had wash'd it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine-leaves, tied round with a tendril —— on opening it, I saw an S. marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walk'd round St Peter's once——— and return'd back——— that she found her way alone across the Apennines —— had travell'd over all Lombardy without money —— and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes —— how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell —— but *God tempers the wind*, said Maria, to the shorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and shelter thee: thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup —— I would be kind to thy Sylvio —— in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee and bring thee back —— when the sun went down I would say my prayers; and when I had done thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe, nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I utter'd this; and Maria observing, as I took out

my handkerchief, that it was steep'd too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream. —— And where will you dry it, Maria? said I. —— I'll dry it in my bosom, said she —— 't will do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows —— she look'd with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and play'd her service to the Virgin ——— The string I had touch'd ceased to vibrate ——— in a moment or two Maria returned to herself —— let her pipe fall ——— and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I. —— She said, to Moulines —— Let us go, said I, together. —— Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string, to let the dog follow —— in that order we enter'd Moulines.

MARIA — MOULINES

MARIA — MOULINES

THO' I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopp'd to take my last look and last farewel of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms ——— affliction had touch'd her looks with something that was scarce earthly —— still she was feminine —— and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden! —— Imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds —— the Being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever.

THE BOURBONNOIS

THE BOURBONNOIS

THERE was nothing from which I had painted out for myself so joyous a riot of the affections, as in this journey in the vintage, through this part of France; but pressing through this gate of sorrow to it, my sufferings have totally unfitted me: in every scene of festivity I saw Maria in the background of the piece, sitting pensive under her poplar; and I had got almost to Lyons before I was able to cast a shade across her.

——— Dear sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw —— and 't is thou who lift'st him up to HEAVEN —— Eternal fountain of our feelings! —— 't is here I trace thee —— and this is thy "*divinity which stirs within me*" ——— not, that in some sad and sickening moments, "*my*

soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction" ——— mere pomp of words! —— but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself ——— all comes from thee, great ——— great SENSORIUM of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but falls upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation ——— Touch'd with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish —— hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou giv'st a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains —— he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock ——— This moment I beheld him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it! —— Oh! had I come one moment sooner! —— it bleeds to death —— his gentle heart bleeds with it ———

Peace to thee, generous swain! —— I see thou walkest off with anguish ——— but thy joys shall balance it ——— for happy is thy cottage —— and happy is the sharer of it ——— and happy are the lambs which sport about you.

THE SUPPER

THE SUPPER

A SHOE coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of mount Taurira, the postillion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket; as the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependence, I made a point of having the shoe fasten'd on again, as well as we could; but the postillion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaise-box being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot. I then got out of the chaise in good earnest; and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left-hand, with a great deal to do I prevailed upon the postillion to turn up to it. The look of the

house, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster. ——— It was a little farm-house, surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn —— and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie* of an acre and a half, full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peasant's house —— and on the other side was a little wood, which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house —— so I left the postillion to manage his point as he could —— and for mine, I walk'd directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flaggon of wine at each end of it, promised joy through the stages of the repast —— 't was a feast of love.

The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table; my heart was set down

the moment I enter'd the room; so I sat down at once like a son of the family; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mix'd with thanks that I had not seem'd to doubt it.

Was it this; or tell me, Nature, what else it was that made this morsel so sweet——— and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flaggon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

If the supper was to my taste——— the grace which followed it was much more so.

THE GRACE

THE GRACE

WHEN supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into a back apartment to tye up their hair —— and the young men to the door to wash their faces, and change their sabots; and in three minutes every soul was ready upon a little esplanade before the house to begin —— The old man and his wife came out last, and placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sopha of turf by the door.

The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the vielle ——— and, at the age he was then of, touch'd it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now-and-then a little to the tune —— then intermitted —— and join'd her old

man again as their children and grandchildren danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when for some pauses in the movement wherein they all seem'd to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity.——In a word, I thought I beheld *Religion* mixing in the dance——but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have look'd upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said, that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice; believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay——

——Or a learned prelate either, said I.

THE CASE OF DELICACY

THE CASE OF DELICACY

WHEN you have gain'd the top of mount Taurira, you run presently down to Lyons —— adieu then to all rapid movements! 'T is a journey of caution; and it fares better with sentiments, not to be in a hurry with them; so I contracted with a Voiturin to take his time with a couple of mules, and convey me in my own chaisė safe to Turin through Savoy.

Poor, patient, quiet, honest people! fear not: your poverty, the treasury of your simple virtues, will not be envied you by the world, nor will your vallies be invaded by it. ——— Nature! in the midst of thy disorders, thou art still friendly to the scantiness thou hast created —— with all thy great works about thee, little hast thou left to give, either to the scythe or to the sickle ——— but to that little thou grantest safety and protection; and sweet are the dwellings which stand so shelter'd.

Let the way-worn traveller vent his complaints upon the sudden turns and dangers of your roads —— your rocks, —— your precipices —— the difficulties of getting up —— the horrors of getting down —— mountains impracticable ——— and cataracts, which roll down great stones from their summits, and block his road up —— The peasants had been all day at work in removing a fragment of this kind between St Michael and Madane; and by the time my Voiturin got to the place, it wanted full two hours of completing before a passage could any how be gain'd: there was nothing but to wait with patience —— 't was a wet and tempestuous night: so that by the delay, and that together, the Voiturin found himself obliged to keep up five miles short of his stage at a little decent kind of an inn by the road-side.

I forthwith took possession of my bed-chamber —— got a good fire —— order'd supper; and was thanking Heaven it was no worse ——— when a voiture arrived with a lady in it and her servant-maid.

As there was no other bed-chamber in the house, the hostess, without much nicety, led

them into mine, telling them, as she usher'd them in, that there was nobody in it but an English gentleman —— that there were two good beds in it, and a closet within the room which held another. —— The accent in which she spoke of this third bed did not say much for it —— however, she said there were three beds, and but three people —— and she durst say, the gentleman would do any thing to accommodate matters. —— I left not the lady a moment to make a conjecture about it ——— so instantly made a declaration that I would do any thing in my power.

As this did not amount to an absolute surrender of my bed-chamber, I still felt myself so much the proprietor, as to have a right to do the honours of it ——— so I desired the lady to sit down ——— pressed her into the warmest seat —— call'd for more wood —— desired the hostess to enlarge the plan of the supper, and to favour us with the very best wine.

The lady had scarce warm'd herself five minutes at the fire, before she began to turn her head back, and give a look at the beds; and the oftener she cast her eyes that way, the more they return'd perplex'd ——

I felt for her —— and for myself; for in a few minutes, what by her looks, and the case itself, I found myself as much embarrassed as it was possible the lady could be herself.

That the beds we were to lie in were in one and the same room, was enough simply by itself to have excited all this —— but the position of them, for they stood parallel, and so very close to each other, as only to allow space for a small wicker chair betwixt them, rendered the affair still more oppressive to us —— they were fixed up moreover near the fire, and the projection of the chimney on one side, and a large beam which cross'd the room on the other, form'd a kind of recess for them that was no way favourable to the nicety of our sensations ——— if any thing could have added to it, it was that the two beds were both of them so very small, as to cut us off from every idea of the lady and the maid lying together; which in either of them, could it have been feasible, my lying beside them, though a thing not to be wish'd, yet there was nothing in it so terrible which the imagination might not have pass'd over without torment.

As for the little room within, it offer'd little or no consolation to us; 't was a damp cold closet, with a half dismantled window-shutter, and with a window which had neither glass or oil paper in it to keep out the tempest of the night. I did not endeavour to stifle my cough when the lady gave a peep into it; so it reduced the case in course to this alternative — that the lady should sacrifice her health to her feelings, and take up with the closet herself, and abandon the bed next mine to her maid ——— or that the girl should take the closet, &c. &c.

The lady was a Piedmontese of about thirty, with a glow of health in her cheeks. ——— The maid was a Lyonoise of twenty, and as brisk and lively a French girl as ever moved. —— There were difficulties every way —— and the obstacle of the stone in the road, which brought us into the distress, great as it appeared whilst the peasants were removing it, was but a pebble to what lay in our ways now ——— I have only to add, that it did not lessen the weight which hung upon our spirits, that we were both too delicate to communicate what we felt to each other upon the occasion.

We sat down to supper; and had we not had more generous wine to it than a little inn in Savoy could have furnish'd, our tongues had been tied up, till necessity herself had set them at liberty —— but the lady having a few bottles of Burgundy in her voiture, sent down her Fille de Chambre for a couple of them; so that by the time supper was over, and we were left alone, we felt ourselves inspired with a strength of mind sufficient to talk, at least, without reserve upon our situation. We turn'd it every way, and debated and considered it in all kind of lights in the course of a two hours negotiation; at the end of which the articles were settled finally betwixt us, and stipulated for in form and manner of a treaty of peace —— and I believe with as much religion and good faith on both sides, as in any treaty which has yet had the honour of being handed down to posterity.

They were as follows:

First. As the right of the bed-chamber is in Monsieur —— and he thinking the bed next to the fire to be the warmest, he insists upon the concession on the lady's side of taking up with it.

Granted, on the part of Madame; with a proviso, That as the curtains of that bed are of a flimsey transparent cotton, and appear likewise too scanty to draw close, that the Fille de Chambre shall fasten up the opening, either by corking pins, or needle and thread, in such manner as shall be deem'd a sufficient barrier on the side of Monsieur.

2dly. It is required on the part of Madame, that Monsieur shall lie the whole night through in his robe de chambre.

Rejected: inasmuch as Monsieur is not worth a robe de chambre; he having nothing in his portmanteau but six shirts and a black silk pair of breeches.

The mentioning the silk pair of breeches made an entire change of the article —— for the breeches were accepted as an equivalent for the robe de chambre; and so it was stipulated and agreed upon, that I should lie in my black silk breeches all night.

3dly. It was insisted upon, and stipulated for by the lady, that after Monsieur was got to bed, and the candle and fire extinguished, that Monsieur should not speak one single word the whole night.

Granted; provided Monsieur's saying his

prayers might not be deem'd an infraction of the treaty.

There was but one point forgot in this treaty, and that was the manner in which the lady and myself should be obliged to undress and get to bed —— there was one way of doing it, and that I leave to the reader to devise; protesting as I do, that if it is not the most delicate in nature, 't is the fault of his own imagination —— against which this is not my first complaint.

Now when we were got to bed, whether it was the novelty of the situation, or what it was, I know not; but so it was, I could not shut my eyes; I tried this side and that, and turn'd and turn'd again, till a full hour after midnight; when Nature and patience both wearing out —— O my God! said I.

You have broke the treaty, Monsieur, said the lady, who had no more sleep than myself. —— I begg'd a thousand pardons —— but insisted it was no more than an ejaculation —— she maintained 't was an entire infraction of the treaty —— I maintain'd it was provided for in the clause of the third article.

The lady would by no means give up the

point, though she weaken'd her barrier by it; for in the warmth of the dispute, I could hear two or three corking pins fall out of the curtain to the ground.

Upon my word and honour, Madame, said I —— stretching my arms out of bed by way of asseveration ——

(—— I was going to have added, that I would not have trespass'd against the remotest idea of decorum for the world) ——

—— But the Fille de Chambre hearing there were words between us, and fearing that hostilities would ensue in course, had crept silently out of her closet, and it being totally dark, had stolen so close to our beds, that she had got herself into the narrow passage which separated them, and had advanced so far up as to be in a line betwixt her mistress and me ———

So that when I stretch'd out my hand, I caught hold of the Fille de Chambre's ———

John Hall Stevenson

LETTERS

OF THE

LATE REV. MR. LAURENCE STERNE

TO HIS MOST INTIMATE FRIENDS

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INTRODUCTION

WERE I to please myself, I should write here a brief appreciation of the letters and miscellanies of Sterne that have been published since his death. But if, as it is said, good wine needs no bush, an essay of that kind would be a redundancy. Whim and sentiment, it may be taken for granted, alternate as delightfully in the letters as in *Tristram Shandy* or in the *Sentimental Journey*. It is likewise unnecessary to dwell upon the interest that the letters must have in considering Sterne the man; for the illumination is broad and clear. At any rate, a greater service may be performed, I think, by giving a connected account of the items that make up these volumes. Whence have been derived these letters, fragments, sketches, and anecdotes? — As so much that is spurious continues to circulate under Sterne's name, this is a question that needs answer.

Not long after Sterne's death, his widow and daughter threatened to publish the letters

that had passed between Sterne and Eliza —— Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, wife to a writer in the East India Company's service. They must have had in their possession a large part of this correspondence, for it was Sterne's custom to keep copies of his own letters along with those from his friends. Mrs. Sterne and Lydia were induced to withhold the correspondence, apparently on the advice of Becket, the publisher, and other London friends of Sterne and Mrs. Draper. But soon after her return from India to England, Mrs. Draper herself authorized the publication of ten of the letters written to her in the winter and spring of 1767. This famous sentimental document was issued in February 1775,* with a dedication to the "Right Honourable Lord Apsley, Lord High Chancellor of England." In a curious preface, which is reprinted in the volume devoted especially to Sterne and Mrs. Draper, an editor says that the letters were copied at Bombay with Mrs. Draper's permission. He had hoped, it is said further, to obtain her letters to Sterne, but Mrs. Draper was unwilling, out of modesty, to submit them to the

* *Lloyd's Evening Post* for February 20–22 quotes the sketch of Lord Bathurst.

public eye. The editor of this little volume of *Letters from Yorick to Eliza* was, of course, Mrs. Draper herself or some one directly inspired by her.

In midsummer of the same year there appeared in the London newspapers the following announcement: —

"*Speedily will be published*, Embellished with an elegant engraving of Mrs. Medalle, from a picture by Mr. West, (with a dedication to Mr. GARRICK) SOME MEMOIRS of the LIFE and FAMILY of the late Mr. LAURENCE STERNE. Written by Himself. To which will be added, 1. Genuine Letters to his most intimate friends on various subjects, with those to his wife, before and after marriage; as also those written to his daughter. 2. A Fragment, in the manner of Rabelais. Now first published by his daughter (Mrs. Medalle) from the originals in her father's hand-writing.

"Printed for T. Becket, Adelphi, in the Strand.

"*** Mrs. Medalle begs leave to return her most grateful thanks to those Ladies and Gentlemen who have already favoured her with so many of her father's letters, and still intreats those who may have any by them, to send

them to her Bookseller as above, (as speedily as possible) that they may be inserted in the edition now prepared for the press." *

After repeated advertisements of this kind, the letters and miscellanies — three volumes in all — were actually published on the 25th of October. The title was varied to "LETTERS of the late Rev. Mr. LAURENCE STERNE, to his most intimate FRIENDS. With a FRAGMENT in the Manner of *Rabelais*. To which are prefix'd, MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE AND FAMILY. Written by HIMSELF. And Published by his Daughter, Mrs. MEDALLE." At the suggestion of some friend, Lydia Sterne, now Lydia Sterne de Medalle, dedicated † the volumes to Mr. Garrick, "the man my father so much admired," and added "the sweet epitaph which proved Mr. Garrick's friendship and opinion of him." A brief preface assured the public that the letters are all genuine. Some of them, said Mrs. Medalle, had been preserved by her mother, and others had been furnished by her father's friends. Then followed the two poems ‡ in praise of Sterne that

* *The London Chronicle*, July 6–8, 1775.

† The dedication is dated "London, June 1775."

‡ See the first volume of *Tristram Shandy* in this edition.

have commonly been reprinted in editions of the humorist. After the introductory matter came the incomplete autobiographical sketch* that Sterne wrote near his death "for my Lydia," and 118 letters, if we count *An Impromptu*, forming part of a letter which was sent to Becket the bookseller in the Strand by a certain S. P., living at Exeter. The third volume concluded with *The Fragment* in the manner of Rabelais, which seems to have been uncovered in Sterne's library.

Very little praise can be accorded to the editorial supervision of these volumes, which was the joint work of Mrs. Medalle and the publishers. To pass by numerous misprints and wretched mistakes in French phrases, two letters are numbered XIV.; Number LXXXI. is missing; and a second letter appears as LXXVII. with a star. More unfortunate than slips of this kind is the helter-skelter order of the letters, especially in the first volume. The earlier Croft letters, for example, are out of chronological sequence, and they are all placed, though without dates, as if they belonged to a period before the publication of *Tristram Shandy*. Besides blunders like these, which

* See the first volume of *Tristram Shandy* in this edition.

may interest only Dryasdusts, there were deliberate mutilations, in which is clearly visible the hand of Mrs. Medalle. Fortunately for us, but unfortunately for her reputation, we have the original copies of two letters to the Jameses. In each case the letter as it passed through the post is printed directly after Mrs. Medalle's version, so that her editorial method may speak for itself.* The postscript to one of them reads as printed by the daughter: —

"I have just received, as a present from a man I shall ever love, a most elegant gold snuff-box, fabricated for me at Paris —— 't is not the first pledge I have received of his friendship. —— May I presume to inclose you a letter of chit-chat which I shall write to Eliza? I know you will write yourself, and my letter may have the honour to *chaperon* yours to India — they will neither of them be the worse received for going together in company, but I fear they will get late in the year to their destined port, as they go first to Bengal."

But as Sterne wrote it the postscript reads:

"I have just rec^d as a present from a right

* Consult Letters CXLIX. and CLXIV.

Honble a most elegant gold snuff fabricated for me at Paris — I wish Eliza was here, I would lay it at her feet — however, I will enrich my gold Box, with her picture, — and if the Doner does not approve of such an acquisition to his pledge of friendship — I will send him his Box again ——

"May I presume to inclose you the Letter I write to Mrs Draper —— I know you will write yourself —— and my Letter may have the honour to chapron yours to India. Mrs Sterne and my daughter are coming to stay a couple of months with [me], as far as from Avignion — and then return — Here 's Complaisance for you — I went 500 miles the last Spring, out of my way, to pay my wife a weeks visit — and she is at the expence of coming post a thousand miles to return it —— what a happy pair! —— however, en passant, she takes back sixteen hundred p^ds^ into France with her — and will do me the honour likewise to strip me of every thing I have — except Eliza's Picture."

Perhaps Mrs. Medalle may be pardoned for editing out the warm passages on Eliza and her picture, or the merry reference to Mrs. Sterne, who is coming post a thousand miles

to visit her husband; but why — to pass by minor changes — she should reduce "a right Honourable" to "a man I shall ever love," it is hard, says Mr. Fitzgerald, to conjecture.*

But notwithstanding carelessness and dishonesty in the editing, Mrs. Medalle and the publishers made a large and choice collection of Sterne's letters. Here are the letters that the young Vicar of Sutton sent to Miss Lumley, the woman he afterwards married; the letters of the Vicar, now the author of a famous book, to his friend Stephen Croft, the Squire of Stillington, descriptive of his doings in London and abroad; the reckless letters to John Hall-Stevenson and to the London smart set; and the noblest letters of all that came from Sterne's pen, those to Mr. and Mrs. James, closing with that last letter — as he lay dying, his spirits fled, in Old Bond Street — to Mrs. James, "dearest, kindest, gentlest, and best of women."

In the mean time, an enterprising hack-

* The "right Honourable" was — if one may guess — Sir George Macartney, the diplomat: the "dear friend" whom Sterne felicitated later in the year on the success of his mission to St. Petersburg. For the way in which Mrs. Medalle mutilated her father's correspondence, consult further the correct versions of Letters CXXXVI. and CLIX.

writer had taken advantage of public interest in the forthcoming letters of Sterne to publish a volume of his own with a similar title. On July 11–13, *The London Chronicle* announced as published "STERNE'S LETTERS to his FRIENDS, on VARIOUS OCCASIONS, To which is added His HISTORY of a WATCH COAT; with Explanatory Notes."

"☞ Though the contents of these volumes," it was said in apology for the publication, "neither interfere with, or form any part of a work advertised to be compiling by Mrs. Medalle, daughter of the late Mr. Sterne, yet the Public may be assured of their authenticity, the whole being transcribed from the original manuscripts of the Author."

Besides the *Warm Watch-Coat*, which had been published separately six years before, the volume (not volumes, as the advertisement reads) contains twelve letters. The collection opens with Sterne's first letter to Garrick — "'T was for all the world like a cut across my finger with a sharp penknife," — which was printed from an imperfect copy; and then follows the letter from Dr. Eustace in America with Sterne's reply. The succeeding nine letters, with the exception of the one num-

bered five, are forgeries beyond any manner of doubt, though they were all considered genuine at the time, and some of them have found their way into collected editions of Sterne's works from the first to the latest. The forger, it is now quite clear, was William Combe, better and more honorably known as the author of the *Tours of Dr. Syntax.* Of the first and fifth letters in Combe's volume, Mrs. Medalle gave corrected versions, but, strangely enough, she did not include in her collection the two Eustace letters.

Five years later, a group of London publishers brought together — as it has been narrated in the general preface — "the scattered performances" of Sterne "into a complete edition." For the letters, they took the ten to Eliza, and 117 of the 118 in Mrs. Medalle's collection. The omitted letter was one numbered LVIII. to Mrs. M[ea]d[ow]s, dated Coxwould, July 21, 1765.* It may

* The Meadows letter first appeared in *The London Magazine* for March 1774, under the heading *A Letter of the late Reverend Mr.* STERNE. NEVER BEFORE PRINTED. After going the rounds of the newspapers, it was included with some minor changes in Combe's volume of 1775, where it comes fifth in the series. Later in the same year, it was again printed, apparently from a better copy, by Mrs. Medalle. She first gave it with the address to Mrs. M-d-s, from Coxwould, July 21, 1765, and with the final words of

have dropped out by mistake, but more likely its authenticity was doubted. Though it is indeed somewhat suspicious in look, I have thought best to restore it to Sterne. Besides giving details of the fire that burned down the parsonage-house at Sutton, the letter helps define a rather shadowy personage, the Mrs. M —— whose name turns up most unexpectedly in various parts of the Sterne correspondence. The publishers of the complete edition also reprinted the two Eustace letters and two spurious letters * from Sterne's *Letters to his Friends on Various Occasions.* And from some unknown source they derived an interesting letter,† wherein Sterne replied with spirit to a critical friend who had remonstrated with him for the free tone and manner of *Tristram Shandy.* It serves excellently to supplement the delicious letter on the theme *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* The letter was admitted with some doubt; but it is, I

the greeting: "my dear Madam — and believe me ever your's." In his preface to *Letters supposed to have been written by Yorick and Eliza* (1779), William Combe claimed that he fabricated this letter. I think he was lying; else it must be supposed that Mrs. Medalle could alter her father's letters in a case where no motive is discernible. In this edition the letter is numbered CX.

* Nos. CXXIX. and CXXX. in Browne's edition (London, 1873).

† *Ib.* No. CXXXI.; No. XLIX. in this edition.

think, genuine. — I have thus accounted for the 132 letters in the edition of 1780.

Some endeavor was made in that edition to correct the errors of Mrs. Medalle. Especially noteworthy was the new arrangement of the letters covering Sterne's visit to London in the spring of 1760. In several cases a date was assigned to a letter that had hitherto appeared without any, and in a few cases the full name was given for an earlier blank or initial. But the work was done without system, and at times carelessly and ignorantly. The first letter to Garrick, for example, should be dated March 6, instead of April. To have settled this should have been as easy in 1780 as it is now. Again, a letter which was placed next to the last may have been written in the fall of 1759, when *Tristram Shandy* was circulating among Sterne's friends in manuscript or in proof. The latest date to which it could be assigned is the summer or fall of 1760. As it now stands, the letter hardly fits either year to the exclusion of the other. It has doubtless been tampered with, and it may indeed be spurious. The famous Latin epistle to John Hall-Stevenson seems to have been more perplexing than curious. Mrs. Medalle gave it

without time or place. The edition of 1780 assigned it to December 1767. It was written, as any one may see who reads it, by Sterne in the midst of noisy companions at the York coffee-house, and despatched on the eve of setting out for London on his annual midwinter visit. December 1767 is impossible, for Stevenson went up to London in Sterne's company just as the year was turning.* In addition to this, Hall-Stevenson is mentioned in the letter as somewhat above forty years old. He was born in 1718; consequently the letter must belong to 1758 or to one of the nearest years thereafter. The correct date may be December 1760. It cannot be earlier than the winter of 1760 if Sterne was telling the truth when he wrote to Warburton on June 19, 1760 that his correspondence with Hall-Stevenson had been interrupted for nineteen years. The letter to Lady P——, supposed to have been written in April 1767, has been placed back two years; and Sterne is thereby saved from the lie with which Thackeray charged him.† And finally — to

* Consult Letter to Mr. and Mrs. James, December 28, 1767 — No. CLXIV.

† No. CVIII.

be brief — Sterne's last written words, commending "my Lydia" to the protection of Mrs. James, were penned not ten days but only three days before his death. Mistakes of this kind, which have been allowed to stand in all editions of Sterne, have hitherto made it impossible to follow him closely on some of the most important occasions and triumphs in his social and literary career.

The example already cited — *Sterne's Letters to his Friends on Various Occasions* — was only one among several Sterne forgeries that deceived the public and the reviewer. Two months after the appearance of *Letters from Yorick to Eliza* came their counterpart — *Letters from Eliza to Yorick* — purporting to have been written by Mrs. Draper just before she sailed from Deal for India. In a preface, the usual anonymous editor gravely related that "these elegant epistles," which had long circulated in manuscript among Mrs. Draper's friends, were now furnished to the larger public from the most correct copies. The first sentence of the first letter — "I received your *Sentimental Journey* * * * " proves the forgery, for the travels were published a year later than the assumed date of the correspondence. And

yet so recently as last year a reprint of the little volume — there were only twelve letters — was announced in London as a biographical document of great value.

Much cleverer were two volumes that appeared in 1779 with the title, *Letters supposed to have been written by Yorick and Eliza.* The fabricator was that William Combe who had already palmed off a series of letters as genuine Sterne. In a preface it is admitted that seven of the twelve letters in the earlier venture were from his hand. The new letters, he is careful to explain, profess to be only imitations of Sterne that have been composed for the amusement of a few friends. The fictitious correspondence is assumed to begin after Mrs. Draper's return to India, and to close with a farewell letter from Sterne just as death was impending.

Sterne forgeries continued for some years in newspapers and monthly periodicals. The *European Magazine* for 1787–88 — to cite one further instance — admitted a series of more than thirty spurious letters. After running their course in the magazine they were published with additions in a volume entitled *Original Letters of the Late Reverend Mr. Laurence Sterne; never before published.*

Translated into French in 1789, they were thought by French critics to be of finer quality than the letters in earlier collections. "*Elles sont*," said the *Biographie Universelle*, in 1825, "*très-supérieures en élégance aux lettres originales publiées par Mme. Médaille.*" It now seems incredible that this correspondence could have ever been regarded as genuine; for it is little more than a paraphrase of the letters in Mrs. Medalle's collection with some faint echoes of phrases from *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey*.

It is a delight to pass from the forger and fabricator to Sterne once more. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1793 published a letter in which the Vicar of Sutton is represented as having the hay of some "neighboring clergyman" publicly cried at his two parishes. Though the letter has as voucher only an anonymous correspondent, it is likely Sterne's. Unmistakably Sterne's is the series of thirteen brief letters addressed to a Miss Catherine de Fourmantelle, of which Isaac D'Israeli gave five in his *Literary Miscellanies*.* These letters have had a curious history. Miss Fourmantelle seems to have given them to a woman

* Edition of 1840.

named Weston, who sold them to John Murray (1778–1843), the great publisher in Albemarle Street. The second John Murray (1808–92) came across them among his father's manuscripts and edited them for the Philobiblon Society (1855–56). These letters, said to be in Sterne's own hand, are of very great interest. In addition to the sentimental episode that they depict — begun at York and concluded in London — they throw most light on the first days in Sterne's first London triumph.

An important Sterne discovery was also made by W. Durrant Cooper, the English antiquary. For some years he was auditor of Skelton Castle, Hall-Stevenson's seat in Yorkshire, and he thus had access to the family records. The result of his search in the muniment room was *Seven Letters written by Sterne and his Friends*, printed in 1844 for private circulation. Two * of the seven letters are from Sterne to Hall-Stevenson. Thackeray read them and professed to be shocked by Sterne's "blasphemy and scornful unbelief." A letter to Hall-Stevenson from M. Tollot,†

* Nos. XCVI. and CXXX. in this edition.

† Printed with the fragment of another letter in the *Anecdotes* of this edition.

a common friend who saw much of Sterne in France, gives a vivid portrait of the sentimental traveller and Mrs. Sterne in the English colony at Montpellier.

The letter Sterne wrote to Dodsley early in the summer of 1759, offering him *Tristram Shandy* for 50 *l.*, and the publisher's courteous reply declining the offer are probably forever lost. But Sterne's second letter to Dodsley, sometime in the fall of the same year, stating the substance of the other two letters and giving in some detail his plan for printing "a lean edition * * * at my own expense, merely to feel the pulse of the world," lies embedded in the *Reminiscences* (1836) of T. F. Dibdin, the bibliographer. To *Notes and Queries* for March 13, 1852, H. A. B.* contributed "an autograph letter" addressed to Mrs. Sterne from Paris some two months after Sterne's arrival there in the winter of 1762. In this little-known letter Sterne says that he is already speaking French "fast and fluent, but incorrect both in accent and phrase." For "three mornings together" he went to hear one Père Clement, preacher to King Stanislaus,

* Perhaps Henry Arthur Bright, the English man of letters, with whom Hawthorne made the tour of Wales.

and was delighted with his dramatic oratory. From this man, more theatrical in action and delivery than Garrick himself, Sterne doubtless added to his knowledge of how to win and hold the attention of a congregation by the devices of the stage. The correspondence between Sterne and Warburton, of which the eighteenth century knew only fragments, has been cleared up and completed by the additional letters in Francis Kilvert's *Unpublished Papers of Warburton* (1841). The letters of Sterne last to come into print are two of the four contained in the *Report on Manuscripts presented to Parliament by Command of his Majesty* in 1903. They were written by Sterne while in France to his patron Lord Fauconberg of Newburgh Priory. One of them gives an account of his severe illness in France in 1762, when it was rumored at Coxwold that the parson was dead, and all the congregation went into mourning.

Besides the letters of Sterne that have appeared in the collections and scattered places already described, many others were obtained by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald for his biography of Sterne. These new letters belong mostly to the pre-Shandean period, while Sterne was liv-

ing at Sutton. Two of them (now preserved in the British Museum) are addressed to Francis Blackburne, Archdeacon of Cleveland, complaining of bad treatment by his uncle, Jaques Sterne, who attempted to keep him from taking the turns of others at preaching in the York minster. Then there is a long letter to his uncle in which Sterne justifies his conduct towards his mother. A copy of this letter, once the property of Mr. Godfrey Borvik of Gunthwaite, was purchased in 1851 by Mr. Robert Cole of Upper Norton Street, by whom some one was permitted to make a second copy, — the one now in the British Museum. From a Mr. Hoggard of York were obtained many years ago copies of three letters that Sterne wrote to Robert Hay Drummond, Archbishop of York, two from France in 1762, and one from Coxwold just after his return. The last of these contains a new version of Yorick's preaching at the ambassador's chapel in Paris. And in keeping with the "hay" letter — and thus going far to attest its authenticity — is a group of several letters that were placed in Mr. Fitzgerald's hands by Mr. Hudson of York. Most of them are un-

dated, but they all belong to the ten years before the publication of *Tristram Shandy.* If they have not the finished literary qualities of some of the others, they best tell what Sterne was doing at Sutton and York in those days. Of individual letters that Mr. Fitzgerald gathered here and there, the most recklessly Shandean is the one Sterne wrote in March 1760 to Mr. Berrenger, the Master of the Horse, requesting his aid in inducing Hogarth to furnish an illustration "to clap at the Front of my next Edition of Shandy."

Without Mr. Fitzgerald's kind permission "to use my Sterne life in any way that suits you," I could not have brought together so large a number of letters. I have, however, found the book somewhat difficult to manage, for Mr. Fitzgerald has a way of giving for his purposes only the gist of a letter. This custom of his has rendered it necessary to go to all the available manuscripts. From the Collection of Autograph Letters formed by Alfred Morrison were taken the two letters numbered respectively LXXX. and XCIV., and the corrected version of Letter CXVII. Various manuscripts in the British Museum have been transcribed for the original text of two

letters to Mr. and Mrs. James (Nos. CXLIX. and CLXIV.) and one to Panchaud (No. CXXXVI.), and for the letters bearing the following numbers, — V., VII., VIII., LXV., and LXXXVIII. With few or no changes, I have reprinted from Mr. Fitzgerald the letters numbered VI., IX.–XIX., XXI., XL., XLI., LXVI., LXXXIV., CI., CXXXII., CXXXIII., CLIX. (the second version). And from Mr. Fitzgerald I received directly the letter numbered CXIII.*

It has not been a part of my plan to annotate in detail the letters brought together in these volumes. The notes to the edition of 1780 have indeed been retained for the most part, and a few others have been added. But after revising the chronology of the letters, I have given my main attention to an attempt at restoring the proper names that were left blank in the early collections or were indicated there by initials, or only by a line of stars, each one of which, it would seem, was intended to stand for a letter in the real name. Restoration was quite easy in some cases, and

* According to Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes* (Vol. VIII. p. 343), there existed early in the nineteenth century a correspondence between Sterne and the Rev. Daniel Watson. Nothing has since been heard of it.

in others it was quite difficult or even impossible. "S—— C——, Esq.," is of course Stephen Croft, Esq., and I think that Lady P. is Lady Percy without much doubt. But who is "Sir W.," or "The Earl of ——"? I should like to know, too, who was a certain Mr. B——* to whom Sterne refers as the only "friend or connection" he ever forfeited. Was it Mr. John Blake of York; and did the Vicar of Sutton meddle with the matrimonial affairs of a brother in the cloth to the loss of friendship? Since conjecture must thus play an important part along with certainty, it has seemed best to enclose within brackets all additions to the text.

Directly after the body of the letters have been placed four short pieces, of which three are commonly included in editions of Sterne. *The History of a Good Warm Watch-Coat* belongs to the Sutton period just before the appearance of *Tristram Shandy*, though it may not have been printed till 1769. Its original title ran *A Political Romance addressed to ——, Esq., of York.* It is, as it were, a connecting link between the personal paragraphs Sterne contributed to the newspapers and the larger

* Letter LIV.

compass of satire in the first volumes of *Tristram Shandy.* Sterne is still the local wit, without a suggestion of the coming cosmopolitan, — the wit of the York coffee-house and of clerical dinners. In the amusing allegory appears Trim the Sexton, a name Sterne was soon to transfer to a famous corporal. *The Fragment* in the manner of Rabelais, which Mrs. Medalle found among her father's papers and published with the correspondence, is evidently a digression written for *Tristram Shandy* — perhaps for the fourth volume — but thrown aside for some reason. Dr. Homenas, who stole a sermon from Dr. Clarke, Dean of Exeter, is of course the Dr. Homenas in *Shandy* who asks Yorick to run over his notes for a sermon to be preached at court next Sunday. He is likewise a figurehead for Sterne himself. The *Impromptu*, which a certain S. P. sent to Becket, the publisher, from Exeter for the letters and miscellanies of 1775, is likely genuine, though it is of little account except as an example of what Sterne could do when "thoroughly soused." It has always been printed as a part of the correspondence; but not being a letter, it should go with the fragments.

The fancy addressed to a Mr. Cook, which

I have called *A Dream*, was first printed by M. Paul Stapfer in his *Laurence Sterne* (1870). The manuscript was obtained for him by a "vice-principal" of Elizabeth College in the Isle of Guernsey, from "a lady" at York, who could not remember how she came by it. Though there is no signature to the manuscript, Stapfer believed the hand to be Sterne's. The fragment is a fantastic whim, which was suggested to its author by "a very fine Spectator," wherein is related a story of Mahomet said to come out of the *Koran*. "The angel Gabriel," according to Addison's version, "took Mahomet out of his bed one morning to give him a sight of all things in the seven heavens, in paradise, and in hell, which the prophet took a distinct view of; and after having held ninety thousand conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, says the Alcoran, was transacted in so small a space of time, that Mahomet at his return found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher, which was thrown down at the very instant that the Angel Gabriel carried him away, before the water was all spilt." * And this story is made a framework for speculations much like (even

* *Spectator:* No. 94.

to some paraphrasing) Fontenelle's once famed *Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes.* Altogether the piece is very pretty. It may not be Sterne's; but it contains nothing that might not have easily come from him. Locke, Malebranche, and Pascal, who may be discovered in it, are all in harmony with Sterne's speculative temperament. And in one of his more famous sermons, he dwells with glee upon an "astronomical miracle."* The quaint poem with which the miscellanies close was sent to Mr. Fitzgerald by "the Rev. Mr. Scott, late the incumbent of Coxwould." It is reprinted here as an example of Sterne's versatility.

Nothing has ever been published about Sterne surpassing in interest and value the anecdotes contained in the first of two letters from John Croft, the York antiquary, to Caleb Whitefoord, the wit and diplomat. Before their appearance, there may have been doubt as to the ways of Sterne at York and Sutton. Now there can be no doubt. Anecdotes must be accepted, it is true, with some allowance; but in this case it must also be remembered that the narrator grew up under Sterne at Stillington. He was a younger

* *Sermon:* No. XVII.

brother to Stephen Croft, with whom Sterne went up to London in 1760 to see how the smart world was receiving *Tristram Shandy*. Isaac D'Israeli knew of the anecdotes and alludes to them vaguely in an essay on Sterne among the *Miscellanies*. They were also used by Mr. Sidney Lee in his sketch of Sterne for the *Dictionary of National Biography*. But they were not published until 1898, when they were included by Mr. W. A. S. Hewins in the *Whitefoord Papers*. Without them my essays on the Vicar of Sutton and *Tristram Shandy* would have lacked their most essential details. By courtesy of the Clarendon Press the anecdotes are here reprinted entire as supplementary to Sterne's own *Memoirs*. To them has been appended an extract from a letter* written by Richard Chapman, the steward at Newburgh Priory, to the Earl of Fauconberg, then in London, containing one of the rare glimpses we have of Sterne, the Curate of Coxwold.

Some credence may also be given to the stories about Sterne that circulated in the newspapers during his life and the years just after his death. To the *St. James Chronicle*,

* *Report on Manuscripts*, Vol. II. 1903.

for instance, a certain G. E. G. sent a letter dated April 10, 1788, enclosing another letter, which purports to have been written on April 15, 1760, from an acquaintance of Sterne's to a friend "in answer to some queries" "concerning Mr. Sterne." The communication caught the eye of Isaac Reed, the editor of Shakespeare, who clipped out the article and pasted it into his copy of the *Sermons*. It has come to my hands from Mr. W. A. White, of New York City. If the letter bearing the date of April 15, 1760, be a forgery, it is one of the cleverest; for it contains nothing that might not have been known by an acquaintance of Sterne's in that year. And granted that it is a forgery, it is certainly founded upon traditions containing some truth. To my mind there is little doubt that Sterne at one time just thought of introducing Warburton into *Tristram Shandy*, and perhaps in the amusing way that the letter narrates with graphic details. It may be, too, that some copies of the *Warm Watch-Coat* were struck off,* and afterwards suppressed for the reasons here stated. And the version of Mrs. Sterne's insanity is evidently the one that was given out for the public. A

* Consult also the letter of John Croft to Caleb Whitefoord.

reprint of the letter I have thought worth while as a Sterne curiosity at the very least.

Then there is that first biography of Sterne, of which only scraps have been published. It first appeared in *The Ladies' Magazine* for April 1760 (issued on May 1), from which it was copied into other periodicals. The version given here is from *The London Chronicle* for May 3–6, 1760. The author was Dr. John Hill, a literary hack and quack-doctor, celebrated for an "elixir of bardana" and various other herb medicines, "excellent beyond parallel." For his sketch Hill gathered the anecdotes then in circulation at the London Clubs about the Yorkshire parson just coming into fame; and in addition to this, he seems to have had recourse to some London friend of Sterne's — perhaps a Mr. Cholmley of Chapel Street, Mayfair — for information concerning Sterne's life in the North. As will be seen by the correspondence,* the biography nettled Sterne greatly. It contains — they are evident at a glance — many falsehoods, but Sterne never denied the truth of one of the anecdotes; and another anecdote of Hill's was taken over by John Hall-Stevenson for his brief life of Sterne

* See Letters XLIII., XLV., and XLVI.

prefixed to a continuation of the *Sentimental Journey.* Like the letter of G. E. G., this first biography of Sterne may be reprinted as a curiosity, if for no other reason.

It has also seemed best to include among Sterne anecdotes the passages, referred to some way back, in which M. Tollot gave his impressions of Sterne as he saw him in France. The anecdote in Dutens' *Memoirs* is also too good to lose; and Scott's story of the Yorkshire lady has long been the classic defence of Sterne's plain-speaking. This, too, is the place for the conversation at Drury Lane between Sterne and Joseph Cradock, Garrick's twin brother "in personal likeness and mental power." And finally should come that last pathetic story,—the account of Sterne's supreme moments, as told in a simple and impressive way by John Macdonald, a footman to John Crawford of Errol, one of the wildest among Sterne's companions: "I went into the room," says the footman sent from a dinner-party to Sterne's lodgings, "and he was just a-dying. I waited ten minutes; but in five he said, 'Now it is come!' He put up his hand as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute."

W. L. C.

NOTE ON THE TEXT

It has been my aim to bring the text of these *Letters and Miscellanies* as close to what Sterne actually wrote as might be with the material at hand. Hence frequent abbreviations and much variety in spelling and punctuation. The edition of 1780 has been collated with the earlier editions; and in the numerous cases of difference, the earliest readings, unless palpable blunders, have been restored. Letters from later sources — whether from print or from manuscript — have been given just as they came to my hands. For the footnotes as far as page 139 in the first volume, I am wholly responsible. From that point, where begin notes of earlier editors, my own are placed in brackets.

W. L. C.

ANECDOTES

YORKSHIRE ANECDOTES

John Croft to Caleb Whitefoord *

York, August, 1795.

Dear Sir, — Herewith are the Anecdotes of *Sterne*, as I promised you, at your agreable Apartment *Adelphi* and are all I cou'd collect, or recollect at present. 'Tis a Pity it had not been hinted before as Mrs Bridges, and others who were very intimately acquainted with him and the Family are lately deceased. Yet upon the whole very few *Materialls* or Incidents cou'd possibly occur, worth notice, or to form his Life, as he lived so many years in obscurity, and what is termed still Life, further than as it may please or come home to you, or others who enjoyed his company, or are partiall to his Writings, and so glad to hear any *minutie* about him. I was as it were brought up under him, as he was Vicar of

* *The Whitefoord Papers*, edited by W. A. S. Hewins (Oxford, 1898).

Stillington, where I was born, the distance only of two miles from Sutton, and he was a constant Guest at my brother's Table, but my long absence abroad in Portugal, and his being so much taken up in the gay World made a large gap in our Intimacy, tho' am sorry to venture to pronounce, and dissent from the old Quodlibet de mortuis nil nisi bonum, that he was far from being a good man, as your Adelphi is from the Elephant that stood at Buckingham Gate. I was amused when I arrived at home (but happily not shocked) when I took up from my Table Cooks Edition 6d Poets, to see an *Epitaph* * intended for you by the late Dr Goldsmith. No doubt you have seen it. I was formerly well acquainted with Goldsmith and we used to sup at the Chapter Coffee House together. It was a Pity that he did not write more *in verse* than in prose. He had a diffidence unnatural to his country about him.

Sterne's Daughter was a Girl of an odd turn, as no wonder from her Parents that she shou'd inherit Genius and as they were both so very particular, that she shou'd be so, allso from the manner that she was educated and brought

* *Postscript* to Goldsmith's *Retaliation.*

up. At the Boarding School when the Misses used to plague and taunt her with the names of Miss *Tristram* and Miss *Shandy* after her Fathers Book came out, she bethought herself of this contrivance. She wrote Love Letters, as if from each or every one of the Players of the York Company to the respective young Ladies, and when most of the Letters were interrupted, by their Parents or Guardians, severall of them were flogg^d^, others shutt up in dark closetts, and severely treated as you may suppose, and it brought such a Slurr upon the Play House that the Theatre was a good deal deserted by reason of the supposed perfidy or guilt of the Players that it became incumbent on them to make out the Authors of their Injury, when at last it was luckily brought to light tho' with some difficulty. * * *

I hope that this will find you perfectly well, not forgetting your Mouser! I was sorry that was obliged to leave, For otherwise shou'd have been glad to have attended the Sale of Pictures, as wou'd certainly have bidden for the Picture that you pointed out to me if cou'd have had it on reasonable terms, as I admire Pictures very much and am very fond of them, tho' have not money to lay out that

way, and the *Polemburg* is my only one, indebted to you for touching it up. It looks now quite another thing since it is got into a new frame, *quite smart.* I hope this will find you perfectly well, and wish there was any inducement to turn your Face to the North, where it wou'd now be flattered with a gentle Zephyr in lieu of a blast from plump cheeked Boreas. You wou'd see our City improved very much — an apology, allowed as we have not Trade or Manufactures, the Minster beautified without, a new Ceiling to the Roof within, and a new River or Canal to the Town, and not any one wou'd be gladder than I shou'd be to see you here. As we have lost so many of our acquaint^ce^ (perhaps you may add friends among them) let us reinforce our regards and cherish our living ones, as every day carries of one or other while our Hour glasses still run and it may be called day. If permitted to use a dead language I will finish my Letter with those beautiful lines of Tibullus,

> Te spectem suprema mihi quum venerit hora
> Te teneam moriens deficiente manu !

Dr Sir

Yours very sincerely &c.

JOHN CROFT.

P. S. I wish when you meet with any *Bons Mots* or *Epigrams* you would be so good to communicate, since we entered upon a Commutation Treaty.

ANECDOTES OF STERNE VULGARLY TRISTRAM SHANDY

Lawrence Sterne was born in Ireland, his Father was a Capt in the Army as by his own account it appears — that after his decease — they came over and settled at York, at the instance of Dr Sterne, his Uncle, Precentor of the Cathedral, a rich and opulent man, presume the elder Brother — the Family originally Yorkshire, and descended from Sterne, Archbishop of York. As said before they were under the Protection of the Precentor, who defrayed the expences of young Laury's education at the University, and afterwards provided him his Preferment in the Church, which depended upon the Cathedral. He was said to display marks of early genius at School, tho' he was careless and inattentive to his book, on which his Master pronounced that he wou'd turn out a great man. The same humour prevailed at College. In his younger years he was a good deal employed by his Uncle,

in writing politicall Papers and Pamphlets in favour of Sir Robert Wallpole's Administration, when they afterwards fell out about a favourite Mistress of the Precentors, who proved with child by Laury and the cause of their breach is now living. The Lady is said to resemble Sterne very much, tho' at the time of their rupture, he gave out as a reason in the publick Coffee House, that it arose from that he wou'd not continue to write periodicall papers for his Uncle. However the Quarrell remained abroach and his Uncle was never afterwards reconciled and at the time of his decease he did not leave him a Legacy, at which Sterne was so offended that he did not putt on mourning tho' he had it ready, and on the contrary shewed all possible marks of disrespect to his Uncle's memory. Sterne married a Miss Lumley, a Daughter of the Revd Mr Lumley, Rector of Bedale, which is one of the best livings in Yorkshire, and he lived in stile, from whence she derived a superior education. Tho' she was but a homely woman, still she had many Admirers, as she was reported to have a Fortune, and she possessed a first rate understanding. He had paid his addresses to her during the space of two

years, when she as constantly refused him, till at length she asked him the question herself and they went off directly from the Rooms and were married. Afterwards they did not live on the best terms and harmony together, chiefly owing to his infidelity to the Marriage Bed. As said before, she was a woman of superior talents and assisted him in the composition of his sermons and other works. Their Income was a very decent one, about 200*l.* per annum. They kept a Dairy Farm at Sutton, had seven milch cows, but they allways sold their Butter cheaper than their Neighbours, as they had not the least idea of œconomy, [so] that they were allways behindhand and in arrears with Fortune. As an instance of his infidelity, his wife once caught him with the maid, when she pulled him out of bed on the Floor and soon after went out of her senses, when she fancied herself the Queen of Bohemia. He treated her as such, with all the supposed respect due to a crowned head, and continued to practice this farcicall mockery during her confinem^t under a Lunatick Doctor at a private house at York.* It was in a great meas-

* In a collection of jests called *Scrapeana*, Croft tells another story relative to the insanity of Mrs. Sterne: "To induce her to

ure owing to her *insane* state, which afforded him the more time for Study, and to relieve melancholy, that he first attempted, and sett about the work of Tristram Shandy, and when he produced the Copy, to severall Gent^{n} of York, they considered it merely as a laughable book, and when that he offered it to the Booksellers, they wou'd not have anything to say to it, nor wou'd they offer any price for it. The same happened when he offered it to Dodsley in London and at the last offered twenty pounds for it, and so it hung on his hands, till after some time a Mr Lee a Gent^{n} of York and a Bachelor of a liberall turn of mind lent him One hundred pounds towards the Printing the Work, which took place in the year 1760,* when the two first volumes of Tristram Shandy were first printed at York and about 200 Copys printed. When he offered them again to Dodsley and sent him a set of 'em to London, he returned for answer, that they were not saleable; however that he would give him 40*l.* for the

take the air, he [Sterne] proposed coursing in the way practised in Bohemia. For that purpose he procured bladders and filled them with beans and tied them to the wheels of a single horse-chair, when he drove madam into a stubble field. With the motion of the carriage and the bladders' rattle it alarmed the hares, and the greyhounds were ready to take them."

* A slip for 1759.

Copyright, provided that he would stand half the chance of the sale of the remaining Copys that were left, which was refused as Sterne had parted with severall of them among his friends. Some months after, it happened luckily for Sterne that Mr Croft of Stillington, who was setting off for London on particular Business met Sterne in the street in the morning and asked if that he wou'd go up to town with him, moreover, in the vulgar Phrase, that he would frank him and defray his expenses back, to which Sterne replied all that was very kind, but that he cou'd not leave his wife in the state that she was in, to which Mr C. answered that as he cou'd not possibly do her any good by his attendance that he had better go along with him, which was agreed upon, with this *Proviso* that Sterne was to have an hours law to go home to pack up his best breeches, which being granted they sett off together and arrived in London and lodged at Mr Cholmley's, Chapell street. The next morning Sterne was missing at breakfast. He went to Dodsleys where on inquiry for Tristram Shandy's works, his Vanity was highly flattered, when the Shopman told him, that there was not such a Book to be had in London either for Love or money,

when an interview took place with Dodsley who gave him a cordiall reception. Soon after Mr Croft and Cholmley passing by Pall Mall in a coach, who should they see in Dodsley's Shop but Sterne who accosting them said that he was mortgaging his brains to Dodsley for 50*l.*, the overplus of Six hundred pounds, that he stood out for above the Bargain of Six hundred pounds, that he offered him for the Copy of the two volumes of Tristram Shandy, and for two Volumes of Sermons which he was to compose in two months time, under the title of Yorick's Sermons, on a further condition that he was to engage to write a vol. of Tristram Shandy every year, and so to continue the work during his life and that he stood out for the odd Fifty pounds, when the Gentn advized him not to haggle, or bargain any longer about the matter, but to close the agreemt with Dodsley which he did, after which he returned to Chapell street and came skipping into the room, and said that he was the richest man in Europe. It happened at the same time, the Living of Coxwold became vacant by the death of the Incumbent, the Revd Mr Midgley, when Mr Croft waited upon Earl Falconberg and solicited the Living for Sterne, who gave it him,

the Living two hundred pounds per annum. To so fortuitous a change and event of Fortune the World is indebted for Sterne's *Debut* in the great and fashionable Sphere and Circle of Life, after remaining so many years *perdu* and in obscurity a Vicar of Sutton on the Forest. After he went to London he frequently had cards of Invitation from the Nobility and People of the first Fashion, for a month to come, that it allmost amounted to a Parliamentary Interest to have his company at any rate, all which was more than his feeble Frame cou'd bear, and what with Presents from the Nobility on which he plumed himself highly (and particularly a Silver Ink Standish from Earl Spencer which he boasted of) that his Vanity mounted on his slowest Hobby Horse ran away with him beyond all bounds, and he boasted of Favours that he never received, and lastly he flattered himself that his Person was very much admired by the Ladies, so that he turned his mind intirely to Galantry. Sterne said that his first Plan, was to travell his Hero Tristram Shandy all over Europe and after making his remarks on the different Courts, proceed with making strictures and reflections on the different Governments of

Europe and finish the work with an eulogium on the superior constitution of England and at length to return Tristram well informed and a compleat English Gentleman.

His idea was allso to dedicate his book to Mr Pitt then Secretary of State, that it might lay in his Parlour Window, and amuse him after the Fatigues of Business as a lounging Book.

When Sterne read some of the loose sheets of the Copy of Tristram Shandy to a select company assembled at Mr Croft's for that purpose after dinner, they fell asleep at which Sterne was so nettled that he threw the Manuscript into the fire, and had not luckily Mr Croft rescued the scorched papers from the flames, the work wou'd have been consigned to oblivion.

On Sterne's first arrival in London, Dr Warburton, then Bishop of Glocester, sent for him and gave him a purse of money attended with severall books to improve his Stile, with proper and salutary advice for his future conduct in life and pursuits in Literature, which he totally disregarded, and treated with contempt, as appeared when he fell into the Company and affected a Set of Wits in London at that

time, Foot, Delavall, &c., which led him into great expence, when he sett up a Carriage, and came down into Yorkshire, in a superior style that he soon spent the money which so liberally flowed from the Publick for the produce of his pen and the further sweat of his brow.

Sterne and his friend Hall of Skelton Castle were elemented together, Fellow Students at Jesus College, Cambridge, at the same time, when ever after their Friendship continued one and indivisible thro' Life. Sterne's Picture hangs in the Combination Room of that College, and they used to study under a large Wallnutt Tree, in the Inner Court, when one of 'em wrote underneath these lines

This shou'd be the Tree of Knowledge
As it stands in so very wise a Colledge.

Sterne maintained a long Paper war in the Newspapers at York, supported by Dr Fountayne, the present Dean against Dr Topham of the Spirituall Court which gave Birth to the Political Romance, intitled the Watch Coat. It was reputed one of the best of his Peices. The Publication was suppressed as it gave offence to the Dignity of the Church, till

after Sterne's decease, tho' it had been privately printed, when the copies were all bought up by the present Precentor.

It appeared by Sterne's Accompt Book that he had received 1500*l.* of Dodsley at different times for his Publications.

The Books that he studied and drew from most were the Moyen de Parvenir, a small French book, I had it from himself, Montaignes Essays, he affected the style of Rabelais, and particularly Bishop Halls Works which he copied a pie de la lettre. He was allso a great Admirer of the pathetick novell Le Doyen de Coleraine, the naivetè of the Paysanne Parvenue de Marsiaux &c^{a}. He has lately been accused of Plagiarism by a Mr Ferrier, for which refer to Manchester Essays, Vol. 4th. He affected mostly Books of the Black Letter from whence he cou'd draw storys without being detected.

Sterne had an Intrigue with a Mrs Draper who^{m} he celebrates so much in his works under a feigned name. She was the Lady of the Governor of Bombay, — a most beautifull young woman. He accompanied her on her passage back to India as far as the Downs where at parting they vowed eternall Fidelity

and it was settled that when she arrived in India she was to obtain an Appointment from her Husband, and afterwards return to Europe and so to continue to live together in Italy on the Banks of the River Arno. She is since deceased.

After Sterne's Decease, all his loose papers were burned by the late Prince of Wales's Chaplain who officiated at his Funeral, amongst which were a large Parcel of Letters of Love and Gallantry from Ladies of the first Rank and Quality.

Sterne's Mother died in the common Goal at York in a wretched condition, or soon after she was released. It was held unpardonable in him not to relieve her, when he had the means of doing it, as a subscription was set on foot for the purpose. His Sister married a Publican in London. Never anyone dwelt more upon Humanity in Theory but it does not appear that he putt so much of it in practice.

A many Idle tales are told of Sterne in the Country. Once it is said that as he was going over the Fields on a sunday to preach at Stillington it happened that his Pointer Dog sprung a Covey of Partridges, when he went directly home for his Gun and left his

Flock that was waiting for him in the Church, in the lurch.

Another time when he was skaiting on the Car at Stillington, the Ice broke in with him in the middle of the Pond, and none of the Parishioners wou'd assist to extricate him, as they were at variance. Another time a Flock of Geese assembled in the Church Yard at Sutton, when his Wife bawl'd out "Laurie, powl 'em," i.e. pluck the quills, on which they were ready to riot and mob Laurie.

They generally considered him as crazy, or crackbrained. He was not steady to his Pastimes, or Recreations. At one time he wou'd take up the Gun and follow shooting till he became a good shott, then he wou'd take up the Pencil and paint Pictures. He chiefly copied Portraits. He had a good Idea of Drawing, but not the least of mixing his colours. There are severall Pictures of his painting at York, such as they are.

Sterne left only a Daughter Lydia, who, after his decease, retired with her Mother into France after she had settled with the next Incumbent for the Dilapidations at the Parsonage House at Sutton, which he refers to in his works, and they lived upon a joint annuity

which arose from a very liberal subscription, which took place in their behalf, among the Nobility and Gentry, which amounted to above 1000*l.* The Mother died soon after in France and the Daughter married Monsr. Medalle a French March^t and a Protestant in Normandy of good Character but of no extraordinary credit. He died soon after they married, and she is since dead.

Sterne's Popularity at one time arose to that pitch, that on a Wager laid in London that a Letter addressed to Tristram Shandy in Europe shou'd reach him when luckily the Letter came down into Yorkshire and the Post Boy meeting Sterne on the road to Sutton pulled off his hatt and gave it him.

When it was Sterne's turn to preach at the Minster half of the Congregation usually went out of the Church as soon as he mounted the Pulpit, as his Delivery and Voice were so very disagreeable.

Sterne was best and shewed himself to most advantage in a small Company, for in a large one he was frequently at a Loss and dumbfoundered as he assumed the privilege of a Wit, he wou'd frequently come out with very silly things and expressions which if they did

not meet that share of approbation from the Publick which he expected he wou'd be very angry and even affrontive.

Extract from a Letter in Continuation

York, 19th June, 1796.

My Dear Sir, — * * * I hope in future to be able to afford you more Anecdotes of your friend the late Mr Sterne, as thro' the means of a servant that lived with him may be able to procure for you some domestick ones. Sterne and his Wife, tho' they did not *gee* well together for she used to say herself, that the largest House in England cou'd not contain them both, on account of their Turmoils and Disputes, they were every day writing and addressing Love Letters to one another — for his Love to his Wife, refer you to the Latin Epistle to his friend Hall in the Collection of Letters. It was agreed betwixt them to have a Strong Box with a Nick in the Top and so they were to putt in what each saved out of their private expenses towards raising a Fortune for their Daughter Lidia when unhappily Mrs Sterne fell ill, and she espied Laurie breaking open the Strong Box. She fainted, and

unluckily a Quarrel ensued. This Story Mrs S. told herself inter alia which militated against the stability of poor Laurie. * * *

Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully and sincerely,

J. Croft.

Richard Chapman to the Earl of Fauconberg *

Newborough, September 25, 1761.

Enclosed is a new plan for the pews in Coxwold church, which is a new scheme of Mr. Sterne's. * * * It will be something in the form of a cathedral; it will give a better sound, a better light, and will all face the parson alike, and the other way, half the church will be with their backs to the pulpit, which will make a dispute for their seats, and this plan will go crossways on the old seats, so that no one will know their own place. * * *

I am extremely obliged to your lordship for the coronation news, and am glad your lord-

* Richard Chapman was Steward to Lord Fauconberg of Newburgh Priory. In a business letter belonging to March, 1760, Chapman expresses extreme gratification that Mr. Sterne has been appointed to the Coxwold living. And in another letter, written in 1762, while Sterne was seriously ill abroad, he says that Sterne was supposed to be dead, and all his congregation went into mourning for him. The extract from the letter given here is taken from *Report on Manuscripts in Various Collections* (Vol. II., London, 1903).

ship got excused from attending, which might have been of bad consequence. Here a fine ox with his horns gilt was roasted whole in the middle of the town, after which the bells put in for church, where an excellent sermon was delivered extempory on the occasion by Mr. Sterne, and gave great content to every hearer. The church was quite full, both quire and aisle, to the very door. The text, &c., you will see both in the London and York papers. About three o'clock the ox was cut up and distributed amongst at least three thousand people, after which two barrels of ale was distributed amongst those that could get nearest to 'em. Ringing of bells, squibs and crackers, tar-barrels and bon-fires, &c., and a ball in the evening, concluded the joyful day.

THE LADY OF FORTUNE *

Soon after *Tristram* had appeared, Sterne asked a Yorkshire lady of fortune and condition whether she had read his book. "I have not, Mr. Sterne," was the answer; "and, to be plain with you, I am informed it is not proper

* Sir Walter Scott in his essay on Sterne in *Ballantyne's Novelist's Library*, Vol. V. p. xvi (London, 1823).

for female perusal." — "My dear good lady," replied the author, "do not be gulled by such stories; the book is like your young heir there," (pointing to a child of three years old, who was rolling on the carpet in his white tunics) "he shews at times a good deal that is usually concealed, but it is all in perfect innocence!"

DESIGN OF TRISTRAM SHANDY

G. E. G. to the Printer of the St. James Chronicle *

SIR, — The very extraordinary Genius and first-rate Wit of the late Mr. Sterne have rendered his Name and his Works so famous, and his Imitators have been so numerous, that I apprehend any Information concerning him or his Writings will be acceptable. The following Letter was written to a Friend of mine by one of his Acquaintance, in Answer to some Queries proposed by the former, concerning Mr. Sterne. It relates to the first two Volumes only of his Life of Tristram Shandy, as the others were not published at that Time. The Gentleman did not then choose to put his Name to it, and my Friend not having taken any Memorandum of it, does not recollect who his Correspondent was.

You may, however, Sir, be assured that the Letter is genuine, and that the Facts mentioned in it are to be depended on.

* Taken from the fly-leaves of Isaac Reed's copy of Sterne's first two sermons, now owned by Mr. W. A. White, of New York City.

As the Editors of the other Newspapers generally take the Liberty of copying any curious Paper they see in yours, and without saying whence they stole them, I just mention that I send this to the St. James's Chronicle, and to no other, in order to prevent your Readers from supposing that you have copied from them.

Your's,

G. E. G.

April 10th, 1788

April 15th, 1760.

Indeed, my dear Sir, your Letter was quite a Surprise to me ; I had heard that Mr. Shandy had engaged the Attention of the gay Part of the World, but when a Gentleman of your active and useful Turn can find Time for so many Enquiries about him, I see it is not only by the Idle and the Gay that he is read and admired, but by the Busy and the Serious : Nay, Common-Fame says, but Common-Fame is a great Liar, that it is not only a Duke and an Earl and a new made Bishop, who are contending for the Honour of being Godfather to his dear Child Tristram, but that Men and Women too, of all Ranks and Denominations,

are caressing the Father, and providing Slavering-Bibs for the Bantling.

In Answer to your Enquiries, I have sate down to write a longer Letter than usual, to tell you all I know about him and the Design of his Book. I think it was some Time in June last that he showed me his Papers, more than would make four such Volumes as those two he has published, and we sate up a whole Night together reading them. I thought I discovered a Vein of Humour, which must take with Readers of Taste, but I took the Liberty to point out some gross Allusions which I apprehended would be Matter of just Offense, and especially when coming from a Clergyman, as they would betray a Forgetfulness of his Character. He observed, that an Attention to his Character would damp his Fire and check the Flow of his Humour, and that if he went on, and hoped to be read, he must not look at his Band or his Cassock. I told him, that an over Attention to his Character might perhaps have that Effect, but that there was no Occasion for him to think all the Time he was writing his Book, that he was writing Sermons. — That it was no difficult Matter to avoid the Dirtiness of Swift on the one Hand, and the Looseness

of Rabelais on the other — and that if he steered in that middle Course, he might make it not only a very entertaining, but a very instructive and useful Book; and on that Plan I said all I could to encourage him to come out with a Volume or two in the Winter.

At this Time he was haunted with Doubts and Fears of its not taking. He did not, however, think fit to follow my Advice, yet when the two Volumes came out, I wrote a Paper or two by Way of recommending them, and particularly pointed to Yorick, Trim reading the Sermon, and such Parts as I was most pleased with myself.

If any Apology can be made for his gross Allusions and *double Entendres*, it is, that his Design is to take in all Ranks and Professions, and to laugh them out of their Absurdities. If you should ask him, why he begins his Hero nine Months before he is born, his Answer would be, that he might exhibit some Character inimitably ridiculous, without going out of his Way, and which he could not introduce with Propriety, had he begun him later. But as he intends to produce him somewhere in the 3d or 4th Volume, we will hope, if he does not

keep him too long in the Nursery, his future Scenes will be less offensive. Old Women indeed there are of both Sexes, whom even Uncle Toby can neither entertain nor instruct, and yet we all have Hobby-Horses of our own. The Misfortune is we are not content to ride them quietly ourselves, but are forcing every Body that comes in our Way to get up behind. Is not Intolerance the worst Part of Popery? what Pity it is, that many a zealous Protestant should be a staunch Papist without knowing it!

The Design, as I have said, is to take in all Ranks and Professions. A System of Education is to be exhibited, and thoroughly discussed; for forming his future Hero, I have recommended a private Tutor, and named no less a Person than the great and learned Dr. W[arburton]: Polemical Divines are to come in for a Slap. An Allegory has been run up on the Writers on the Book of Job. The Doctor is the Devil who smote him from Head to Foot, and G[re]y, P[ete]rs and Ch[appel]ow his miserable Comforters. A Groupe of mighty Champions in Literature is convened at Shandy-Hall. Uncle Toby and the Corporal are Thorns in the private Tutor's Side, and

operate upon him as they did on Dr. Slop at reading the Sermon. All this for poor Job's Sake, whilst an Irish Bishop, a quondum Acquaintance of Sterne's, who has written on the same Subject, and loves dearly to be in a Crowd, is to come uninvited and introduce himself.

So much for the Book, now for the Man. I have some Reason to think that he meant to sketch out his own Character in that of Yorick, and indeed in some Parts of it I think there is a striking Likeness, but I do not know so much of him as to be able to say, how far it is kept up. The Gentlemen in and about York will not allow of any Likeness at all in the best Parts of it; whether his Jokes and his Jibes may not be felt by many of his Neighbours, and make them unwilling to acknowledge a Likeness, would be hard to say; certain, however, it is, that he has never, as far as I can find, been very acceptable to the Grave and Serious. It is probable too he might give Offense to a very numerous Party, when he was a Curate and just setting out, for he told me, that he wrote a weekly Paper in support of the Whigs during the long Canvas for the great contested Election for this

County, and that he owed his Preferment to that Paper — so acceptable was it to the then Archbishop.

From that Time, he says, he has hardly written any Thing till about two Years ago; when a Squabble breaking out at York, about opening a Patent and putting in a new Life, he sided with the Dean and his Friends, and tryed to throw the Laugh on the other Party, by writing the History of an old Watchcoat; but the Affair being compromised he was desired not to publish it. About 500 Copies were printed off, and all committed to the Flames, but three or four, he said, one of which I read, and, having some little Knowledge of his *Dramatis Personæ*, was highly entertained by seeing them in the Light he had put them. This was a real Disappointment to him, he felt it, and it was to this Disappointment that the World is indebted for Tristram Shandy. So till he had finished his Watchcoat, he says, he hardly knew that he could write at all, much less with Humour, so as to make his Reader laugh. But it is my own Opinion, that he is yet a Stranger to his own Genius, or at least that he mistakes his Fort. He is ambitious of appearing in his

Fool's Coat, but he is more himself, and his Powers are much stronger, I think, in describing the tender Passions, as in Yorick, Uncle Toby, and the Fly, and in making up the Quarrel between old Mr. Shandy and Uncle Toby.

I can say nothing to the Report you have heard about Mrs. Sterne; the few Times I have seen her she was all Life and Spirits, too much so, I thought. He told me, in a Letter last Christmas, that his Wife had lost her Senses by a Stroke of the Palsy; that the Sight of the Mother in that Condition had thrown his poor Child into a fever; and that in the Midst of these Afflictions, it was a strange Incident that his ludicrous Book should be printed off; but that there was a stranger still behind, which was, that every Sentence of it had been conceived and written under the greatest Heaviness of Heart, arising from some Hints the poor Creature had dropped of her Apprehensions; and that in her Illness he had found in her Pocket-Book

"*Jan. 1st, Le dernier de ma vie, helas!*"

Thus, my dear Sir, I have been as particular as I well can, and have given you as ample an Account both of the Man and the Design of

his Book as you can reasonably expect from a Person, who, bating a few Letters, has not conversed more than three or four Days with this very eccentrick Genius.

Your's, &c.

FIRST BIOGRAPHY OF STERNE

A Letter to the Ladies Magazine *

MADAM, — As the chit chat of the day is the most agreeable of all histories, and the conversation of one company furnishes the natural entertainment of another, give me leave to contribute to the variety of your collection, by some table-talk upon a favourite and fashionable subject.

Who has not read the life of Tristram Shandy, the most eloquent of unborn babes, the favourite of Fame and Fortune? The discourse, where I was, turned not upon the book, but the man; and, I hope, what was so pleasing to myself, may be amusing to your readers. We long to know something of the man, whose exploits astonish, or whose wit has charmed us: who would not have gone a journey to see Thurot, or who will grudge five minutes and a half to know something of poor Yorick?

* Quoted here from *The London Chronicle*, May 3–6, 1760.

One can no more swear to the truth of conversation, than of a song; but as these anecdotes dropped from the mouths of those who knew him in the country, or have been intimate with him in town, probably they are as true as odd things commonly are. At least there is no harm in them: for I think he is the only man, of whom many speak well, and of whom no body speaks ill.

Yorick is a gentleman, a clergyman, and a man of learning; singular in the highest degree; for he has an infinite share of wit and goodness: things, of which one does not meet in general with a great deal any where; but which are very seldom, indeed, found in any degree together; 'tis one of the odd qualities of this very odd person, to join contradictions.

Yorick is the son of an officer, native of the field of war; and, to add to the whimsicality, born in the barracks of Dublin. Therefore his knowledge of counterscarps and ravelins come naturally to him, as the beggar says in the play; but where he acquired that deep and penetrating judgment in man-midwifery, is difficult to say; unless he was ushered into the world by a man-midwife; which, perhaps, those will not think improbable, who observe

the high regard he expresses every where for that amphibious profession.

But, though born of the barracks, Yorick is a son of the church, and, if we may take the opinion of a bishop on his sermon, he is no unworthy one. His great-grandfather was an archbishop, and his uncle a prebendary of one of our cathedrals: who his father was, I have told already; but whether he had a grandfather or not, I could never hear.

At school, Yorick would learn when he pleased; which was not oftener than once a fortnight: and, though he had more whippings than lessons, yet no mark of the first remains, while not a trace or scratch is left of the other; so retentive is mind, and so soon does frail flesh lose all impression.

From school Yorick passed in due course to the university, where he spent the usual number of years; read a little, laugh'd a great deal, and sometimes took the diversion of puzzling his tutors. He left Cambridge with the character of an odd man, that had no harm in him; and, who had parts if he would use them.

He seated himself quietly in the lap of the church; and if this was not yet covered with

a fringed cushion, 'twas not naked. A mat is better than the pavement fifty to five at any time. Here Yorick waited patiently till time and chance, which guide where judgment once presided, should raise him to what they pleased: but here he fell into the way of a dispute, which made him first feel himself; and to which, perhaps, we owe the origin of the history of Tristram.

Friendship, not his own immediate concerns, brought him into this: for Yorick is singular for another whimsical disposition; which is, he loves and feels for his friends, a great deal more tenderly than for himself, at any time. There happened a dispute among the superiors of his order, in which his best friend, one of the best men in the world, was concerned. I shall not enter into the particulars; for the thing is long past, and 'twould be invidious. 'Twill be enough to say, that a certain person, who had a very good post for his life, wanted it most unfairly to be insured to this lady and his son, after his decease. The friend of Yorick was against this, and combated the proposal earnestly; but while the interest of the other side over-came all the reason on his, Yorick attacked the monopolizer in joke: he

wrote the history of a good warm watch coat, with which the present possessor could not be content to cover his own shoulders, unless he might also cut out of it a petticoat for his wife, and for his son a pair of breeches.

What all the serious arguments in the world could not effect, this brought about. The man sent him word, that if he would not print that paper, he would quit his pretensions. Yorick, who had read it over coolly by this time, told him, he might be at rest; he had thrown it into the fire, because 'twas too ill-natured. Perhaps the burning this paper contributed more to raise the reputation of Parson Yorick, than any thing he could have published. The reason of his destroying it spoke a goodness of heart, which charmed the few odd people who had something of the same turn. As to the rest, ten times more was said about this piece than it deserved, because it was burnt; and the general voice, which never reports without exaggeration, whether it be at York or London, cried it up as one of the most perfect and excellent things human invention ever had produced. I don't doubt, but it deserved great praise; and if his present book were what a lady could read, perhaps you would say, he

deserved, at least, all that was said about it. But 'tis not of the book, but of the man, we are talking.

An incident, much about the same time, contributed extremely to establish the reputation of Yorick's wit: 'twas this. There was a coffee-room in the principal inn, where those who drank little wine, and did not choose too much expence, might read the news-papers. Curiosity is a great article in Yorick's character, and one of his greatest enjoyments of life was an inoffensive hour in a snug corner of that coffee-house. There was a troop of horse in the town, and a gay young fellow, spoiled by the free education of the world but with no real harm in him, was one of the officers. This gay boy, who loved all freedom in discourse, therefore hated a parson. Poor Yorick was obliged to hear healths he did not like; and would only shuffle about, or pretend deafness; but the hour was come, when these pretences were to pass no longer. The captain was in the middle of a Covent-garden story, loud, indecent, and profane in his expressions; when poor Yorick entered, he stopped on a sudden, and began, with all possible contempt and ill usage, to abuse the clergy, fixing

his eye on Yorick, and pointing to him as an example on every occasion. Yorick pretended, as long as he could with any decency, not to hear his rudeness; but when that became impossible, he walked up, and gravely said to him, "Sir, I'll tell you a story. My father is an officer; and he's so brave himself, that he is fond of everything else that's brave, even to his dog: you must know we have at this time one of the finest creatures in the world, of this kind; he is the handsomest dog you ever saw, the most spirited in the world, and yet the best natured that can be imagined; so lively, that he charms everybody; but he has a cursed trick that spoils all; he never sees a clergyman, but he instantly flies at him."—"Pray how long has he had that trick?" says the captain.—"Sir," replies Yorick, "ever since he was a PUPPY." The young man blush'd: and at length, getting up, "Doctor," says he, "I thank you for your story: give me your hand; I'll never rail at a parson again as long as I live."

These, and a number of pleasant repartees beside, always conducted with temper, and enforced with good sense, established Yorick in the country, the character of a wit of the first

rate, and a very perfect master of humour; and the publication of his book, obtained him, by the same uncommon means, that is, by really deserving it, the same high reputation in town. Here were none of the common arts of making a reputation practised: no friend before hand told people how excellent a book it was: no bookseller, a proprietor, whose interest should lead him to cry it up, and bid his authors do the same. A parcel of the books were sent up out of the country; they were unknown, and scarce advertised; but thus friendless they made their own way, and their author's. They have been resembled to Swift's, and equalled to Rabelais', by those who are considered as judges; and they have made their author's way to the tables of the first people in the kingdom, and to the friendship of Mr. Garrick.

Fools tremble at the allusions that may be made from the present volumes, and authors dread the next: forty people have assumed to themselves the ridiculous titles in these volumes: and it is scarce to be credited whose liberal purse has bought off the dread of a tutor's character, in those which are to come.

As to the author himself, his view was gen-

eral — He is too good, and too good-natur'd a man, to have levell'd a syllable at any private person: nay, where one character seemed possible of an application which he had never intended, he alter'd it, new-dress'd it, and even sent it to the person who might be supposed, by the malicious, to be intended by it; nor would suffer the page to be published, till he was assured by that gentleman it gave him no offence.

But here arose a new and very whimsical difficulty: the picture is that of Dr. Slop; and when the ingenious Dr. B——* had disclaimed all that resemblance which might have been supposed to exist between that imaginary character and his, another took up the distrust. Yorick's is a life of odd adventures; and this deserves to be recorded among them: for, had not the sacred character of clergyman prevented, it seems as if blood must have atoned for the imaginary offence. A doctor of the neighbourhood called him up early, to complain of the indecent liberties taken with him, in the character of Slop; and, tho' there was not the least resemblance between the two (absurdity excepted) 'twas difficulty to persuade him

* Dr. John Burton.

"Sir," says Yorick, "are you a man-midwife?" "No!" "Are you a Roman Catholic?" "No." "Why, where, in the name of Nonsense, is the resemblance? Was you ever splash'd and dirted?" "Yes; and that's the thing you have taken advantage of, to expose me." The good Yorick, who would not give any human creature a moment's uneasiness, to be the author of all that ever Pope praised, or Shakespear wrote, took infinite pains to persuade this gentleman of his error; but in vain: at length, as there is a stretch under which Patience snaps, he told the doctor, "Sir, I have not hurt you; but take care: I am not born yet; but heaven knows what I may do in the two next volumes." This threat was worse than all. We feel what we fear much more than what we really suffer. The country doctor, not knowing how to revenge his own cause, fixed upon two of his brethren, whom he thought interested in a case much less equivocal. I am afraid Mr. Yorick has indeed been merry with the respectable character of Dr. Mead,* under a name which I don't know how to write to a lady. The doctor here thought he

* Dr. Richard Mead, the Dr. Kunastrokius of *Tristram Shandy*, Vol. I. Chapter VII.

had his enemy sure, and wrote up to the two gentlemen, who had married the daughters of that celebrated physician, to put them in mind how much their honour was concerned in this insult on the memory of their father-in-law: but even here he failed. These gentlemen, however much they respect the virtues of that character, became no champions for his foibles; but can meet Yorick without reproaches or blushings.

Resentment, therefore, has been able to do the author of Tristram Shandy not the least harm; but the spirit of the performance has been of infinite service to him. Every body is curious to see the author; and, when they see him, every body loves the man. There is a pleasantry in his conversation that always pleases; and a goodness in his heart, which adds the greater tribute of esteem.

Many have wit; but there is a peculiar merit in giving variety. This most agreeable joker can raise it from any subject; for he seems to have studied all; and can suit it to his company; the depth of whose understandings he very quickly fathoms.

At the last dinner that the late lost amiable Charles Stanhope gave to Genius, Yorick was

present. The good old man was vexed to see a pedantic medicine monger take the lead, and prevent that pleasantry, which good wit and good wine might have occasioned, by a discourse in the unintelligible language of his profession, concerning the difference between the phrenitis and the paraphrenitis, and the concommitant categories of the mediastinum and pleura.

Good-humour'd Yorick saw the sense of the master of the feast, and fell into the cant and jargon of physic, as if he had been one of Radcliffe's travellers. "The vulgar practice," says he, "savours too much of mechanical principles; the venerable ancients were all empirics, and the profession will never regain its ancient credit, till practice falls into the old tract again. I am myself an instance; I caught cold by leaning on a damp cushion, and, after sneezing and sniveling a fortnight, it fell upon my breast: they blooded me, blistered me, and gave me robs and bobs, and lobocks, and eclegmeta; but I grew worse: for I was treated according to the exact rules of the college. In short, from an inflammation it came to an ADHESION, and all was over with me. They advised me to Bristol, that

I might not do them the scandal of dying under their hands; and the Bristol people, for the same reason, consigned me over to Lisbon. But what do I? why, I considered an adhesion is, in plain English, only a sticking of two things together, and that force enough would pull them asunder. I bought a good ash-pole, and began leaping over all the walls and ditches in the country. From the height of the pole I used to come souce down upon my feet, like an ass when he tramples upon a bull-dog: but it did not do. At last, when I had raised myself perpendicularly over a wall, I used to fall exactly across the ridge of it, upon the side opposite to the adhesion. This tore it off at once, and I am as you see. Come fill a glass to the prosperity of the empiric medicine." If he had been asked elsewhere about this disorder (for he really had a consumptive disorder) he would have answered, that he was cured by Huxham's decoction of the bark, and elixir of vitriol.

We are talking of the singularities of Yorick; 'tis fit we name one more, which is the extreme candour and modesty of his temper. A vain man would be exalted extremely, at the attention that is paid to him;

the compliments, invitations, civilities, and applauses: he sees them in another light, attributing that to novelty, which perhaps few could more justly place to the account of merit. He says he is now just like a fashionable mistress, whom every body solicits, because 'tis the fashion, but who may walk the street a fortnight, and in vain solicit corporal Stare for a dinner.

To sum up all, we must recount the last and newest incident of all. Lord Falconberg has given Yorick a benefice; and the incumbent, whose death has made the vacancy, has left a widow destitute of all, but the country parson's certain legacy, a family of children. Yorick, when he entered upon the living, gave her, 'tis said, a hundred pounds, and proposes to take annual care of her. If anything can add to doing this, it is the modesty of concealing it. Others would take care it should be known; but on the contrary, this singular creature, when a friend was complimenting him upon this act of goodness, cut him short, and answered, "I'm an odd fellow; but if you hear any good of me, don't believe it."

STERNE AND THE STAGE*

Though Mrs. Garrick often censured Mr. Sterne, yet both she and Mr. Garrick had a real regard for him. Sterne never possessed any equal spirits. He was always either in the cellar or the garret, and once meeting him at Drury-lane Theatre, I said to him, "As you are so intimate with Garrick, I wonder that you have never undertaken to write a Comedy." He seemed quite struck, and after a pause, with tears in his eyes, replied, "I fear I do not possess the proper talent for it, and I am utterly unacquainted with the business of the stage." — "The latter," I said, "would readily be supplied." I found, however, that he was at that time under embarrassment, and that a successful Comedy would have been particularly serviceable to him. But afterwards I had the pleasure of diverting him exceedingly by the following anecdote:

* *Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs*, Vol. I. pp. 207–208 (London, 1826), of Joseph Cradock, a man of letters and amateur actor, — a friend of Garrick, whom he resembled, it is said, as a twin brother in personal appearance and mental power. When a mere boy, Cradock saw something of Sterne at Scarborough, — at the house of Sir Noah Thomas, a distinguished physician, and became from the first an enthusiastic admirer of Yorick.

"A gentleman applied to his friend to lend him some amusing book, and he recommended Harris's Hermes.* The gentleman, from the title, conceived it to be a novel, but turning it over and over, could make nothing out of it, and at last coldly returned it with thanks. His friend asked him how he had been entertained. 'Not much,' he replied, 'he thought that all these imitations of Tristram Shandy fell far short of the original.'"

Mr. Sterne, it may be supposed, was no great favourite with Dr. Johnson, and a lady once ventured to ask the grave doctor, how he liked Yorick's Sermons. — "I know nothing about them, Madam," was his reply. But sometime afterwards, forgetting himself, he severely censured them; and the lady very aptly retorted; "I understood you to say, Sir, that you had never read them." — "No, Madam, I did read them, but it was in a stage-coach; I should not have even deigned to have looked at them, had I been at large."

* *Hermes, or a Philosophical Inquiry concerning Universal Grammar* (1751), by James Harris (1709-80).

M. Tollot to John Hall-Stevenson, Esq.*

PARIS, le 4 Avril, 1762.

MON CHER MONSIEUR,—* * * * * * Cela me fait envier quelques fois les heureuses dispositions de notre ami Mr. Sterne; tous les objects sont couleur de rose pour cet heureux mortel, et ce qui se presente aux yeux des autres sous un aspect triste et lugubre, prende aux siens une face gaye et riante, il ne poursuit que le plaisir, et il ne fait pas comme d'autres qui quand ils l'ont atteint ne sçavent pas le plus souvent enjouir, pour lui il boit le *bole* jusques à la dernierre goutte et encore n'y a t'il pas moien de le desalterer. * * *

TOLLOT.

From the Same to the Same †

BOURDEUX, le 8 Janvier, 1764.

MON CHER MONSIEUR, —* * * * * * Nous arrivames le lendemain a Montpellier ou nous

* *Seven Letters written by Sterne and his Friends*, edited by W. Durrant Cooper (privately printed, London, 1844).

† *Ibid.*

trouvames notre ami Mr. Stern, sa femme, sa fille, Mr. Huet et quelques autres Angloises, j'eu je vous l'avoue baucoup de plaisir en revoiant le bon et agreable Tristram, qui me parut etre toujours a peu prez dans le meme etat ou je l'avois laissè a Paris, il avoit etè asser longtemps a Toulouse ou il se seroit amusè sans sa femme qui le poursuivoit partout, et qui vouloit etre de tout, ces dispositions dans cette bonne dame lui ont fait passer d'asser mauvais momens, il supporte tous ces desagreemens avec une patience d'ange, son intention etoit retourner en Angleterre avec sa famille, mais il paroit que ces deux dames veulent passer encore un an en France pour *finir* Miss Stern, pour lui il est determinè a quitter Montpellier dans le mois de Fevrier et de venir a Paris, je l'ai baucoup exhortè a venir nous y joindre j'aurai soin d'avoir une bonne chambre pour lui dans le meme hotel ou nous serons, nous y aurions une bonne table ou il aura toujours son couvert, et s'il veut nous le ramenerons en Angleterre avec nous, comme ce parti m'a paru lui convenir, je me flatte de le voir a Paris a la fin du mois prochain, je voudrois bien que vous voulussiez etre de la partie, ce seroit une grande augmentation de plaisir

pour nous et pour lui et nous pourrions nous y amuser pendant deux ou trois mois. * * *

TOLLOT.

A JEST RELATED BY DUTENS *

On the anniversary of the King's birth-day [June 4, 1762], Lord Tavistock [the English Ambassador] invited the few English gentlemen who were then at Paris, to dine with him, in honour of the day. I was of the party; not one of which was known to me, except those with whom I had travelled to Paris. I sat between Lord Berkeley, who was going to Turin, and the famous Sterne, author of Tristram Shandy, who was considered as the Rabelais of England. We were very jovial during dinner; and drank, in the English manner, the toasts of the day. The conversation turned upon Turin, which several of the company were on the point of visiting: upon which Mr. Sterne, addressing himself to me, asked me if I knew Mr. D * * *, naming me. I replied, "Yes, very intimately." The whole company began to laugh; and Sterne, who did

* *Memoirs of a Traveller, now in retirement. Written by himself, interspersed with historical, literary and political anecdotes.* Vol. V. pp. 5-8 (London, 1806).

not suppose me so near him, imagined that this Mr. D * * * must be a very singular character, since the mention of the name alone excited merriment. "Is not he rather a strange fellow?" added he, immediately. "Yes," replied I, "an original."—"I thought so," continued he; "I have heard him spoken of:" and then he began to draw a picture of me, the truth of which I pretended to acknowledge; while Sterne, seeing that the subject amused the company, invented from his fertile imagination many stories, which he related in his way, to the great diversion of us all. I was the first who withdrew; and I had scarcely left the house, when they told him who I was: they persuaded him that I had restrained myself at the time from respect to Lord Tavistock; but that I was not to be offended with impunity, and that he might expect to see me on the next day, to demand satisfaction for the improper language which he had used concerning me. Indeed he thought he had carried his raillery too far, for he was a little merry: he therefore came the following morning to see me, and to beg pardon for any thing that he might have said to offend me; excusing himself by that circumstance, and by the great

desire he had to amuse the company, who had appeared so merrily disposed from the moment he first mentioned my name. I stopped him short at once, by assuring him that I was as much amused at his mistake as any of the party; that he had said nothing which could offend me; and that, if he had known the man he had spoken of as well as I did, he might have said much worse things of him. He was delighted with my answer, requested my friendship, and went away highly pleased with me.

STERNE'S DEATH AS TOLD BY A FOOTMAN *

In the month of January, 1768, we set off for London. We stopped for some time at Almack's house in Pall-Mall. My master afterwards took Sir James Gray's house in Clifford-street, who was going ambassador to Spain. He now began house-keeping, hired a French cook, a house-maid, and a kitchen-maid, and kept a great deal of the best company. About this time, Mr. Sterne, the celebrated author, was taken ill at the silk-bag shop in Old Bond-street. He was sometimes called "Tristram Shandy," and sometimes "Yorick;" a very great favourite of the gentlemen's. One day my master had company to dinner who were speaking about him; the Duke of Roxburgh, the Earl of March, the

* "Travels in various parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa, during a series of thirty years and upwards, by John Macdonald, a cadet of the family of Kippoch, in Invernesshire, who after the ruin of his family in 1765, was thrown, when a child, on the wide world, &c. Printed for the author, London, 1790."—Quoted here from D'Israeli's *Miscellanies of Literature.*

Earl of Ossory, the Duke of Grafton, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Hume, and Mr. James. "John," said my master, "go and inquire how Mr. Sterne is to-day." I went, returned and said, — I went to Mr. Sterne's lodging; the mistress opened the door; I inquired how he did. She told me to go up to the nurse; I went into the room, and he was just a-dying. I waited ten minutes; but in five he said, "Now it is come!" He put up his hand as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute. The gentlemen were all very sorry, and lamented him very much.

LETTERS

OF THE

LATE REV. MR. LAURENCE STERNE

TO HIS MOST INTIMATE FRIENDS

DEDICATION

TO DAVID GARRICK, *Esq.*

When I was ask'd to whom I should dedicate these Volumes, I carelessly answered, To no one — Why not? (replied the person who put the question to me.) Because most Dedications look like begging a protection to the book. Perhaps a worse interpretation may be given to it. No, no! already so much obliged, I cannot, will not, put another tax upon the generosity of any friend of Mr. Sterne's, or mine. I went home to my lodgings, and gratitude warmed my heart to such a pitch, that I vow'd they should be dedicated to the man my father so much admired —who, with an unprejudiced eye, read, and approved his works, and moreover loved the man — 'Tis to Mr. Garrick then, that I dedicate these Genuine Letters.

Can I forget the sweet Epitaph which proved Mr. Garrick's friendship, and opinion of him?

'Twas a tribute to friendship — and as a tribute of my gratitude I dedicate these Volumes to a man of understanding and feeling — Receive this, as it is meant — May you, dear Sir, approve of these Letters, as much as Mr. Sterne admired you — But Mr. Garrick, with all his urbanity, can never carry the point half so far, for Mr. Sterne was an enthusiast, if it is possible to be one, in favour of Mr. Garrick.

This may appear a very simple Dedication, but Mr. Garrick will judge by his own sensibility, that I can feel more than I can express, and I believe he will give me credit for all my grateful acknowledgements.

I am, with every sentiment of gratitude, and esteem,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged

humble Servant,

LYDIA STERNE DE MEDALLE

LONDON, June, 1775.

EPITAPH

Shall Pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourn'd titled fool to praise;
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
Where Genius, Wit, and Humour, sleep with *Sterne?*

D. G.

PREFACE

In publishing these Letters the Editor does but comply with her mother's request, which was, that if any Letters were publish'd under Mr. Sterne's name, those she had in her possession (as well as those that her father's friends would be kind enough to send her) should be likewise publish'd — She depends much on the candour of the Public for the favourable reception of them, — their being genuine (she thinks, and hopes) will render them not unacceptable — She has already experienced much benevolence and generosity from her late father's friends — the remembrance of it will ever warm her heart with gratitude!

LETTER I*

To Miss L[umley]

[1740.]

YES! I will steal from the world, and not a babbling tongue shall tell where I am — Echo shall not so much as whisper my hiding-place — suffer thy imagination to paint it as a little sun-gilt cottage, on the side of a romantic hill — dost thou think I will leave love and friendship behind me? No! they shall be my companions in solitude, for they will sit down and rise up with me in the amiable form of my L——. We will be as merry and as innocent as our first parents in Paradise, before the arch fiend entered that indescribable scene.

The kindest affections will have room to shoot and expand in our retirement, and produce such fruit as madness, and envy, and ambition have always killed in the bud.— Let the human tempest and hurricane rage at a distance, the desolation is beyond the horizon of

* "In justice to Mr. Sterne's delicate feelings, I must here publish the following letters to Mrs. Sterne, before he married her, while she was in Staffordshire —— A good heart breathes in every line of them." — Mrs. Medalle's note to the edition of 1775.

peace.— My L. has seen a polyanthus blow in December — some friendly wall has sheltered it from the biting wind. — No planetary influence shall reach us, but that which presides and cherishes the sweetest flowers. God preserve us! how delightful this prospect in idea! We will build, and we will plant, in our own way — simplicity shall not be tortured by art — we will learn of Nature how to live — she shall be our alchymist, to mingle all the good of life into one salubrious draught.— The gloomy family of Care and Distrust shall be banished from our dwelling, guarded by thy kind and tutelar deity — we will sing our choral songs of gratitude, and rejoice to the end of our pilgrimage.

Adieu, my L. Return to one who languishes for thy society. L. STERNE.

LETTER II

To the Same

[1740.]

YOU bid me tell you, my dear L., how I bore your departure for S——, and whether the valley where D'Estella stands, retains still its looks — or, if I think the roses or jessamines

smell as sweet, as when you left it — Alas! everything has now lost its relish and look! The hour you left D'Estella, I took to my bed. — I was worn out by fevers of all kinds, but most by that fever of the heart with which thou knowest well I have been wasting these two years — and shall continue wasting till you quit S——. The good Miss S——, from the forebodings of the best of hearts, thinking I was ill, insisted upon my going to her. — What can be the cause, my dear L., that I never have been able to see the face of this mutual friend, but I feel myself rent to pieces? She made me stay an hour with her, and in that short space I burst into tears a dozen different times — and in such affectionate gusts of passion, that she was constrained to leave the room, and sympathise in her dressing-room — I have been weeping for you both, said she, in a tone of the sweetest pity — for poor L.'s heart, I have long known it — her anguish is as sharp as yours — her heart as tender — her constancy as great — her virtue as heroic — Heaven brought you not together to be tormented. I could only answer her with a kind look, and a heavy sigh — and returned home to your lodgings (which I have hired

till your return), to resign myself to misery — Fanny had prepared me a supper — she is all attention to me — but I sat over it with tears; a bitter sauce, my L., but I could eat it with no other — for the moment she began to spread my little table, my heart fainted within me. — One solitary plate, one knife, one fork, one glass! — I gave a thousand pensive, penetrating looks at the chair thou hadst so often graced, in those quiet and sentimental repasts — then laid down my knife and fork, and took out my handkerchief, and clapped it across my face, and wept like a child. — I do so this very moment, my L.; for, as I take up my pen, my poor pulse quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down upon the paper, as I trace the word L——. O thou! blessed in thyself, and in thy virtues — blessed to all that know thee — to me most so, because more do I know of thee than all thy sex. — This is the philtre, my L., by which thou hast charmed me, and by which thou wilt hold me thine, whilst virtue and faith hold this world together. — This, my friend, is the plain and simple magic, by which I told Miss —— I have won a place in that heart of thine, on which I depend so satisfied, that time, or distance, or change of

everything which might alarm the hearts of little men, create no uneasy suspense in mine — Wast thou to stay in S—— these seven years, thy friend, though he would grieve, scorns to doubt, or to be doubted — 'tis the only exception where security is not the parent of danger. — I told you poor Fanny was all attention to me since your departure — contrives every day bringing in the name of L. She told me last night (upon giving me some hartshorn), she had observed my illness began the very day of your departure for S—— ; that I had never held up my head, had seldom, or scarce ever, smiled, had fled from all society — that she verily believed I was broken-hearted, for she had never entered the room, or passed by the door, but she heard me sigh heavily — that I neither ate, or slept or took pleasure in anything as before — judge then, my L., can the valley look so well — or the roses and jessamines smell so sweet as heretofore? Ah me! — But adieu! — the vesper bell calls me from thee to my God! L. STERNE.

LETTER III

To the Same

[1740.]

BEFORE now my L. has lodged an indictment against me in the high court of Friendship — I plead guilty to the charge, and entirely submit to the mercy of that amiable tribunal. — Let this mitigate my punishment, if it will not expiate my transgression — do not say that I shall offend again in the same manner, though a too easy pardon sometimes occasions a repetition of the same fault. —— A Miser says, though I do no good with my money to-day, tomorrow shall be marked with some deed of beneficence. — The Libertine says, let me enjoy this week in forbidden and luxurious pleasures, and the next I will dedicate to serious thought and reflection. — The Gamester says, let me have one more chance with dice, and I will never touch them more. — The Knave of every profession wishes to obtain but independency, and he will become an honest man. — The Female coquette triumphs in tormenting her inamorato, for fear, after marriage, he should not pity her.

The apparition of the fifth instant (for letters may also be called so) proved more welcome as I did not expect it. Oh! my L———, thou art kind indeed to make an apology for me, and thou never wilt assuredly repent of one act of kindness — for being thy debtor, I will pay thee with interest. — Why does my L. complain of the desertion of friends? — Where does the human being live that will not join in this complaint? — It is a common observation, and perhaps too true, that married people seldom extend their regards beyond their own fireside. — There is such a thing as parsimony in esteem, as well as money — yet as one costs nothing, it might be bestowed with more liberality. — We cannot gather grapes from thorns, so we must not expect kind attachments from persons who are wholly folded up in selfish schemes. I do not know whether I most despise, or pity such characters — nature never made an unkind creature — ill-usage, and bad habits, have deformed a fair and lovely creation.

My L! — thou art surrounded by all the melancholy gloom of winter; wert thou alone, the retirement would be agreeable. ——— Disappointed ambition might envy such a retreat,

and disappointed love would seek it out. — Crowded towns, and busy societies, may delight the unthinking, and the gay — but solitude is the best nurse of wisdom. — Methinks I see my contemplative girl now in the garden, watching the gradual approaches of spring. — Dost not thou mark with delight the first vernal buds? the snow-drop, and primrose, these early and welcome visitors, spring beneath thy feet. — Flora and Pomona already consider thee as their handmaid; and in a little time will load thee with their sweetest blessing. — The feathered race are all thy own, and with them, untaught harmony will soon begin to cheer thy morning and evening walks. — Sweet as this may be, return — return — the birds of Yorkshire will tune their pipes, and sing as melodiously as those of Staffordshire.

Adieu, my beloved L. thine too much for my *peace*. L. STERNE.

LETTER IV

To the Same

[1740.]

I HAVE offended her whom I so tenderly love! — what could tempt me to it! but if a beggar was to knock at thy gate, wouldst thou not open the door and be melted with compassion? — I know thou wouldst, for Pity has erected a temple in thy bosom. — Sweetest, and best of all human passions! let thy web of tenderness cover the pensive form of affliction, and soften the darkest shades of misery! — I have reconsidered this apology, and, alas! what will it accomplish? Arguments, however finely spun, can never change the nature of things — very true — so a truce with them.

I have lost a very valuable friend by a sad accident, and what is worse, he has left a widow and five young children to lament this sudden stroke. — If real usefulness and integrity of heart could have secured him from this, his friends would not now be mourning his untimely fate. — These dark and seemingly cruel dispensations of Providence, often make the best of human hearts complain. — Who can

paint the distress of an affectionate mother, made a widow in a moment, weeping in bitterness over a numerous, helpless, and fatherless offspring! — God! these are thy chastisements, and require (hard task!) a pious acquiescence.

Forgive me this digression, and allow me to drop a tear over a departed friend; and what is more excellent, an honest man. My L.! thou wilt feel all that kindness can inspire in the death of ——. The event was sudden, and thy gentle spirit would be more alarmed on that account. — But, my L., thou hast less to lament, as old age was creeping on, and her period of doing good, and being useful, was nearly over. — At sixty years of age the tenement gets fast out of repair, and the lodger with anxiety thinks of a discharge. — In such a situation the poet might well say,

"The soul uneasy, &c." *

My L. talks of leaving the country — may a kind angel guide thy steps hither! — Solitude at length grows tiresome. — Thou sayest thou wilt quit the place with regret — I think so too. — Does not something uneasy mingle with the very reflection of leaving it? It is

* Pope's *Essay on Man*, I. 97.

like parting with an old friend, whose temper and company one has long been acquainted with. — I think I see you looking twenty times a day at the house — almost counting every brick and pane of glass, and telling them at the same time with a sigh, you are going to leave them. — Oh happy modification of matter! they will remain insensible of thy loss. — But how wilt thou be able to part with thy garden? — The recollection of so many pleasing walks must have endeared it to you. The trees, the shrubs, the flowers, which thou reared with thy own hands — will they not droop and fade away sooner upon thy departure? — Who will be thy successor to nurse them in thy absence? — Thou wilt leave thy name upon the myrtle-tree. — If trees, and shrubs, and flowers, could compose an elegy, I should expect a very plaintive one upon this subject.

Adieu, adieu! Believe me ever, ever thine,

L. Sterne.

LETTER V

To the Reverend Mr. Blackburne, Archdeacon of Cleveland, at Richmond

SUTTON, November 3, 1750.

DEAR SIR, —

Being Last Thursday at York to preach The Dean's Turn, Hilyard the Bookseller who had spoke to me last Week about Preaching Yrs In Case You should not come Yrself Told me, He had Just got a Letter from You directing him to get It supplied — But with an Intimation, That if I undertook it, That it might be done in such a Way, as that it might not Disoblige your Friend the Precentor. If my Doing it for You in any Way Could possibly have endangerd that, My Regard to You on all Accounts is such, That You may depend upon it, No Consideration whatever would have made me offer my Services, nor would I upon any Invitation have accepted it, Had You incautiously press'd it upon me ; And therefore that my Undertaking it at all upon Hilyards telling me He Should want a Preacher, was from a Knowledge, That as it could not in

Reason, So it would not in Fact, give the least Handle to what You apprehended. I would not Say this from bare Conjecture, but known Instances, having preachd for so many of Dr Sternes most Intimate Friends since our Quarrel without their Feeling the Least Marks or most Distant Intimation That He took it unkindly. In which You will the readier believe Me, from the following convincing Proof, That I have preached the 29th of May, the Precentor's own Turn, for these two last Years together (not at his Request, for we are not upon Such Terms) But at the Request of Mr Berdmore whom He desired to get them taken Care of, which He did, By applying Directly to me without the least Apprehension or Scruple — And If my preaching it the first Year had been taken Amiss, I am morally certain That Mr Berdmore who is of a gentle and pacific Temper would not have ventured to have askd me to preach it for him the 2d Time, which I did without any Reserve this last Summer. The Contest between Us, no Doubt, has been Sharp, But has not been made more so, by bringing our mutual Friends into it, Who in all Things, (except Inviting us to the same Dinner) have generally bore them-

selves towards Us, as if this Misfortune had never happend, & this, as on my side, so I am willing to suppose on His, without any alteration of our Opinions of them, unless to their Honor & Advantage. I thought it my Duty to Let You know, How this Matter stood, to free You of any unnecessary Pain, which my preaching for You might Occasion Upon this Score, Since upon all others I flatter myself You would be Pleased, As in gen^l^ it is not only More for the Credit of the Church, But of the Prebend^y^ himself who is absent, to have his Place supplied by a Preb^y^ of the Church where he can be Had, rather than by Another, tho' of equal Merit.

I told You above, That I had had a Conference with Hilyard upon this Subject, and indeed should have Said to him, most of what I have said to You, But that the Insufferableness of his Behavour put it out of my Power. The Dialogue between Us had something singular in it, and I think I cannot better make You amends for this irksome Letter, than by giving You a particular Acc^t^ of it & the Manner I found myself Obliged to treat Him wch By the By, I should have done with still more Roughness But that He shelterd

Himself under the Character of Yr Plenipo, How far His Excellency exceeded his Instruction You will perceive I know, from the Acct I have given of the Hint in your Letter wch was all the Foundation for what passd. I step'd into his Shop, just after Sermon on *All Saints*, When with an Air of much Gravity and Importance, He beckond me to follow Him into an inner Room; No sooner had he shut the Dore, But with the awful Solemnity of a Premier who held a Lettre de Chachêt upon whose Contents my Life or Liberty depended — after a Minuts Pause, — He thus opens his Commission. Sir —— My Friend the A. Deacon of Cleveland not caring to preach his Turn, as I conjectured, Has left me to provide a Preacher, — But before I can take any Steps in it with Regard to You — I want first to know, Sir, upon what Footing You and Dr Sterne are? — upon what Footing! — Yes Sir, How your Quarel stands? — Whats that to you? — How our Quarrel stands! Whats that to You, you Puppy? But Sir, Mr Blackburn would know —— What's that to Him? — But Sir, dont be angry, I only want to know of You, whether Dr Sterne will not be displeased in Case You should preach — Go Look; Ive just now been

preaching and You could not have fitter Opportunity to be satisfyed,— I hope, Mr Sterne, You are not Angry. Yes I am; But much more astonished at your *Impudence.* I know not whether the Chancellors stepping in at this Instant & flapping to the Dore, Did not save his tender Soul the Pain of the last Word; However that be, He retreats upon this unexpected Rebuff, Takes the Chancellr aside, asks his Advice, comes back Submissive, begs Quarter, tells me Dr Hering had quite satisfyed him as to the Grounds of his Scruple (tho' not of his Folly) and therefore beseeches me to let the Matter pass, & to preach the Turn. When I — as Percy complains in Harry 4 *

> ——— All smarting with my Wounds
> To be thus pesterd by a Popinjay
> Out of my Grief and my Impatience
> Answerd neglectingly, I know not what
> ——— for he made me Mad
> To see him shine so bright & smell so sweet
> & Talk so like a waiting Gentlewoman
> — Bid him be Gone — & seek Another fitter for his
> [*Turn*

But as I was too angry to have the perfect Faculty of recollecting Poetry, however pat to my Case so I was forced to tell him in plain

* Carelessly quoted from Shakespeare's *Henry IV., Part I.*, Act I., Scene III.

Prose tho' somewhat elevated — That I would not preach, & that he might get a Parson wh[erever he]* could find one. But upon Reflection, That Don Joh[n Hilyard]* certainly exceeded his Instructions, and finding it [to]* be just so, as I suspected — There being nothing in y^r. Letter but a Cautious Hint — And being moreover satisfyed in My mind, from this & twenty other Instances of the same kind, That this Impertinence of his like many Others, had Issued not so much from his Heart, as from his Head, The Defects of which no one in Reason is Accountable for, I thought sh^d. wrong myself to remember it, and Therefore I parted friends & told him I would take Care of the Turn, wch. I shall do with Pleasure.

It is Time to beg Pardon of You for troubling You with so long a Letter upon so little a Subject — which as it has proceeded from the Motive I have told You of ridding You of Uneasiness, together with a Mixture of Ambition not to lose either the Good Opinion, or the outward Marks of it, from any Man of worth & Character, till I have done something to forfeit them, I know your Justice will Excuse.

* The manuscript is here cut away.

I am, Revd Sir, with true Esteem & Regard, of wch I beg you'l Consider this Letter as a Testimony.

Y^{r} faithful & most aff^{te}
Humble Servt
PS LAU: STERNE.

Our Dean arrives here on Saturday.
My Wife sends her Resp^{ts} to You & Y^{r} Lady.

I have broke open this Letter, to tell You, That as I was Going with it to the Post, I encounterd Hilyard, who desired me in the most pressing Manner, not to let this Affair Transpire — & that You might by no means be made acquainted with it — I therefore beg, you will never let him feel the Effects of it, or even Let him know, You knew ought about it — for I half promissed him, — tho' as the Letter was wrote, I could but send it for your own Use — So beg it may not hurt him, by any Ill Impression, as he has Convinced all It proceeded only from Lack of Judgm^{t}

LETTER VI *

To the Same

SUTTON, November 12, 1750.

DEAR SIR, — When I set pen to paper in my last there was much less of spleen at the bottom of my Heart than there was of desire (as I hinted then) to have your good opinion — you tell me I have that, and I assure you there is no Man's I am prouder of: — How much I am sure it will add to what little reputation I have, I will not offend you by declaring; I am certain that a Person who could drop so modest a hint of the little importance he was of can be no good judge of the matter, and as it will be impossible to convince him of it, I must rest satisfied with showing him at least what a price I set upon it by my endeavours on all occasions to keep and improve it.

As for the future supply of any of your vacant turns you may be assured I should be willing to undertake them whenever you want a proxy, and if you have no friend you would choose to put up, you would even do me a

* As the editor was unable to obtain a copy of this letter, he has printed so much of it as is given by Mr. Fitzgerald.

favor to let me have them — I say a favor, For, by the by, my Daughter will be Twenty Pounds a better Fortune by the favors I've received of this kind from the Dean & Residentiaries this Year, and as so much at least is annually & without much trouble to be picked up in our Pulpit, by any man who cares to make the Sermons. You who are a Father will easily guess & as easily excuse my motive.

I was extremely sensible of how much I owed to so friendly a wish, when you told me last summer how glad you would be to promote a Reconciliation, which had the rapidity of my conference given me the least leisure to have thought on, I could not have uttered so undeserved and fast a reply as I did (what is that, &c.) which though directly meant as a rebuke to Hilyard, Yet I am even sorry the expression escaped me. It was my anger and not me, so I beg this may go to sleep in peace with the rest which I never had an inclination or even a power to remember, had you not desired it * * * *

LETTER VII

Dr. Jaques Sterne to Archdeacon Blackburne

York, December 6, 1750.

Mr Jaques Sterne

Good Mr Archdeacon,

reprobation of his

I wil beg Leave to rely upon Your Pardon

nephew Yorrick. —

for taking the Liberty I do with you in rela-

& mention of

tion to your Turns of preaching in the Minster.

the Popish nunnery

What occasions it is, Mr Hillyard's employing

at York. ——*

the last time the Only person unacceptable to me in the whole Church, an ungrateful & unworthy Nephew of my own, the Vicar of Sutton; and I shoud be much obligd to you, if you woud please either to appoint any person Yourself, or leave it to Your Register to appoint One when you are not here If any of my turns woud Suit you better than Your Own, I woud change with you.

* This interlinear description of the letter is in another hand.

I cannot write to so good a Protestant without taking occasion to let you know how my causes, with the Popish Nunnery here, go on. We have had an Hearing at Drs Commons, & Dr. Lee opend it in a facetious, & I think not a very becoming manner — He said he was sorry the Clergy of York had occasion to have recourse to such rough methods of making Converts of the Ladies — that the Laws for establishing the Reformation were now grown obsolete & out of date, & the present age too polite & refind to mind or Submit to such old unfashionable proceedings — But I hope the Judges in this Commission of Delegates are not such fine Gentlemen; but that they wil treat the Laws of their Country with more reverence, and Consider the Tendency of the Appeal: It may be ludicrously said, why shoud the Public be in Danger of being put into a flame upon the account of two or three old women, but the Serious way of putting it is, whether there shal be a Popish Seminary set up for poisoning the minds of the King's Subjects & drawing them from their Allegiance, in every Town in the Kingdom. I doubt not but to be able to support the Decree in the Court of York, which was a very mild

one, and I liked it the better for being so. Their Collusive Conviction at the Sessions I hope wil not avail them, for there was certainly a new offence created upon the Statute of the 23d of Eliz: by a twelvemonth's absence, which was not satisfied by the 12 pence a Sunday; and the Ordinary had doubtless sufficient Evidence before him to justify him in taking care of their future Behaviour by a Monition, tho' Dr Lee was pleasd to treat it as an old Stale Ecclesiastical trick. I hope I shal soon have it in my power to prove these innocent Ladies (as some have represented them) guilty of a most treasonable Correspondence, during the late Rebellion, with a Seminary of Jesuits in Scotland, & with a Seminary Abroad, in which the Head of the Nunnery here stild herself Abbess tho' a noble Lord in Your Archdeaconry laid his hand upon his Heart, & assurd me, upon his Honour, that it was no Religious House. When I am come at the Proof, I wil let you know it.

Dr Topham acquainted me with the handsome & kind mention you made of me in Your Charge, and I beg leave to thank you for Your good Opinion — But Believe me,

I had infinitely more Pleasure in hearing of Other parts of Your Charge to the Clergy.

I am, Dear Sr.
Your most obedient
& obligd Servant
JAQUES STERNE.

My Causes with the Nunnery are to come on at Sergeants Inn in Hilary Term —

LETTER VIII

To Dr. Jaques Sterne

April 5, 1751.

Sir, — Tis now three years since I troubled you with a letter in vindication of myself in regard of my Mother, in which that I might give you all imaginable conviction, how barbarously she had dealt by me, & at the same time how grossly she had deceived you by the misrepresentation which I found she had made of my behaviour towards her — I desired my wife might have leave to wait upon you to lay the state of our circumstances fairly before you, & with that the account of what we had done for my Mother, that from a view of both together you might be *convinced* how much my Mother has complained *without reason.*

My motive for offering to send my wife rather than myself, upon this particular business, being first merely to avoid the occasion of any heat which might arise betwixt you & me upon any thing foreign to the Errand, which might possibly disapoint the end of it, — & secondly as I had reason to think your passions were pre-engaged in this affair & that the re-

spect you owed my wife as a gentlewoman would be a check against their breaking out; & consequently that you would be more likely to give her a candid hearing which was all I wished, & indeed all, that a plain story to be told without Art or Management could possibly stand in want of. As you had thought proper to concern yourself in my Mothers complaints against me, I took it for granted you *could* not deny me so plain a piece of Justice, so that when you wrote me word back by my servant "You desired to be excused from any conference with my wife, but that I might appear before you." As I foresaw such an Interview with the sense I had of such a treatment was likely to produce nothing but an angry expostulation (which could do no good, but might do hurt) I begged *in my turn* to be excused, & as you had already refused so unexceptionable an offer of hearing my defence, I supposed in course you would be silent for ever after upon that Head, & therefore I concluded with saying as I was under no necessity of applying to you, & wanted no man's direction or Advice in my own private concerns I would make myself as easy as I could with the consciousness of having done my Duty & of being

able to prove I had whenever I thought fit & for the future that I was determined never to give you any further trouble upon the subject.

In this resolution I have kept for three years & should have continued to the end of my life — but being told of late by some of my friends that this clamour has been kept up against me, & by as singular a Stroke of Ill design as could be levelled against a defenceless man, who lives retired in the country & has few opportunities of disabusing the world; that my Mother has moreover been fixed in that very place where a hard report might do me (as a Clergyman) the most real disservice. — I was roused by the advice of my friends to think of some way of defending myself which I own I should have set about immediately by telling my story publickly to the world but for the following inconvenience, that I could not do myself justice this way without doing myself an injury at the same time by laying open the nakedness of my circumstances, which for aught I knew was likely to make me suffer more in the opinion of one half of the world than I could possibly gain from the other part of it by the clearest defence that could be made.

Under the distress of this vexatious alternative I went directly to my old friend & College acquaintance, our worthy Dean, & laid open the hardship of my situation, begging his advice what I should best do to extricate myself. His opinion was that there was nothing better than to have a Meeting, face to face with you, & my Mother, & with his usual friendship & humanity he undertook to use his best offices to procure it for me.

Accordingly about 3 months ago he took an opportunity of making you this request which he told me you desired only to defer till the hurry of your Nunnery cause was over.

Since the determination of that affair he has put you in mind of what you gave me hopes of, but without success; you having (as he tells me) absolutely refused now to hear one word of what I have to say. The denying me this piece of common right is the hardest measure that a man in my situation could receive, & though the whole inconvenience of it may be thought to fall as intended, directly upon me, yet I wish Dr. Sterne, a great part of it may not rebound upon yourself. For why, may any one ask why will you interest

yourself in a complaint against your Nephew if you are determined against hearing what he has to say for himself? — & if you thus deny him every opportunity he seeks of doing himself justice. Is it not too plain you do not wish to find him justified, or that you do not care to lose the uses of such a handle against him? However it may seem to others, the case appearing in this light to me it has determined me contrary to my former promise "of giving you no further trouble" — to add this, which is not to solicit again what you have denyed me to the Dean, (for after what I have felt from so hard a Treatment, I would not accept of it, should the Offer come now from yourself.) But my intent is by a plain & honest narrative of my Behaviour, & my Mother's too, to disarm you for the future; being determined since you would not hear me face to face with my accusers, that you shall not go unconvinced or at least not uninformed of the true state of the Case.

It is not necessary for my Defence to go so far back as the loss of my Father, yr brother, whose death left me at the age of 16 without one shilling in the world, & I may add *at that time* without one Friend in it except my

cousin Sterne of Elvington, who became a father to me, & to whose protection *then* I chiefly owe what I now am; for as you absolutely refused giving me any aid at my Father's death, you are sensible without *his* I should have been driven out naked into the world, young as I was, to have shifted for myself as well as I could.

It is not necessary I say for my defence to go so far back, nor do I recall it to your Memory by way of recrimination for any seeming cruelty of yours towards me then (for the favours I received after gave me reason to forget it), & besides I think you were the best judge of what you had to do in such a case & were only accountable to God & your own conscience. But I previously touch upon this particular for the sake of a single reflection which I shall make & turn to my account bye & bye.

My father as you remember died in the King's service in the West Indies. My mother was then with her own relations in Ireland, & upon the first news of his death came over to England. She was then in some difficulties about her pension & her business was with you to solicit your interest to procure it for her upon the English establishment.

But I well remember she was forced to return back without having so much interest as to obtain the favour of being admitted to your presence (not being suffered even to reach York) — When she came this 2d time from Ireland to Chester, & from thence to York to raise this clamour against me, she found no difficulties of this kind — was openly received by you; which I have put you in mind of to observe to you, from what the different reception she met with from you in these two instances seems evidently to have sprung. In this last application she came recommended to your compassion with a complaint against *me*. In the former she had nothing to move you but the *real* distress of her condition. But this by the way.

From my Fathers death to the time I settled in the world which was 11 years, my Mother lived in Ireland, & as during all that time I was not in a condition to furnish her with money, I seldom heard from her, & when I did the account I generally had was, that by the help of an Embroidery school that she kept, & by the punctual payment of her pension which is 20*l.* a year she lived well, & would have done so to this hour had not the news that I

had married a woman of fortune hastened her over to England.

She has told you it seems that she left Ireland then upon my express invitation —

'Tis an absolute falsehood, & even so far from probability, that the character which both you & Mrs Custobadie had given me & my wife of her clamorous & rapacious temper, made us live in perpetual dread of her thrusting herself upon us. Of the truth of what I have told you let the following step I took be considered as a convincing proof.

The very hour I received notice of her landing at Liverpool I took post to prevent her coming nearer me, stayed three days with her used all the arguments I could fairly to engage her to return to Ireland, & end her days with her own relations.

I convinced her that besides the interest of my wife's fortune, I had then but a bare hundred pounds a year ; out of which my ill health obliged me to keep a curate, that we had moreover ourselves to keep, & in that sort of decency which left it not in our power to give her much ; that what we could spare she should as certainly receive in Ireland as here ; that the place she had left was a cheap country — her

native one, & where she was sensible 20*l.* a year was more than equal to 30 here, besides the discount of having her pension paid in England where it was not due & the utter impossibility I was under of making up so many deficiencies.

I concluded with representing to her the inhumanity of a Mother *able* to maintain herself, thus forcing herself as a burden upon a Son who was scarce able to support himself without breaking in upon the future support of another person whom she might imagine was much dearer to me.

In short I summed up all those arguments with making her a present of 20 guineas, which with a present of Cloathes &c which I had given her the day before, I doubted not would have the effect I wanted. But I was much mistaken, for though she heard me with attention, yet as soon as she had got the money into her pocket, she told me with an air of the utmost insolence "That as for going back to live in Ireland, she was determined to show me no such sport, that she had found I had married a wife who had brought me a fortune, & she was resolved to enjoy her share of it, & live the rest of her days at her ease either at York or Chester. ["]

I need not swell this letter with all I said upon the unreasonableness of such a determination; it is sufficient to inform you that all I did say proving to no purpose I was forced to leave her in her resolution, & notwithstanding so much provocation I took my leave with assuring her "That though my Income was strait I should not forget I was a son, though she had forgot she was a *mother*.["]

From Liverpool as she had determined she went with my sister to fix at Chester, where though she had little just grounds for such an expectation she found me better than my word for we were kind to me [*sic*] above our power, & common justice to ourselves, & though it went hard enough down with us to reflect we were supporting both her and my sister in the pleasures & advantages of a township which for prudent reasons we denied ourselves, yet still we were weak enough to do it for 5 years together though I own not without continual remonstrances on my side as well as perpetual clamours on theirs, which you will naturally imagine to have been the case when all that was given was thought as much above reason by the one, as it fell *below* the Expectations of the other.

In this situation of things betwixt us, in the year 44 my sister was sent from Chester by order of my mother to York, that she might make her complaints to you, & engage you to second them in these unreasonable claims upon us.

This was the intent of her coming, though the pretence of her journey (of which I bore the expences) was to *make* a months visit to me, or rather a month's experiment of my further weakness. —— She stayed her time or longer — was received by us with all kindness, was sent back at my own charge with my own servant & horses, with 5 guineas which I gave her in her pocket, & a six & thirty piece which my wife put into her hand as she took horse.

In what light she represented so much affection & generosity I refer to your memory of the account she gave you of it in her return through York. But for very strong reasons I believe she concealed from you all that was necessary to make a proper handle of us both; which double Game by the bye, my Mother has played over again upon us, for the same purposes since she came to York, of which you will see a proof by & bye.

But to return to my sister. As we were not

able to give her a fortune, & were as little able to maintain her as she expected — therefore as the truest mark of our friendship in such a situation my wife & self took no small pains, the time she was with us to turn her thoughts to some way of depending upon her own industry in which we offered her all imaginable assistance. 1st by proposing to her that if she would set herself to learn the business of a Mantuamaker, as soon as she could get insight enough into it to make a Gown & set up for herself " *That* we would give her 30*l.* to begin the world & support her till business fell in; or if she would go into a Milliner's shop in London my wife engaged not only to get her into a shop where she should have 10*l.* a year wages, but to equip her with cloathes &c properly for the place, or lastly if she liked it better as my Wife had then an opportunity of recommending her to the family of one of the first of our Nobility — she undertook to get her a creditable place in it where she would receive no less than 8 or 10*l.* a year wages with other advantages. ["] My sister showed no seeming opposition to either of the two last proposals till my wife had wrote & got a favourable answer to the one, & an immediate offer of the

other. It will astonish you, Sir, when I tell you she rejected them with the utmost scorn, telling me I might send my own children to service when I had any, but for her part as she was the daughter of a gentleman *she would not disgrace* herself but would live as such. Notwithstanding so absurd an instance of her folly which might have disengaged me from any further concern, yet I persisted in doing what I thought was right, & though after this the tokens of our kindness were neither so great nor so frequent as before, yet nevertheless we continued sending what we could conveniently spare.

It is not usual to take receipts for presents made; so that I have not many vouchers of that kind, & my Mother has more than once denyed the money I have sent her, even to my own face, I have little expectation of such acknowledgements as she ought to make. But this I solemnly declare upon the nearest computation we can make, that in money, cloaths, & other presents we are more than 90*l.* poorer for what we have given & remitted to them. In one of the remittances (which was the summer [of] my sisters visit) & which as I remember was a small bill drawn for 3*l.* by Mr Ricord

upon Mr. Boldero, after my Mother had got the money in Chester for the bill, she peremptorily denied the receipt of it. I naturally supposed some mistake of Mr. Ricord in directing — However that she might not be a sufferer by the disappointment I immediately sent another bill for as much more; but withal said as Mr. Ricord could prove his sending her the bill, I was determined to trace out *who* had got my money, upon which she wrote word back that she had received it herself but had *forgot it.* You will the more readily believe this when I inform you, that in Decr 47 when my Mother went to your house to complain, she could not get a *farthing* from me that she carried with her *Tenguineas* in her pocket, which I had given her but two days before. If she could *forget* such a sum, I had reason to *remember* it, for when I gave it I did not leave myself one guinea in the house to befriend my wife, though then within one day of her labour, & under an apparent necessity of a man-midwife to attend her.

What *uses* she made of this ungenerous concealment I refer again to yourself — But I suppose they were the same as in my sisters case, to make a penny of us both.

When I gave her this sum I desired she would go & acquaint you with it, & moreover took that occasion to tell her I would give her 8*l.* every year whilst I lived. The week after she wrote me word she had been with you, & was determined not to accept that offer unless I would settle the 8*l.* upon her out of my Wife's fortune, & chargeable upon it in case my wife should be left a widow. This she added was *your* particular advice, which without better evidence I am not yet willing to believe; because though you do not yet know the particulars of my Wife's fortune — you must know so much of it, was such an event as my death to happen shortly, without such a burden as this upon my widow & my child, *that Mrs Sterne would be as much distressed, & as undeservedly so as any widow in Gt. Britain:* & though I know as well as you & my Mother that I have a *power in law* to lay her open to all the terrors of such a melancholy situation — that I feel I have *no power* in equity or in conscience to do so; & I will add in her behalf, considering how much she has merited at my hands as the best of wives, that was I capable of being worried into so cruel a measure as to give away hers, & her child's bread upon the

clamour which you & my Mother have raised — that I should not only be the weakest but the *worst man* that ever woman trusted with all she had.

I do remember, Sir, when I married I acquainted you that Mrs Sterne refused to have her own fortune settled upon her, & wished for no better security than my honour; to which you *then* answered. "*I was the more bound to take care, that the Lady should be no sufferer by such a mark of her confidence.*" She never shall through my fault, though she has through my misfortune & that long train of difficulties & drawbacks with which you know I began the world, as namely the whole debt of my school education, cloathing &c for nine years to-gether which came upon me the moment I was able to pay it — To this a great part of the expense of my education at the University, too scantily defrayed by my Cousin Sterne with only 30*l.* a year & the last year not payed, but with the money I borrowed. The expenses of coming into my preferments the great repairs of a large ruinous house upon my living, — the entire furnishing of it when I had done — the want of good health for many years — perhaps with it, the want of all that good management in be-

ginning the world with which I hope to end it. — To all which let me add the continual drain from my mother. All these together though I hold myself not accountable to any person, but One who will ever be the first to do me justice — all these to-gether have so broke in upon that fortune which *you* recommended to my care that I will trust you a secret concerning it which is this that was I, Sir, to die this night, I have not more than the very Income of 20*l.* a year (which my mother enjoys) to divide equally betwixt my Wife, a helpless child, & perhaps a third unhappy sharer, that might come into the world some months after its father's death to claim its part.

The false modesty of not being able to declare this, has made me thus long a prey to my Mother, & to this clamour raised against me; & since I have made known thus much of my condition as an honest man, it becomes me to add, *that I think I have no right* to apply one shilling of my Income to any other purpose but that of laying by a provision for my wife & child: & that it will be time enough (if then) to add somewhat to my Mothers pension of 20*l.* a year when I have as much to leave my Wife, who besides the duties I owe her of a

Husband & the father of a dear child, has this further claim; — that she whose bread I am thus defending was the person who brought it into the family, & whose birth & education would ill enable her to struggle in the world without it — that the other person who now claims it from her, & has raised us so much sorrow upon that score brought not one sixpence into the family — & though it would give me pain enough to report it upon any other occasion, that she was the daughter of no other than a poor Suttler who followed the camp in Flanders was neither born nor bred to the expectation of a 4th part of that the government allows her; & therefore has reason to be contented with such a provision, though double the sum would be nakedness to my wife.

I suppose this representation will be a sufficient answer to any one who expects no more from a man, than what the difficulties under which he acts will enable him to perform. For those who expect more, I leave them to their expectations & conclude this long & hasty wrote letter, with declaring that the relation in which I stand to you inclines me to exclude you from the number of the last. For notwithstanding the hardest measure that ever man received

continued on your side without any provocation on mine without ever once being told my fault, or conscious of even committing one which deserved an unkind look from you — notwithstanding this, & the bitterness of 10 years unwearied persecution, that I retain that sense of the service you did me at my first setting out in the world, which becomes a man inclined to be grateful, & that I am

Sir,

your once much obliged though now
your much injured nephew
LAURENCE STERNE

SUTTON ON THE FOREST
April 5 1751 *

* Copied by permission of Mr Rob. Cole of Upper Norton Street from a copy carefully made by some person for Mr Godfrey Borvik formerly of Gunthwaite & bought by Mr Cole with many other papers of the Borviks July 25, 1851. — Note to the copy of this letter in the British Museum.

LETTER IX

To the Reverend Mr. Blake *

[SUTTON.]

DEAR BLAKE, — It is not often, if ever, I differ much from you in my judgment of things, therefore you must bear with me now in remonstrating against the impropriety of my coming just at this *crisis*. You have happily now concluded this affair, wch has been so often upon the eve of breaking off, and my coming would be the most *unseasonable* visit ever paid by mortal man. Consider in what light Mrs. Ash and Miss must have hitherto look'd upon me, and should it ever come to light that I had posted over upon this termination of yr differences, I know it would naturally alarm them, and raise a suspicion I had come over to embroil matters. Things being already settled, 'twould be thought I could have no other

* With the exception of that numbered XII., the Blake Letters, as printed by Mr. Fitzgerald, are undated. But the date which that one bears — July 5, 1758 — indicates the period to which they all belong — the years before the publication of *Tristram Shandy*, while Sterne was occupied with preaching and farming at Sutton. During most of the time covered by this fragmentary correspondence, he was also playing the part of confidential friend to Mr. Blake, who was meeting with mysterious difficulties in a courtship of Miss Ash.

errand. But you seem to have a forboding of the same evil by y^{r} desiring me to come *privately*. I have weighed the point wth my wife a full hour, and she thinks we should not stake the disgust y^{t} may possibly be given upon the *chance* of my coming being kept a secret; for if I come to-night I must stay all night, wch will discover it. If, to-morrow morning, both roads and streets will be full, as 'tis Martinmas day, and I declare I would not have my being with you known over the way for fifty pounds. I know you will do me the justice to believe I would run 7 times as far any other road to do you a 7th part of the kindness you ask. But I verily believe, w^{ch}, by the by, makes me easy at heart, in my present staying at home, that you will do as well without me. If I can be of service, it must be in case some unforseen objection sh^{d} arise in either party, when you may whistle me to you in a moment's warning. However, my dear friend, if, after all, you think it necessary for you that we should have an hour's talk, I will give up my own judgm^{t} to y^{rs}, and come over early to-morrow morning, tho' I rather wish, as does my wife, you would be ruled by us; and depend upon y^{r} own good abilities, w^{ch}, I'm sure, are sufficient to carry you

thro' now with *safety* and honor. I send my service to no mortal soul — and pray command y^r people to say nothing of y^r lad's being here to-day. I wish to God you could some day ride out next week, and breakfast and dine with us, w^ch, if you do, it would be wise, in my opinion, to make *no secret* of it, but tell the ladies you are going to take a ride to Sutton, to carry the welcome news to y^r friends, that every thing was happily concluded. Dear sir, accept our most hearty congratulations upon it, and believe me.

Y^rs most truly,

LAU^E STERNE.

P. S. — My servant is in town to-night, and will be in town to-morrow, when I will order him to wait upon you. I had collected all your letters, and burn't them before I rec^d y^rs.

LETTER X

To the Same

[SUTTON.]

MY DEAR FRIEND, — We have ponder'd over the contents of y^rs again and again, and after the coolest and most candid consideration of

every movement throughout this affair, the whole appears, what I but too shrewdly suspected, a contexture of plots agst y^{r} fortune and person, grand mama standing first in the dramatis personae, the Loup Garóu or raw head and bloody bones to frighten Master Jacky into silence, and make him go to bed with Missy, *supperless* and in peace — Stanhope, the lawyer, behind the scenes, ready to be call'd in to do his part, either to frighten or outwit you, in case the terror of grand mama should not do the business without him. Miss's part was to play them off upon y^{r} good nature in their turns, and give proper reports how the plot wrought. But more of this allegory another time. In the meanwhile, our stedfast council and opinion is, to treat wth Stanhope upon no terms either in person or proxy. Consider the case a moment — Your proposals (wch I trust will be soon offered by you to Mrs Ash in writing) will either be accepted or refused by her at first sight. If they are accepted, he is not wanted to be treated with. If they are rejected, he is the most improper man. The person call'd in such a case sh^{d} be *your* friend, not one who will widen the breach and fortify them in their opiniatre,

but a cordial, kind body who will soften matters and lessen the distance between you. Such a one is not Stanhope, nor could be in honor either as their kinsman or council. So I beg leave to repeat it again, keep clear of him by all means, and for this additional reason, namely, that was he call'd in either at first or last, you lose the advantage as well as opportunity of an honor^{ble} retreat wch is in y^{r} power the moment they reject y^{r} proposals, but will never be so again after you refer to him.

I am, dear S^{r},
most truly Y^{rs},
L. STERNE.

LETTER XI

To the Same

[SUTTON,] Saturday.

DEAR SIR, — My wife sends you and Mrs. Ash a couple of stubble geese — one for each; she would have sent you a couple, but thinks 'tis better to keep y^{r} other Goose in our Bean Stubble till another week. All we can say in their behalf is, that they are (if not very fat) at least in good health & in perfect *freedome*, for they have never been confined a

moment; I wish I could say as much of yr worship — for I fear yr affairs, as heretofore, confine & keep you in the dark, and if I am any conjurer, you are at this hour, just where I left you (if you will allow a pun) STAND HOPEing yourself to death — was there ever so vile a conundrum? Pray God, that may be the worst on't, so believe me to be, what I truly am,

Yrs cordially,

L. STERNE.

P. S. — As the goose is for yr mistress, my wife says, you must take the worst and send her the best, & that the next shall be better.

I preach on Sunday at the Cathedral. Will you give me a breakfast, if I get to York early? Or will you be out of town?

LETTER XII

To the Same

SUTTON, July 5, 1758.

DEAR SIR, — I see how your affairs approach to such a crisis, that no friendly office can be witheld by one who wishes you so well. But let me tell you the state of our affairs. To morrow we are indispensably obliged to be at

Newborough (L^{d} F—g's) on Friday my wife has engaged herself in the afternoon at Cowper's — & I had both set my heart upon going to the Concert, & sent to engage Mr. Fothergill to meet me there a little after three. However, from eleven that day to three, both me and my rib are at y^{r} service to club our understandings all together, and I'm sure we shall all be able in 4 hours to digest a much harder plann & settle it to y^{rs} and all our wishes; however, if any our plann should require a 2^{d} consideration we purpose being at Newbury on Saturday to see y^{r} Patron pass by, & you will know where to find me in case a half hours further conference should be wanted: If after these preliminaries are settled, I can be of use to you, you know you have no more to do but command me, & I shall be any day the week following at y^{r} service, except Munday which is our Appeal day for the Land Tax.

We thank you for y^{r} kindness in speaking for Mr Hungton. (?) But we have plann'd it better.

All our kind wishes & complim^{ts} to you & the ladies, with service to Mr Lowther,

Y^{rs} very truly.

L. Sterne.

LETTER XIII

To the Same

[SUTTON.]

DEAR BLAKE, — I send my Amen to enquire after you, never yet having been able upon any acc^t to get to you, the great confusion of *the Election* wch I hate as much as my friend Taylor does, kept me here during that period — & bad weather, bad roads, not good health, & much business, will not let me come for so long as I must stay when I do get to you, wch must be for 2 or 3 days — whether I will or no, I am forced out of *my shell* in Xmas week to preach Inn^ts.* I hope all goes on successfully with you & y^rs since the age I've had the pleasure of seeing you — pray let me know it is so, & present all kind resp^ts to Miss C. &c. Pray tell me how long the Dean stays if you can — & if Taylor is in Town to whom my best services — If you have 3 or 4 of the last Yorks Courants, pray send one [to] us, for we are as much strangers to all that has pass'd amongst you as if we were in a mine in Siberia.

* Perhaps the Sermon numbered XV.

My wife & Lydia send all kind loves to you. —

I am truly yours,
L. STERNE.

I hope you got y^r coat home safe, tho' in what plight I fear as it was a rainy night & ten o'clock at night before we reach'd Sutton, oweing to vile accidents to wch Journiers are exposed.

Will you be so kind as to forward the note to Mr Cowpers any time before noon.

There is no note enclosed. } I am, dear Sir, Your much obliged & faithful,
L. S.

LETTER XIV

To the Same

[SUTTON,] Monday.

DEAR SIR, — I have transacted my Bristol Affair all but a small point left for y^r good nature, wch is to put letter in the Post to day & pay *postige yourself* for it to Mr Oldfield for wch I've inclosed 8^d it being a double letter. If Oldfield s^d suspect 3 letters instead of two you may open it to convince him. But I think he will take your word, tho' perhaps not a Ser-

vant's. The Express (when God sends it) Monsr Apothecary will direct as agreed upon between us, & I think I have put the whole into such a train that I cannot well miscarry.

LETTER XV

To the Same

[Sutton.]

Dear Sir, — I should have beat up y^{r} quarters before now, & but for the vile roads & weather, together with the *crisis* of my affairs namely the getting down my crop wch by the way is in danger of sprouting. However, I will come over at y^{r} desire, but it cannot be to-morrow because all hands are to be employed in cutting my barly wch is now shaking with this vile wind — however the next day (Friday) I will be with you by twelve & eat a portion of y^{r} own dinner & confer till 3 o'clock, in case the day is fair, if not the day after, &c., &c. My wife is engaged to dine at Cowpers the first travelleable day & comes with me. I think Mr Moor will not expect (w^{t} his letter does not require) an answer — however, will overhaul y^{r} matter with all others.

My wife sends her comp^{s}. & what is more her wishes for you in this crisis of y^{r}. distemper wch. I wish likewise was well got over. For 'tis full of mystery and I think cannot end as we all once hoped and expected,

Believe me, Dear Sir,
most truly y^{rs}.,
L. STERNE.

5 o'clock. — I beg pardon for detaing^{g}. y^{r}. stockings wch. was the Maid's forgetfulness but she has a sweetheart in her head, wch. puts all other things out, this I'm sure you'l excuse.

LETTER XVI

To the Same

[SUTTON,] Sunday Night.

DEAR SIR, — Not knowing what Day I shall be able to get to York this week, having Business of so many sorts to detain me at home, I have order'd my Sinful Amen to wait upon You, That You might have an Opportunity of writing in Case you durst trust him a 2^{d}. Time or had Leisure as well as courage so to do. When I come, I have 4 personages I equally want to

see. The Dean, Jack Taylor, y^{rself}, & my Mother — & I have much to say to each, How I shall manage all in ye narrow compass of a writers Day, I know not; but when I get to York, I think my first hour will be with you & so on. I believe my wife will be at York on Tuesday, to make her last Marketings for the year. But will dine I dare say with Duke Humphry, as my girl is somewhat relapsing & the Mother you may be sure, not a little impatient to be back; — I w^{d} have wrote on Saturday But in Truth, tho' I had both Time & Inclination, my Servants had neither ye one nor the other, to go a yard out of their Road to deliver it — They having set out with a Wagon Load of Barly at 12 o'clock, & had scarse day to see it measured to the Maltsman. I have 4 Thrashers every Day at work, & they mortify me with declarations, That There is so much Barly they cannot get thro' that speces before X^{mas} Day, & God knows I have (I hope) near 80 Q^{rs} of Oats besides. How I shall manage matters to get to you, as we wish for 3.months.

I thank God, however, I have settled most of my affairs — let my freehold to a promising tenent — have likewise this week let him the most considerable part of my tyths, and shall

clear my hands and head of all county entanglements, having at present only ten p^{ds} a year in land and seven p^{ds} a year in Corn Tyth left undisposed of, wch shall be quitted with all prudent speed. This will bring me and mine into a narrow compass, and make us, I hope, both rich and happy. 'Tis only to friends we thus unbosome ourselves, so I know you'l excuse and believe me, y^{rs},

L. STERNE.

P. S. — Let me know how your affairs go on, and as distinctly as I have done mine.

LETTER XVII

To the Same

SUTTON, Saturday.

DR SIR, — This should have come to y^{r} hands yesterday morn^{g} (but was disappointed by a fellow who promised to call for it) to have desired y^{r} Indulgences for my not being able to keep my word in being with you as I hoped and intended — nor can we for our souls leave home this day for reasons I shall tell you when I see you wch will be very soon, but I cannot fix wch of the three first days of the week it will be.

It shall be the first in my power, for I want to see you full as much as you do to see me. In the meantime we hope 'twil be no Difference to your affairs whether Munday or Wednesday. My wife I told you is engaged & as I come alone I take pot luck. God bless & direct you in the meantime & believe me y^{rs}

with all respects,

L. STERNE.

To the Rev^{d} Mr. Blake.

LETTER XVIII

To the Same

[SUTTON.]

DEAR SIR, — It was very kindly done in you to send me the Letter to Sutton, & I thank you for y^{t} & all other friendly offices. But for the future you shall not be at such a trouble unless something *extraordinary* makes it adviseable, Because as you will always first peruse the acc^{ts}, I am perfectly easy ab^{t} what is in y^{rs} knowing you will do for me as for y^{rself}. You perceive That he will write from time to time to give us a proper preparation in Case the Event sh^{d} happen, upon wch prepara-

tion given by him it will be time enough for us to plann something more particular than what is done already, & it will be time enough when he writes me word That He grows worse, to settle the Matter of the Express with him in my Answer to that Acct. My wife joins in her kind Thanks to you with me for this — and I beg you'l

believe me, Yrs,

L. S.

P. S. — We decamp'd in such a Hurry on Sunday morng I could not snatch a moment to run to bid you adieu. But I know You excuse Formalities, wch by the by, I am a most punctilious regarder of wth all. But my friends — Ld Carlisle * I suppose is not dead tho' Irrecoverable.

To The Reverend Mr. Blake.

* Richard Osbaldeston, to whom Sterne dedicated his first printed sermon. He became in turn Bishop of Carlisle and Bishop of London. His critical condition to which reference is made cannot refer to the illness that ended with death in 1764; it must refer to some previous alarm for his life.

LETTER XIX

To the Same

[Sutton.]

Dear Blake, — Tho I know you could not possibly expect us on so terrible a day as this has fallen out, yet I could do no less than send over on purpose to testify our concern for not being able to get to you. We have waited dress'd and ready to set out ever since nine this morning to 12 in hopes to snatch any intermission of one of the most heavy rains I ever knew, but we are destined not to go for the day grows worse and worse upon our heads, and the sky gathering in on all sides leaves no prospect of any but a most dismal going and coming, and not wthout danger as the roads are full of water. What remains, but that we undress ourselves.

Since you left us, we have considered (you know w^{t}) in all its shapes and circumstances, and the more the whole is weighed, the worse and more insiduous appears every step of the

managem^t of that affair. God direct you in it, 'tis our hearty prayer, for I am, with my wife best respects to you,

truly yours,

L. S.

Comp^t to ladies.

LETTER XX *

To ******

[SUTTON.]

SIR, — I received the favour of yours; and it will be a great pleasure to me to discharge the neighbourly office you stand in want of to your satisfaction. I have taken proper measures to get chapmen for it, by ordering it to be publicly cried at my two parishes; but I find a greater backwardness amongst my two flocks

* This letter, which, if genuine, must belong to the pre-Shandean period, was first printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1793, with the following introductory passage: —

July 10.

MR. URBAN, — That the celebrated Yorick could, on proper occasion, descend to be a man of business, the following letter of his, to a neighbouring clergyman, will sufficiently evince. It is undated, but was written soon after the publication of the early volumes of Tristram Shandy.

EUGENIO.

in this respect than I imagined. This is owing, it seems, to a greater prospect of hay and other fodder than there was any expectation of about five weeks ago, when, they tell me, your crop would have sold for 40*s.* more than at present. I believe there may be some grounds for this; for, all the late mowed meadows produce plenty, of which yours (which was cut last Saturday) will be no unacceptable proof; for, they say, you have as much grass as they could well mow: so that, by their account, the want of the fodder raised the value of the crop. It is now with the utmost difficulty, and a whole mornings waste of my lungs, that I have got two sufficient men of ********** to bid up to what you had offered — twelve pounds. I have put them off under pretence of writing you word; but, in truth, to wait a day or two to try the market, and see what can be got for it. I therefore beg you will write me a line or two for farther directions, which must come soon, for the barley, they inform me, must be cut on Friday or Saturday; so there is no time to lose. If I hear nothing from you, I have but two things to chuse, either to set men to mow it for you, or let the men who bid the most for it take it; though I fear the two men have bid

near all I can get you. I beg my compliments, with my wife, to your lady; and am, Sir, with great esteem, yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXI

To ——— *

SUTTON, Wednesday.

DEAR SIR,—I have sent you a large Quantity of Pepiermint wh. I beg you will disstil carefully for me. I observe you do not charge anything in yr. letter for the trouble and expense of making the last. I beg you'l not use any ceremony with this, for I hoped you would take it *in pence.* However, you may give Ricord a single bottle, and if yr. own shop is destitute of so precious a vehicle, I give you leave to do the same for yourself.

* A chemist or apothecary at York.

LETTER XXII *

To James Dodsley

[York, October ? 1759.]

Sir, — What you wrote to me in June last, in answer to my demand of 50*l.* for the Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy "That it was too much to risk on a single volume, which, if it happened not to sell, would be hard upon your brother" I think a most reasonable objection in him against giving me the price I thought my work deserved. You need not be told by me how much authors are inclined to over-rate their productions: — for my own part, I hope I am no exception; for if I could find out by any arcanum, the precise value of mine, I declare Mr. Dodsley should have it 20 per cent. below its value.

I propose, therefore, to print a lean edition, in two small volumes, of the size of Rasselas, and on the same paper and type, at my own expense, merely to feel the pulse of the world, and that I may know what price to set upon

* Sterne wrote to Dodsley in June, *1759*, offering him the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy* for 50*l.* The offer was declined, and this letter is Sterne's reply to Dodsley.

the remaining volumes, from the reception of these. If my book sells and has the run our critics expect, I propose to free myself of all future troubles of this kind, and bargain with you, if possible, for the rest as they come out, which will be every six months. If my book fails of success, the loss falls where it ought to do. The same motives which inclined me first to offer you this trifle, incline me to give you the whole profits of the sale (except what Mr. Kirksman sells here, which will be a great many), and to have them sold only at your shop, upon the usual terms in these cases. The book shall be printed here, and the impression sent up to you; for as I live at York, and shall correct every proof myself, it shall go perfect into the world, and be printed in so creditable a way as to paper, type, &c., as to do no dishonour to you, who, I know, never chuse to print a book meanly. Will you patronize my book upon these terms, and be as kind a friend to it as if you had bought the copyright?

Be so good as to favour me with a line by the return, and believe me,

Sir,

Your obliged and most humble servant,

(Signed) LAURENCE STERNE.

P. S. All locality is taken out of the book — the satire general; notes are added where wanted, and the whole made more saleable — about a hundred and fifty pages added — and to conclude, a strong interest formed and forming in its behalf, which I hope will soon take off the few I shall print on this *coup d'essai.* I had desired Mr. Kirksman to write the purport of this to you by this post, but least he should omit it, or not sufficiently explain my intention, I thought best to trouble you with a letter myself.

Direct for me, *Prebendary of York.*

LETTER XXIII

To Mrs. F[erguson]

York, Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1759.

Dear Madam, — Your kind enquiries after my health, deserve my best thanks. — What can give one more pleasure than the good wishes of those we value? — I am sorry you give so bad an account of your own health, but hope you will find benefit from tar-water — it has been of infinite service to me. — I suppose, my good lady, by what you say in your letter, "that I am busy writing an extraordinary book," that your intelligence comes from York — the fountain-head of all chit-chat news — and — no matter. — Now for your desire of knowing the reason of my turning author? why truly I am tired of employing my brains for other people's advantage. — 'Tis a foolish sacrifice I have made for some years to an ungrateful person. — I depend much upon the candour of the public, but I shall not pick out a jury to try the merit of my book amongst ********, and — till you read my Tristram, do not, like some people, condemn it. — Laugh I am sure

you will at some passages. — I have hired a small house in the Minster Yard for my wife and daughter — the latter is to begin dancing, &c. if I cannot leave her a fortune, I will at least give her an education. —— As I shall publish my works very soon, I shall be in town by March, and shall have the pleasure of meeting with you. —— All your friends are well, and ever hold you in the same estimation that your sincere friend does.

Adieu, dear lady, believe me, with every wish for your happiness, your most faithful, &c.

LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER XXIV

To Dr. *******

Jan. 30, 1760.

DEAR SIR, — *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is a maxim which you have so often of late urged in conversation, and in your letters (but in your last especially), with such seriousness, and severity against me, as the supposed transgressor of the rule; — that you have made me at length as serious and severe as yourself: — but that the humours you have stirred up might not work too potently within me, I have waited four days to cool myself, before I would set pen to paper to answer you, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" I declare I have considered the wisdom and foundation of it over and over again, as dispassionately and charitably as a good Christian can, and, after all, I can find nothing in it, or make more of it, than a nonsensical lullaby of some nurse, put into Latin by some pedant, to be chanted by some hypo-

* This letter was perhaps addressed to Dr. Noah Thomas, a distinguished London physician. Sterne was his frequent guest at Scarborough. — See Joseph Cradock, *Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs* (Vol. I. p. 9, London, 1826).

crite to the end of the world, for the consolation of departing lechers. — 'Tis, I own, Latin; and I think that is all the weight it has — for, in plain English, 'tis a loose and futile position below a dispute — "*You are not to speak anything of the dead, but what is good.*" Why so? — Who says so? — neither reason nor Scripture. — Inspired authors have done otherwise — and reason and common-sense tell me, that if the characters of past ages and men are to be drawn at all, they are to be drawn like themselves; that is, with their excellencies, and with their foibles — and it is as much a piece of justice to the world, and to virtue too, to do the one, as the other. — The ruling passion, *et les égarements du cœur*, are the very things which mark, and distinguish a man's character; — in which I would as soon leave out a man's head as his hobby-horse. — However, if like the poor devil of a painter, we must conform to this pious canon, *de mortuis, &c.* which I own has a spice of piety in the *sound* of it, and be obliged to paint both our angels and our devils out of the same pot — I then infer that our Sydenhams, and Sangrados, our Lucretias, and Messalinas, our Sommers, and our Bolingbrokes — are alike entitled to statues,

and all the historians or satirists who have said otherwise since they departed this life, from Sallust to S——e, are guilty of the crimes you charge me with, "cowardice and injustice."

But why cowardice? "because 'tis not courage to attack a dead man who can't defend himself." — But why do you doctors of the faculty attack such a one with your incision-knife? Oh! for the good of the living. — 'Tis my plea. — But I have something more to say in my behalf — and it is this — I am not guilty of the charge — tho' defensible. I have not cut up Dr. Kunastrokius at all. — I have just scratch'd him — and that scarce skin deep. — I do him first all honour — speak of Kunastrokius as a great man — (be he whom he will) and then most distantly hint at a droll foible in his character — and that not first reported (to the few who can even understand the hint) by me — but known before by every chambermaid and footman within the bills of mortality — But Kunastrokius, you say, was a great man — 'tis that very circumstance which makes the pleasantry — for I could name at this instant a score of honest gentlemen who might have done the very thing which Kunastrokius did, and seen no joke in it at all — as to the fail-

ing of Kunastrokius, which you say can only be imputed to his friends as a misfortune — I see nothing like a misfortune in it to any friend or relation of Kunastrokius——that Kunastrokius upon occasion should sit with * * * * * * * * and *******.———I have put these stars not *to hurt your worship's delicacy* — If Kunastrokius after all is too sacred a character to be even smiled at (which is all I have done), he has had better luck than his betters: in the same page (without imputation of cowardice) I have said as much of a man of twice his wisdom — and that is Solomon, of whom I have made the same remark, "That they were both great men —— and like all mortal men had each their ruling passion."

———The consolation you give me, "That my book, however, will be read enough to answer my design of raising a tax upon the public" — is very unconsolatory — to say nothing how very mortifying! By h——n! an author is worse treated than a common ***** at this rate —" *You will get a penny by your sins, and that's enough.*" — Upon this chapter let me comment. — That I proposed laying the world under contribution when I set pen to paper — is what I own, and I suppose I may be allow'd

to have that view in my head in common with every other writer, to make my labour of advantage to myself

Do you not do the same? but I beg I may add, that whatever views I had of that kind, I had other views — the first of which was, the hopes of doing the world good, by ridiculing what I thought deserving of it — or of disservice to sound learning, &c. —— how I have succeeded, my book must show — and this I leave entirely to the world — but not to that little world *of your acquaintance*, whose opinion and sentiments you call the general opinion of the best judges *without exception*, who all affirm (you say) that my book cannot be put into the hands of any woman of *character*. (I hope you except widows, doctor — for they are not *all* so squeamish, but I am told they are all really of my party, in return for some good offices done their interests in the 176th page of my second volume). But for the chaste married, and chaste unmarried part of the sex — they must not read my book! Heaven forbid the stock of chastity should be lessen'd by the Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy — yes, his Opinions — it would certainly debauch 'em! God take them under his protection in this

fiery trial, and send us plenty of Duennas to watch the workings of their humours, till they have safely got through the whole work. — If this will not be sufficient, may we have plenty of Sangrados to pour in plenty of cold water, till this terrible fermentation is over — As for the *nummum in loculo*, which you mention to me a second time, I fear you think me very poor, or in debt ——— I thank God, though I don't abound — that I have enough for a clean shirt every day — and a mutton chop — and my contentment, with this, has thus far (and I hope ever will) put me above stooping an inch for it, even for ——'s estate. — Curse on it, I like it not to that degree, nor envy (*you may be sure*) any man who kneels in the dirt for it — so that howsoever I may fall short of the ends proposed in commencing author ——— I enter this *protest*, first that my end was *honest*, and secondly, that I wrote not to be *fed*, but to be *famous*. I am much obliged to Mr. Garrick for his very favourable opinion — but why, dear Sir, had he done better in finding fault with it than in commending it? to humble me! an author is not so soon humbled as you imagine — no, but to make the book better by castrations — that is still *sub judice*, and I can assure

you upon this chapter, that the very passages and descriptions you propose that I should sacrifice in my second edition, are what are best relish'd by men of wit, and some others whom I esteem as sound critics — so that, upon the whole, I am still kept up, if not above fear, at least above despair, and have seen enough to show me the folly of an attempt of castrating my book to the prudish humours of particulars. I believe the short cut would be to publish this letter at the beginning of the third volume, as an apology for the first and second. I was sorry to find a censure upon the insincerity of some of my friends — I have no reason myself to reproach any one man — my friends have continued in the same opinions of my books which they first gave me of them — many indeed have thought better of 'em, by considering them more; few worse. I am, sir, your humble servant,

LAURENCE STERNE.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF LAURENCE STERNE *

THE letters of Sterne, which his biographers have preserved, are so few, that any addition to their number is welcome, more especially if they throw light on the character of the man, and serve to illustrate that "Shandean" philosophy of which he was the type.

For this reason I have copied and set in order, for the use of the Philobiblon Society, the following series of thirteen letters, which I have found among the MSS. collected by my Father, and which appear to have been obtained by him from a lady named Weston. The letters introduce us to a character apparently unknown to all Sterne's biographers, but intimately connected with him by a tie, of the nature of which they would appear to leave no manner of doubt.

The lady to whom they were addressed — Miss Catherine de Fourmantel — (as I learn

* [Original Preface to the letters to Miss Fourmantelle, in *Miscellanies of the Philobiblon Society*, Vol. II. (London, 1855-56).]

from a memorandum in the handwriting of Mrs. Weston, who knew her,) was one of a family of French Protestant refugees, driven over to England in the reign of Louis XIV. They styled themselves Beranger de Fourmantel, and possessed estates in St. Domingo, of which they were deprived by the measures consequent on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. An elder sister, it appears, conformed to the Popish faith, returned to Paris, and was reinstated in her family property. The younger, Catherine, at the date of this correspondence, was living in York, where Sterne, as is known, held a prebendal stall. Few of the letters bear dates, so that I have been compelled to arrange them by internal evidence and casual references and allusions. The first five seem to have been written at York; the rest from London to the young lady, who, by the time we arrive at No. X.* would seem to have followed the Prebend thither, as that letter is addressed to her at a court in Soho.

Sterne came up to London in March, 1760, shortly after the publication † of the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy*, to enjoy the fame,

* [Letter XXXVII. in this edition.]

† They were published at York, December, 1759.

flattery, and invitations to dinner which the credit of that work procured him. These letters exhibit him immersed in a whirl of dissipation mental and bodily; intoxicated by the attentions paid him by peers, prelates, ministers, courtiers, and fine ladies, and reaping moreover the substantial benefit of a preferment of 160*l.* a year from a patron (Lord Fauconberg), and a purse of guineas from a bishop (Warburton).

On the subsequent fate of "dear dear Kitty" I fear I can throw no satisfactory light. Her friend Mrs. Weston asserts that Miss F. knew Sterne before his marriage; that he paid his addresses to her for five years, when, on a sudden, he married another woman; that this desertion drove her mad; that she was carried over to Paris by her elder sister, and died in a madhouse, but not before she had been visited by Sterne, who drew from her case some of the traits which he has thrown into the character of "Maria" of the "Sentimental Journey." In refutation of these statements, it will suffice to bear in mind that Sterne was married in 1740,* — twenty years before the date of this correspondence.

* [March 30, 1741.]

Perhaps the most curious letter of the whole is that which I have placed second.* It is in Sterne's hand, and evidently intended to be copied by Kitty, and to be addressed by her to some person whom he desired, through her, to influence in his favor.

JOHN MURRAY.

* [It is numbered XXIX. in this edition. The first four letters of the series belong to a period covered by 1759 and the first two months of the next year. They are brief notes that Sterne sent to Miss Fourmantelle when he came to York to visit friends or to take his turn at preaching in the minster. Miss Fourmantelle seems to be disguised in *Tristram Shandy* as "my dear, dear Jenny." — Bk. I. Ch. XVIII.]

LETTER XXV

To Miss Catherine de Fourmantelle

[York,] Sunday.

Miss, — I shall be out of all humour with you, & besides will not paint your Picture in black, which best becomes you, unless you accept of a few Bottles of Calcavillo, which I haue ordered my Man to leaue at the Dore in my Absence; — the Reason of this trifleing Present, you shall know on Tuesday night, & I half insist upon it, that you invent some plausible Excuse to be home by 7. — Yrs.

Yorick.

LETTER XXVI

To the Same

[York.]

My dear Kitty, — If this Billet catches you in Bed, you are a lazy sleepy little slut, and I am a giddy, foolish, unthinking fellow for keeping you so late up; but this Sabbath is a day of sorrow — for I shall not see my dear creature, unless you meet me at Taylor's half

an hour after twelue — but in this, do as you like. I haue ordered Matthew to turn thief and steal you a quart of Honey. What is Honey to the sweetness of thee, who are sweeter than all the Flowers it comes from. I loue you to distraction, Kitty, & will loue you to Eternity. So adieu! & believe what time only will prove me, that I am — Y^rs^.

LETTER XXVII

To the Same

[York,] Thursday.

My dear Kitty, — I haue sent you a Pot of Sweetmeats, and a Pot of Honey, neither of them half so sweet as yourself; but don't be vain upon this, or presume to grow sour upon this character of sweetness I giue you; for if you do, I shall send you a Pot of Pickles (by way of contrarys) to sweeten you up & bring you to yourself again. Whateuer changes happen to you, belieue me that I am unalterably yours, & according to y^r^ motto, such a one, my dear Kitty, Qui ne changera pas, que en mourant L. S.

LETTER XXVIII

To the Same

[York.]

My dear Kitty, — I beg you will accept of the inclosed Sermon, which I do not make you a present of merely because it was wrote by myself, but because there is a beautiful Character in it, of a tender and compassionate mind in the picture giuen of* Elijah. Read it, my dear Kitty, and believe me when I assure you that I see something of the same kind & gentle disposition in your heart which I haue painted in the Prophet's, which has attach'd me so much to you & your Interests that I shall liue and dye your affectionate & faithful

Laurence Sterne.

P. S. — If possible I will see you this afternoon, before I go to Mr. Fothirgils. Adieu, dear Friend! I had the pleasure to drink yr health last night.

* This Sermon was preached by Sterne in 1747.

LETTER XXIX

An Enclosure to the Same

York, Jany 1, [1760.]

S^r, — I DARE say you will wonder to receiue an Epistle from me, and the Subject of it will surprise you still more, because it is to tell you something about Books.

There are two Volumes just published here, which haue made a great noise, & haue had a prodigious run; for, in two days after they came out, the Bookseller sold two hundred, & continues selling them very fast. It is the Life & Opinions of Tristram Shandy, which the Author told me last night at our Concert he had sent up to London, so perhaps you have seen it; If you haue not seen it, pray get it & read it, because it has a great character as a witty smart Book, and if you think so, your good word in Town will do the Author, I am sure, great service. You must understand he is a kind & generous friend of mine, whom Providence has attach'd to me in this part of the World, where I came a stranger — & I could not think how I could make a better return, than by endeavouring to make you a Friend

to him & his performance; this is all my excuse for this Liberty, which I hope you will excuse. His name is Sterne, a Gentleman of great Preferment, & a Prebendary of the Church of York, & has a great character, in these parts, as a man of Learning & Wit; the Graver people, however, say 'tis not fit for young Ladies to read his Book, so perhaps you'l think it not fit for a young Lady to recommend it; howeuer the Nobility & Great Folks stand up mightily for it, & say 'tis a good Book, tho' a little tawdry in some places. — I am, dear Sir, y^r^ most obd^t^ and humble Servant.

LETTER XXX

To the Same

London, Mar.* 8th, 176[0].

My dear Kitty, — I haue arrived here safe & sound, except for the Hole in my Heart,

* [According to Murray the autograph has *May* instead of *Mar.* He adds this note:

"This date is puzzling, unless it be a slip of Sterne's pen — *May* for *March.* It is evident, from the opening sentence, that the letter was written immediately on his arrival in town. Moreover, Horace Walpole, in a letter dated April 4, 1760, states that the bargain with the booksellers, to which reference is made below, was already completed."]

which you haue made like a dear enchanting Slut as you are. I shall take Lodgings this Morning in Picadilly or the Haymarket, & before I seal this letter, will let you know where to direct a Letter to me, which Letter I shall wait for by the return of the Post with great impatience; so write, my dear Love, without fail. I haue the greatest honors paid & most civilities shewn me, that were euer known from the Great; and am engaged all ready to ten Noble Men & Men of fashion to dine. Mr. Garrick pays me all & more honour than I could look for. I dined with him to-day, & he has promised Numbers of great People to carry me to dine wth 'em. He has giuen me an Order for the Liberty of his Boxes, and of every part of his House for the whole Season; and indeed leaues nothing undone that can do me either Service or Credit; he has undertaken the management of the Booksellers, & will procure me a great price — but more of this in my next.

And now my dear, dear Girl! let me assure you of the truest friendship for you, that euer man bore towards a woman. Where euer I am, my heart is warm towards you, & euer shall be till it is cold for euer. I thank you for the kind proof you gave me of your Love,

and of y^{r} desire to make my heart easy, in ordering y^{r}self to be denied to you know who; — whilst I ham [*sic*] so miserable to be separated from my dear, dear Kitty, it would have stabb'd my soul to haue thought such a fellow could have the Liberty of comeing near you. I therefore take this proof of your Love & good principles most kindly, & haue as much faith & dependence upon you in it, as if I was at y^{r} Elbow; — would to God I was at it this moment! but I am sitting solitary & alone in my bed Chamber (ten o'clock at night, after the Play), and would giue a Guinea for a squeeze of y^{r} hand. I send my Soul perpetually out to see what you are adoing; — wish I could send my Body with it. Adieu, dear & kind girl! and belieue me euer y^{r} kind friend & most aff^{te} Admirer. I go to the Oratorio this night. — Adieu! Adieu!

P. S. — My service to y^{r} Mama.

Direct to me in the Pell Mell, at ye 2^{d} House from St Alban's Street.

To Miss Formantel,
At Mrs. Joliff's, in Stone Gate,
York.

LETTER XXXI

To the Same

LONDON.

MY DEAR KITTY, — I SHOULD be most unhappy myself, and I know you would be so too, if I did not write to you this post, tho' I have not yet heard a word from you. Let me know, my sweet Lass! how you go on without me, & be very particular in euery thing.

My Lodging is euery hour full of your Great People of the first Rank, who striue who shall most honor me; — euen all the Bishops haue sent their Complim^ts^ to me, & I set out on Monday Morning to pay my Visits to them all. I am to dine w^h^ Lord Chesterfield this Week, &c. &c., and next Sunday Ld Rockingham takes me to Court. I haue snatch'd this single moment, tho' there is Company in my rooms, to tell my dear, dear, dear Kitty this, & that I am hers for ever & ever.

LAU. STERNE.

LETTER XXXII

To the Same

[London.]

My dear Kitty, — Tho' I haue but a moment's time to spare, I wd not omit writing you an account of my good Fortune; my Lord Fauconberg has this day giuen me a* hundred & sixty pounds a year, wch I hold with all my preferment, so that all or the most part of my sorrows and tears are going to be wiped away. I haue but one obstacle to my Happiness now left, & what that is, you know as well as I.

I long most impatiently to see my dear Kitty. Tell me, tell me what day or Week this will be. I had a purse of Guineas giuen me yesterday by a Bishop;† all will do well in time.

From Morning to night my Lodgings, which by the by, are the genteelest in Town, are full of the greatest Company. I dined these 2 days with 2 ladies of the Bedchamber; then with

* The living of Coxwold.
† Bp. Warburton.

Ld Rockingham, Ld Edgecomb, Lord Winchelsea, Lord Littleton, a Bishop, &c., &c.

I assure you, my Kitty, that Tristram is the Fashion. Pray to God I may see my dearest Girl soon & well. — Adieu! y^r^ affectionate friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXIII

To the Same

LONDON, April the 1st 176[0].

MY DEAR KITTY, — I AM truly sorry from y^r^ Account in your Letter to find you do not leaue York till the 14th, because it shortens the time I hoped to haue stole in your Company when you come. I am invited by Lord Rockingham to be one of his Suit when he goes to Windsor to be install'd Knight of the Garter with Prince Ferdinand;* So that this Honor done me, will keep me hear till the 2^d^ Week in May, when I must go down to take possession of my Preferment. These separations, my dear Kitty, howeuer grievious to us both

* Lord Rockingham and Prince Ferdinand were installed Knights of the Garter at Windsor, May 6, 1760.

— must be, for the present. God will open a Dore when we shall sometime be much more together, and enjoy our desires without fear or Interruption. I haue 14 engagements to Dine now in my Books, with the first Nobility. I haue scarse time to tell you how much I love you, my dear Kitty, & how much I pray to God that you may so liue, and so love me, as one day to share in my great good fortune. My fortunes will certainly be made; but more of this when we meet. Adieu! Write, and believe y^r. aff^te. friend, L. S.

Comp^ts. to Mama.

LETTER XXXIV

To the Same

Saturday, London.

My dear Kitty, — I rec^d. your dear Letter, which gaue me much pleasure, with some pain, ab^t. Ranalagh: but never, my dear Girl, be dejected; something else will offer & turn out, in another Quarter. Thou mayst be assured nothing in this World shall be wanting, that I can do, with Discretion. I loue you most tenderly, & you shall euer find me the

same man of Honour & Truth. Write me what night you will be in Town, that I may keep myself at liberty to fly to thee.

God bless you, my dear Kitty. — Thy faithful L. STERNE.

P. S. — There is a fine print going to be done of me, so I shall make the most of myself, & sell both inside & out. I take care of my health, but am hurried off my legs by going to great People. I am to be presented to the Prince.

My service to y^r^ Mama.

LETTER XXXV

To the Same

[LONDON.]

MY DEAR KITTY, — As I cannot propose the pleasure of your Company longer than till four o'Clock this afternoon, I haue sent you a Ticket for the Play, & hope you will go there, that I may haue the satisfaction of hopeing you are entertained when I am not. You are a most engageing Creature, and I neuer spend an Evening with you, but I leaue a fresh part of my heart behind me. You will get me all,

piece by piece, I find, before all is over; & yet I cannot think, how I can be euer more than what I am at present. — Your affectionate friend, LAURENCE STERNE.

P. S. — I will be with you soon after two o'Clock, if not at two; so get y^r^ Dinner over by then.

LETTER XXXVI

To the Same

[LONDON.]

MY DEAR KITTY, — I WAS so intent upon drinking my Tea with you this Afternoon, that I forgot I had been engaged all this Week to visit a Gentleman's Family on this day. I think I mentioned it in the beginning of the Week, but your dear Company put that with many other things out of my head: I will, howeuer, contriue to giue my dear friend a Call at 4 o'clock; tho' by the by, I think it not quite prudent: but what has prudence, my dear Girl, to do with Loue? In this I haue no gouernment, at least not half so much as I ought.

I hope my Kitty has had a good night. May all your days and nights be happy! Some time it may & will be more in my power to make them so. — Adieu!

If I am preuented calling at 4, I will call at 7.

LETTER XXXVII

To the Same

[London.]

Dear Kitty, — If it would have saued my Life, I haue not had one hour or half hour in my power since I saw you on Sunday; else my dear Kitty may be sure I should not haue been thus absent. Every minute of this day & tomorrow is pre-engaged, that I am as much a prisoner as if I was in Jayl. I beg, dear girl, you will belieue I do not spend an hour where I wish, for I wish to be with you always: but fate orders my steps, God knows how for the present. — Adieu! Adieu!

On Friday, at 2 o'Clock, I will see you.

Yrs affy.,
L. S.

To Miss Formantelle,
in Merds Court,
St Anne, Soho.

LETTER XXXVIII

To David Garrick, Esq.

Thursday, Eleven o'Clock — Night.
[London, March 6, 1760.]*

Dear Sir, — 'Twas for all the world like a cut across my finger with a sharp penknife. I saw the blood — gave it a suck, — wrapt it up — and thought no more about it.

But there is more goes to the healing of a wound than this comes to: — a wound (unless 'tis a wound not worth talking of, but by the bye mine is) must give you some pain after. — Nature will take her own way with it — it must ferment — it must digest.

The story you told me of Tristram's pretended tutor, this morning — My letter by right should have set out with this sentence, and then the simile would not have kept you a moment in suspense.

This vile story, I say — tho' I then saw both how, and where it wounded — I felt little from it at first — or, to speak more honestly

* [Month and year are not given in the edition of 1775. "*About* April, 1760," was added in 1780.]

(tho' it ruins my simile), I felt a great deal of pain from it, but affected an air usual on such accidents, of less feeling than I had.

I have now got home to my lodgings since the play (you astonished me in it) and have been unwrapping this self-same wound of mine, and shaking my head over it this half-hour.

What the devil! ——— is there no one learned blockhead throughout the many schools of misapplied science in the Christian World, to make a *tutor* of for my Tristram? — *ex quovis ligno non fit* — Are we so run out of stock, that there is no one lumber-headed, muddle-headed, mortar-headed, pudding-headed *chap* amongst our doctors? — is there no one single wight of much reading and no learning amongst the many children in my *mother's* nursery, who bid high for this charge — but I must disable my judgment by choosing a Warburton? Vengeance! have I so little concern for the honour of my hero! — Am I a wretch so void of sense, so bereft of feeling for the figure he is to make in story, that I should chuse a praeceptor to rob him of all the immortality I intended him? O! dear Mr. Garrick.

Malice is ingenious — unless where the excess of it outwits itself — I have two comforts in this

stroke of it; —— the first is, that this one is partly of this kind; and secondly, that it is one of the number of those which so unfairly brought poor Yorick to his grave. — The report might draw blood of the author of Tristram Shandy — but could not harm such a man as the author of the Divine Legation — God bless him! though (by the bye, and according to the natural course of descents) the blessing should come from him to me.

Pray have you no interest, lateral or collateral, to get me introduced to his Lordship?

Why do you ask?

My dear Sir, I have no claim to such an honour, but what arises from the honour and respect which in the progress of my work, will be shewn the world I owe to so great a man.

Whilst I am talking of owing — I wish, my dear Sir, that anybody would tell you, how much I am indebted to you. — I am determined never to do it myself, or say more upon the subject than this, that I am yours,

L. Sterne.

LETTER XXXIX

Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, to David Garrick

GROSVENOR-SQUARE, March 7, 1760.

MY DEAR SIR, — You told me no news when you mentioned a circumstance of zeal for your friends; but you gave me much pleasure by it and the inclosed, to have an impertinent story confuted the first moment I heard of it; for I cannot but be pleased to find I have no reason to change my opinion of so agreeable and so original a writer as Mr. Sterne; I mean my opinion of his moral character, of which I had received from several of my acquaintance so very advantageous an account. And I cannot see how I could have held it, had the lying tale been true, that he intended to injure one personally and entirely unknown to him. I own it would have grieved me, (and so, I believe, it would him too, when he had known me and my enemies a little better,) to have found himself in company with a crew of the most egregious blockheads that ever abused the blessing of pen and ink.

However, I pride myself in having warmly recommended "Tristram Shandy" to all the best company in town, except that at Arthur's. I was charged in a very grave assembly, as Dr. Newton can tell him, for a particular patronizer of the work; and how I acquitted myself of the imputation, the said Doctor can tell him. I say all this to show how ready I was to *do justice* to a stranger. This is all I expect from a stranger. From my friends, indeed, I expect, because I stand in need of, much *indulgence.* To them, (being without reserve,) I show my weaknesses. To strangers I have the discretion not to show them; at least, those *writing* strangers, I mentioned before, have not yet had the wit to find them out.

If Mr. Sterne will take me with all my infirmities, I shall be glad of the honour of being better known to him; and he has the additional recommendation of being your friend.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and faithful humble servant,

W. Gloucester.

LETTER XL

To Mr. Berrenger

[London, March, 1760.]

You bid me tell you all my wants. What the Devil in Hell can a fellow want now? By the Father of the Sciences (you know his name) I would give both my ears (if I was not to lose my credit by it) for no more than ten strokes of Howgarth's witty chisel, to clap at the Front of my next Edition of *Shandy*. The Vanity of a Pretty Girl in the Heyday of her Roses & Lilies is a fool to that of Author of my stamp. Oft did Swift sigh to Pope in these words: "Orna me, unite something of yours to mine, to transmit us down together hand in hand to futurity." The loosest sketch in Nature, of Trim's reading the sermon to my Father, &c., wd do the Business, and it wd mutually illustrate his System and mine. But, my dear Shandy, with what face I would hold out my lank Purse! I would shut my Eyes, & you should put in your hand and take out what you liked for it. Ignoramus! Fool! Blockhead! Symoniack! This Grace is not to be

bought with money. Perish thee and thy Gold with thee! What shall we do? I have the worst face in the world to ask a favour with, & besides, I would not propose a disagreeable thing to one I so much admire for the whole world; but you can say anything — you are an impudent, honest Dog, & can'st set a face upon a bad matter; prithee sally out to Leicester fields, & when you have knock'd at the door (for you must knock first) and art got in, begin thus: "Mr. Hogarth, I have been with my friend Shandy this morning;" but go on y^r. own way, as I shall do mine. I esteem you, & am, my dear Mentor, Y^rs most Shandascally,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLI

To the Right Hon. Mr. Pitt

FRIDAY, [March 28? 1760.]

SIR, — Though I have no suspicion that the enclosed dedication* can offend you, yet I thought it my duty to take some method of letting you see it, before I presumed to beg the honour of presenting it to you next week with the *Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy.*

I am, sir,
Your most humble servant,
LAU. STERNE.

* [To the second edition of the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy.*]

LETTER XLII

To S[tephen] C[roft], Esq.

[London,] May, 1760.*

Dear Sir, — I return you ten thousand thanks for the favour of your letter — and the account you give me of my wife and girl. — I saw Mr. Ch[olmle]y to-night at Ranelagh, who tells me you have inoculated my friend Bobby. — I heartily wish him well through, and hope in God all goes right.

On Monday we set out with a† grand retinue of Lord Rockingham's (in whose suite I move) for Windsor — they have contracted for fourteen hundred pounds for the dinner, to some general undertaker, of which the K[ing] has bargained to pay one-third. Lord George Sackville was last Saturday at the opera, some say with great effrontery — others with great dejection.

* [No date in the first edition.]

† Prince Ferdinand, the Marquis of Rockingham, and Earl Temple, were installed Knights of the Garter, on Tuesday, May 6, 1760, at Windsor.

I have little news to add. — There is a shilling pamphlet * wrote against Tristram. — I wish they would write a hundred such.

Mrs. Sterne says her purse is light; will you, dear Sir, be so good as to pay her ten guineas, and I will reckon with you when I have the pleasure of meeting you. — My best compliments to Mrs. C. and all friends. — Believe me, dear sir, your obliged and faithful

LAU. STERNE.

LETTER XLIII

To the Same

[LONDON,] May, 1760.†

DEAR SIR, — I this moment received the favour of your kind letter. — The letter in the Ladies Magazine ‡ about me, was written by the noted Dr. Hill § who wrote the Inspector, and undertakes that magazine — the people of York are very uncharitable to suppose any man so gross a beast as to pen such a character

* *The Clockmaker's Outcry against the Author of Tristram Shandy*, 8vo.

† [No date in the first edition.]

‡ *The Royal Female Magazine*, for April, 1760.

§ [Dr. John Hill.]

of himself. — In this great town no soul ever suspected it, for a thousand reasons — could they suppose I should be such a fool as to fall foul upon Dr. Warburton, my best friend, by representing him so weak a man — or by telling such a lie of him — as his giving me a purse, to buy off his tutorship for Tristram! — or I should be fool enough to own I had taken his purse for that purpose!

You must know there is a quarrel between Dr. Hill and Dr. M [onse]y,* who was the physician meant at Mr. Charles Stanhope's, and Dr. Hill has changed the place on purpose to give M[onse]y a lick. — Now that conversation (tho' perhaps true) yet happened at another place, and with another physician; which I have contradicted in this city for the honor of my friend M[onse]y, all which shows the absurdity of York credulity and nonsense. Besides, the account is full of falsehoods — first, with regard to the place of my birth, which was at Clonmel, in Ireland — the story of a hundred pounds to Mrs. W——,† not true, or of a *pension promised;* the merit of which I disclaim'd — and indeed there are so many other things so

* [Dr. Messenger Monsey.]

† The widow of Mr. Sterne's predecessor in the living of Coxwould.

untrue, and unlikely to come from me, that the worst enemy I have here never had a suspicion — and, to end all, Dr. Hill owns the paper.

I shall be down before May is out — I preach before the judges on Sunday — my Sermons come out on Thursday * after — and I purpose, the Monday, at furthest, after that, to set out for York — I have bought a pair of horses for that purpose — my best respects to your Lady —— I am, dear sir, your most obliged and faithful L. STERNE.

P. S. — I beg pardon for this hasty scrawl, having just come from a concert where the D. of York perform'd. — I have received great notice from him, and last week had the honour of supping with him.

* [May 22.]

LETTER XLIV

To Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester

York, June 9, 1760.

My Lord, — Not knowing where to send two sets of my Sermons, I could think of no better expedient, than to order them into Mr. Berrenger's hands, who has promised me that he will wait upon your Lordship with them, the first moment he hears you are in town. The truest and humblest thanks I return to your Lordship, for the generosity of your protection, and advice to me; by making a good use of the one, I will hope to deserve the other; I wish your Lordship all the health and happiness in this world, for I am your Lordship's most obliged and most grateful servant,

L. Sterne.

P. S. — I am just sitting down to go on with Tristram, &c. — the scribblers use me ill, but they have used my betters much worse, for which may God forgive them.

LETTER XLV

Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, to the Rev. Mr. Sterne

PRIOR-PARK, June 15, 1760.

REVEREND SIR, — I have your favour of the 9th instant, and am glad to understand, you are got safe home, and employ'd again in your proper studies and amusements. You have it in your power to make that, which is an amusement to yourself and others, useful to both: at least, you should above all things, beware of its becoming hurtful to either, by any violations of decency and good manners; but I have already taken such repeated liberties of advising you on that head, that to say more would be needless, or perhaps unacceptable.

Whoever is, in any way, well received by the public, is sure to be annoy'd by that pest of the public, *profligate scribblers.* This is the common lot of successful adventurers; but such have often a worse evil to struggle with, I mean the over-officiousness of their indiscreet friends. There are two Odes,* as they

* Intitled, "Two Lyric Epistles: one to my Cousin Shandy, on his coming to Town; and the other to the Grown Gentlewomen, the Misses of * * * *." 4to.

are call'd, printed by Dodsley. Whoever was the author, he appears to be a monster of impiety and lewdness — yet, such is the malignity of the scribblers, some have given them to your friend Hall; — and others, which is still more impossible, to yourself; though the first Ode has the insolence to place you both in a mean and a ridiculous light. But this might arise from a tale equally groundless and malignant, that you had shewn them to your acquaintances in MS. before they were given to the public. Nor was their being printed by Dodsley the likeliest means of discrediting the calumny.

About this time, another, under the mask of friendship, pretended to draw your character, which was since published in a *Female Magazine* (for Dulness, who often has as great a hand as the Devil, in deforming God's work of the creation, has *made them*, it seems, *male and female*), and from thence it was transferred into a *Chronicle*.* Pray have you read it, or do you know its author?

But of all these things, I dare say Mr. Garrick, whose prudence is equal to his honesty or his talents, has remonstrated to you with the

* *The London Chronicle*, May 6, 1760.

freedom of a friend. He knows the inconstancy of what is called the Public, towards all, even the best-intentioned, of those who contribute to its pleasure or amusement. He (as every man of honour and discretion would) has availed himself of the public favour, to regulate the taste, and, in his proper station, to reform the manners of the fashionable world; while, by a well-judged œconomy, he has provided against the temptations of a mean and servile dependency on the follies and vices of the great.

In a word, be assured, there is no one more sincerely wishes your welfare and happiness, than, reverend sir,

W. G.

LETTER XLVI

To Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester

Coxwould, June 19, 1760.

My Lord,—This post brought me the honour of your letter, for which, and for your kind and most friendly advice, I return your Lordship all I am able — my best thanks. Be assured, my Lord, that willingly and knowingly I will give no offence to any mortal by anything which I think can look like the least violation either of decency or good manners, and yet, with all the caution of a heart void of offence or intention of giving it, I may find it very hard, in writing such a book as Tristram Shandy, to mutilate everything in it down to the prudish humour of every particular. I will, however, do my best — though laugh, my Lord, I will, and as loud as I can too.

With regard to the Lyrick Odes, all I know of them is this; that the first Ode, which places me and the author in a ridiculous light, was sent to me in a cover without a name, which, after striking out some parts, as a whimsical performance, I showed to some acquaintance;

and as Mr. Garrick had told me some time before he would write me an Ode, for a day or two I supposed it came from him. I found afterwards it was sent me from Mr. Hall; for from a nineteen years' total interruption of all correspondence with him, I had forgot his hand, which at last, when I recollected, I sent it back. The second Ode, which abounds with indecencies, is, I suppose, his too; as they are published together, there can be little doubt. He must answer for them; having nothing myself to answer for with regard to them but my extreme concern, and that a man of such great talents, as my acquaintance Mr. Hall is, should give the world so much offence. He has it greatly in his power to make amends; and if I have any penetration, and can depend upon the many assurances he gives me, your Lordship will, I hope, live to see it. He is worth reclaiming, being one of those whom nature has enabled to do much hurt or much good.

Of all the vile things wrote against me, the letter your Lordship mentions in the Female Magazine is the most inimicitious, and gave me, for that reason, the most concern; under which I had no better relief than denying the facts,

and crying out against the hardship done me by such a contexture of lies tacked together, not to serve me but to overthrow me. Such profligate wretches too often gain their end. Every mortal in town says it was wrote by a Dr. Hill, who wrote the Inspectors, and, they tell me, has the property and management of that magazine. Garrick tells me the same story, and with reasons to confirm it. These strokes in the dark, with the many kicks, cuffs, and bastinadoes I openly get on all sides of me, are beginning to make me sick of this foolish humour of mine, of sallying forth into this wide and wicked world to redress wrongs, &c. of which I shall repent as sorely as ever Sancho Panza did of his in following his evil genius of a Don Quixote through thick and thin; but as the poor fellow apologised for it, so must I: "it was my ill-fortune and my errantry, and that's all that can be said on't." Otherwise, I wish from my heart I had never set pen to paper, but continued hid in the quiet obscurity in which I had so long lived: I was quiet, for I was below envy and yet above want; and indeed so very far above it, that the idea of it never once entered my head in writing; and as I am 200*l.* a year further from the danger

of it than I was then, I think it never will; for I declare I have all I wish or want in this world, being in my calculation of money, all out, as rich as my friend Garrick, whose goodness of heart and honest cowardice in keeping *so far* out of the way of temptation, I nevertheless esteem and admire.

The Bishop of Carlisle did me the honour yesterday of a call; of whom I had the satisfaction of inquiring after your Lordship's health, and particularly how far the waters had relieved you under the pain and indigestion you complained of. He hoped your Lordship was better.

I wish your Lordship all the most grateful man can wish — happiness in this world and in the next. — I am, my Lord, with all esteem and duty, your affectionate servant,

LAU. STERNE.

LETTER XLVII

Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, to Laurence Sterne

PRIOR PARK, June 26, 1760.

REV. SIR, — I have the favour of your obliging Letter of the 19th. It gives me real pleasure (and I could not but trouble you with these two or three lines to tell you so) that you are resolved to do justice to your genius, and to borrow no aids to support it, but what are of the party of honour, virtue, and religion.

You say you will continue to laugh aloud. In good time. But one who was no more than even a man of spirit would choose to laugh in good company; where priests and virgins may be present. * * *

Do not expect your friends to pity you for the trash and ribaldry scribbled against you; they will be apter to congratulate you upon it.

Notwithstanding all your wishes for your former obscurity, which your present chagrin excites, yet a wise man cannot but choose the sunshine before the shade; indeed he would not wish to dwell in the malignant heat of the dog-days, not for the teasing and momentary

annoyance of the numberless tribes of insects abroad at that time, but for the more fatal aspect of the superior bodies.

I would recommend a maxim to you which Bishop Sherlock formerly told me Dr. Bentley recommended to him, that a man was never writ out of the reputation he had once fairly won, but by himself. — I am, &c.,

W. G.

LETTER XLVIII

To My Witty Widow, Mrs. F[erguson]

COXWOULD, August 3, 1760.

MADAM, — When a man's brains are as dry as a squeez'd orange —— and he feels he has no more conceit in him than a Mallet, 'tis in vain to think of sitting down, and writing a letter to a lady of your wit, unless in the honest John-Trot-Style of —— *yours of the 15th instant came safe to hand, &c.* which, by the bye, looks like a letter of business; and you know very well, from the first letter I had the honour to write to you, I am a man of no business at all. This vile plight I found my genius in was the reason I have told Mr. ——, I would not write to you till the next post — hoping by that time to get some small recruit, at least of vivacity, if not wit, to set out with; —— but upon second thoughts, thinking a bad letter in season —— to be better than a good one out of it — this scrawl is the consequence, which, if you will burn the moment you get it — I promise to send you a fine set essay in the style of your female epistolisers, cut and trim'd at all

points. — God defend me from such, who never yet knew what it was to say or write one premeditated word in my whole life — for this reason I send you this with pleasure, because wrote with the careless irregularity of an easy heart. —— Who told you, Garrick wrote the medley for Beard? — 'Twas wrote in his house, however, and before I left town. ——— I deny it — I was not lost two days before I left town. — I was lost all the time I was there, and never found till I got to this Shandy-castle of mine. — Next winter I intend to sojourn amongst you with more decorum, and will neither be lost or found anywhere.

Now I wish to God, I was at your elbow — I have just finished one volume of Shandy, and I want to read it to some one who I know can taste and relish humour — this by the way, is a little impudent in me — for I take the thing for granted, which their high mightinesses the world have yet to determine — but I mean no such thing — I could wish only to have your opinion — shall I, in truth, give you mine? — I dare not — but I will; provided you keep it to yourself — know then, that I think there is more laughable humour, —— with an equal degree of Cervantic satire — if not more than

in the last — but we are bad judges of the merit of our children.

I return you a thousand thanks for your friendly congratulations upon my habitation — and I will take care, you shall never wish me but well, for I am, Madam, with great esteem and truth, your most obliged,

L. STERNE.

P. S. — I have wrote this so vilely and so precipitately, I fear you must carry it to a decypherer ——— I beg you'll do me the honour to write — otherwise you draw *me* in, instead of Mr. —— drawing *you* into a scrape — for I should sorrow to have a *taste* of so agreeable a correspondent — and *no more.* Adieu.

LETTER XLIX

To ****

[*Circa* October, 1760?]

DEAR SIR, — I have received your kind letter of critical, and, I will add, of parental advice, which, contrary to my natural humour, set me upon looking gravely for half a day together: sometimes I concluded you had not spoke out, but had stronger grounds for your

hints and cautions than what your good-nature knew how to tell me, especially with regard to prudence, as a divine; and that you thought in your heart the vein of humour too free for the solemn colour of my coat. A meditation upon Death had been a more suitable trimming to it, I own; but then it could not have been set on by me. Mr. F[othergill],* whom I regard in the class I do you, as my best of critics and well-wishers, preaches daily to me on the same text: "Get your preferment first, Lory," he says, "and then write and welcome.' But suppose preferment is long a-coming — and, for aught I know, I may not be preferred till the resurrection of the just — and am all that time in labour, how must I bear my pains? Like pious divines? or, rather, like able philosophers, knowing that one passion is only to be combated with another? But to be serious (if I can), I will use all reasonable caution, — only with this caution along with it, not to spoil my book, that is, the air and originality of it, which must resemble the author; and I fear it is the number of these slighter touches, which make the resemblance, and identify it from all others of the same stamp, which this

* [A prebendary of York.]

understrapping virtue of prudence would oblige me to strike out. — A very able critic, and one of my colour too, who has read over Tristram, made answer, upon my saying I would consider the colour of my coat as I corrected it, that that idea in my head would render my book not worth a groat. — Still I promise to be cautious; but deny I have gone as far as Swift: he keeps a due distance from Rabelais; I keep a due distance from him. Swift has said a hundred things I durst not say, unless I was dean of St. Patrick's.

I like your caution, "Ambitiosa recides ornamenta." As I revise my book, I will shrive my conscience upon that sin, and whatever ornaments are of that kind shall be defaced without mercy. Ovid is justly censured for being "ingenii sui amator;" and it is a reasonable hint to me, as I'm not sure I am clear of it. To sport too much with your wit, or the game that wit has pointed out, is surfeiting; like toying with a man's mistress, it may be very delightful solacement to the inamorata, but little to the by-stander. Though I plead guilty to part of the charge, yet it would greatly alleviate the crime if my readers knew how much I have suppressed of this device.

I have burnt more wit than I have published, on that very account, since I began to avoid the fault, I fear, I may yet have given proofs of. — I will reconsider Slop's fall, and my too minute description of it; but, in general, I am persuaded that the happiness of the Cervantic humour arises from this very thing, — of describing silly and trifling events with the circumstantial pomp of great ones. Perhaps this is overloaded, and I can ease it. — I have a project of getting Tristram put into the hands of the Archbishop,* if he comes down this autumn, which will ease my mind of all trouble upon the topic of discretion. — I am, &c.

L. STERNE.†

* [John Gilbert, Archbishop of York.]

† [On the authenticity of this letter, consult the Introduction.]

LETTER L

To J[ohn] H[all] S[tevenson], Esq.

[York, December, 1760?] *

Literas vestras lepidissimas, mi consobrine, consobrinis meis omnibus carior, accepi die Veneris; sed posta non rediebat versus Aquilonem eo die, aliter scripsissem prout desiderabas. Nescio quid est materia cum me, sed sum fatigatus & ægrotus de meâ uxore plus quam unquam — & sum possessus cum diabolo qui pellet me in urbem — & tu es possessus cum eodem malo spiritu qui te tenet in deserto esse tentatum ancillis tuis, et perturbatum uxore tuâ — crede mihi, mi Antoni, quod isthæc non est via ad salutem sive hodiernam, sive eternam; num tu incipis cogitare de pecuniâ, quæ ut ait Sanctus Paulus, est radix omnium malorum, & non satis dicis in corde tuo, Ego Antonius de Castello Infirmo, sum jam quadraginta & plus annos natus, & explevi octavum meum lustrum, et tempus est me curare, & meipsum Antonium facere hominem felicem & liberum, et mihimet

* [No place or date in the first edition. In the edition of 1780, the letter was assigned to December 1767. For remarks on its date consult the Introduction.]

ipsi benefacere, ut exhortatur Solomon, qui dicit quòd nihil est melius in hâc vitâ, quàm quòd homo vivat festivè, & quòd edat et bibat, & bono fruatur, quia hoc est sua portio & dos in hoc mundo.

Nunc te scire vellemus, quòd non debeo esse reprehendi pro festinando eundo ad Londinum, quia Deus est testis, quòd non propero præ gloria, & pro me ostendere; nam diabolus iste qui me intravit, non est diabolus vanus, at consobrinus suus Lucifer — sed est diabolus amabundus, qui non vult sinere me esse solum; nam cúm non cumbendo cum uxore meâ, sum mentulatior quàm par est — & sum mortaliter in amore — & sum fatuus; ergo tu me, mi care Antoni, excusabis, quoniam tu fuisti in amore, & per mare & per terras invisti & festinâsti sicut diabolus, eodem te propellente diabolo. Habeo multa ad te scribere — sed scribo hanc epistolam in domo coffeatariâ & plenâ sociorum strepitosorum, qui non permittent me cogitare unam cogitationem.

Saluta amicum Panty meum, cujus literis respondebo — saluta amicos in domo Gisbrosensi, & oro, credas me vinculo consobrinitatis & amoris ad te, mi Antoni, devinctissimum,

L. Sterne.

LETTER LI

To S[tephen] C[roft], Esq.

LONDON, Christmas Day, 1760.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have been in such a continual hurry since the moment I arrived here — what with my books, and what with visitors and visitings, that it was not in my power sooner to sit down and acknowledge the favour of your obliging letter; and to thank you for the most friendly motives which led you to write it: I am not much in pain upon what gives my kind friends at Stillington so much on the chapter of *Noses* — because, as the principal satire throughout that part is levelled at those learned blockheads who, in all ages, have wasted their time and much learning upon points as foolish — it shifts off the idea of what you fear, to another point — and 'tis thought here very good — 'twill pass muster — I mean not with all — no no! I shall be attacked and pelted, either from cellars or garrets, write what I will — and besides, must expect to have a party against me of many

* [This date first appeared in the edition of 1780.]

hundreds — who either do not — or will not laugh. — 'Tis enough if I divide the world ; — at least I will rest contented with it. — I wish you was here to see what changes of looks and political reasoning, have taken place in every company, and coffee-house since last year ; we shall soon be Prussians and Anti-Prussians, B——s and Anti-B——s, and those distinctions will just do as well as Whig and Tory — and, for aught I know serve the same ends. — The King seems resolved to bring all things back to their original principles, and to stop the torrent of corruption and laziness. — He rises every morning at six to do business — rides out at eight to a minute, returns at nine to give himself up to his people. — By persisting, 'tis thought he will oblige his ministers and dependents to despatch affairs with him many hours sooner than of late — and 'tis much to be questioned whether they will not be enabled to wait upon him sooner by being freed from long levees of their own, and applications ; which will in all likelihood be transferr'd from them directly to himself — the present system being to remove that phalanx of great people, which stood betwixt the throne and the subjects, and suffer them to have im-

mediate access without the intervention of a cabal — (this is the language of others): however, the King gives everything himself, knows everything, and weighs everything maturely, and then is inflexible — this puts old stagers off their game — how it will end we are all in the dark.

'Tis feared the war is quite over in Germany; never was known such havoc amongst troops — I was told yesterday by a colonel from Germany, that out of two battalions of nine hundred men, to which he belong'd, but seventy-one are left! — Prince Ferdinand has sent word, 'tis said, that he must have forty thousand men directly to take the field — and with provisions for them too, for he can but subsist them for a fortnight. — I hope this will find you all got to York — I beg my compliments to the amiable Mrs. Croft, &c., &c.

Tho' I purposed going first to Golden Square, yet Fate has thus long disposed of me — so I have never been able to set a foot towards that quarter — I am, dear sir, yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LII

To the Same

[London, January, 1761.]*

My dear Sir, — I have just time to acknowledge the favor of yours, but not to get the two prints you mention — which shall be sent you by next post — I have bought them, and lent them to Miss Gilbert, but will assuredly send for them and enclose them to you: — I will take care to get your pictures well copied, and at a moderate price. And if I can be of further use, I beseech you to employ me; and from time to time will send you an account of whatever may be worth transmitting. —— The stream now sets in strong against the German war. Loud complaints of ——† making a trade of the war, &c., &c. much expected from Lord Granby's evidence to these matters, who is expected every hour: —— the King wins every day upon the people, shews himself much at the play (but at no op-

* [No date in the first edition; "About Jan. 1761" was added in 1780.]

† [Pitt's.]

era), rides out with his brothers every morning, half an hour after seven, till nine — returns with them —— spends an hour with them at breakfast, and chat — and then sits down to business. I never dined at home once since I arrived — am fourteen dinners deep engaged just now, and fear matters will be worse with me in that point than better. —— As to the main points in view, at which you hint — all I can say is, that I see my way, and unless Old Nick throws the dice — shall, in due time, come off winner. —— Tristram will be out the twentieth — there is a great rout made about him before he enters the stage — whether this will be of use or no, I can't say — some wits of the first magnitude here, both as to wit and station, engage me success — time will shew —— Adieu, dear Sir! and with my compliments to Mrs. Croft, &c.

I am your affectionate,

and obliged

L. STERNE.

LETTER LIII

To the Same

[London, February 17? 1761.]*

Dear Sir, — Since I had the favour of your obliging letter, nothing has happened, or been said one day, which has not been contradicted the next; so having little certain to write, I have forbore writing at all, in hopes every day of something worth filling up a letter. We had the greatest expectations yesterday that ever were raised, of a pitched battle in the House of Commons, wherein Mr. Pitt was to have entered and thrown down the gauntlet, in defence of the German war. — There never was so full a house — the gallery full to the top — I was there all the day — when, lo! a political fit of the gout seized the great combatant — he entered not the lists — Beckford got up, and begged the house, as he saw not his right honourable friend there, to put off the debate † — it could not be done; so Beckford rose up, and made a most long, passionate, incoherent

* [No date in the first edition; "March, 1761," was added in 1780.]

† [This debate seems to have taken place on February 16. — *London Magazine*, Vol. XXX. 575.]

speech, in defence of the Germanic war — but very severe upon the unfrugal manner it was carried on — in which he addressed himself principally to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and laid him on terribly. —— It seems the chancery of Hanover had laid out 350,000 pounds, on account, and brought in our treasury debtor — and the grand debate was, for an honest examination of the particulars of this extravagant account, and for vouchers to authenticate it. — Legge answered Beckford very rationally, and coolly — Lord N[orth] spoke long — Sir F[rancis] Dashwood maintained the German war was most pernicious — Mr. C——, of Surrey, spoke well against the account, with some others —— L[ord] Barrington at last got up, and spoke half an hour with great plainness, and temper — explained a great many hidden springs relating to these accounts, in favour of the late King, and told two or three conversations which had passed between the King and himself, relative to these expenses — which cast great honour upon the King's character. This was with regard to the money the King had secretly furnished out of his pocket to lessen the account of the Hanover-score brought us to discharge,

Beckford and Barrington abused all who sought for peace, and joined in the cry for it; and Beckford added, that the reasons of wishing a peace now, were the same as the Peace of Utrecht — that the people behind the curtain could not both maintain the war and their places too, so were for making another sacrifice of the nation, to their own interests — After all —— the cry for a peace is so general, that it will certainly end in one. Now for myself. ———

One half of the town abuse my book as bitterly, as the other half cry it up to the skies — the best is, they abuse and buy it, and at such a rate, that we are going on with a second edition, as fast as possible.

I am going down for a day or two with Mr. Spencer, to Wimbleton; on Wednesday there is to be a grand assembly at Lady N[orthumberland]'s. I have enquired everywhere about Stephen's affair, and can hear nothing — My friend, Mr. Charles Townshend, will be now secretary of war * — he bid me wish him joy of it, though not in possession — I will ask him — and depend, my most worthy friend, that you shall not be ignorant of what I learn from him — Believe me ever, ever, yours, L. S.

* He was appointed Secretary of War the 24th of March.

LETTER LIV

To the Same

[London, March, 1761.]*

My dear Sir, — A strain which I got in my wrist by a terrible fall, prevented my acknowledging the favour of your obliging letter. I went yesterday morning to breakfast with Mr. V——, who is a kind of right-hand man to the secretary, on purpose to enquire about the propriety, or feasibility, of doing what you wish me — and he has told me an anecdote which, had you been here, would, I think, have made it wiser to have deferred speaking about the affair a month hence than now: it is this — You must know that the numbers of officers who have left their regiments in Germany, for the pleasures of the town, have been long a topic for merriment; as you see them in St. James's Coffee-house, and the Park, every hour, enquiring, open mouth, how things go on in Germany, and what news; — when they should have been there to have furnished

* [Without date in 1775; assigned to April in 1780, and in subsequent editions.]

news themselves — but the worst part has been, that many of them have left their brother officers on their duty, and in all the fatigues of it, and have come with no end but to make friends, to be put unfairly over the *heads of those* who were left risking *their lives.* — In this attempt there have been some but too successful, which has justly raised ill-blood and complaints from the officers who stayed behind — the upshot has been, that they have every soul been ordered off, and woe be to him ('tis said) who shall be found listening! Now just to mention our friend's case whilst this cry is on foot, I think would be doing more hurt than good; but if you think otherwise, I will go with all my heart, and mention it to Mr. Townshend, for to do more I am too inconsiderable a person to pretend to. —— You made me and my friends here very merry with the accounts current at York, of my being forbid the court — but they do not consider what a considerable person they make of me, when they suppose either my going, or my not going there, is a point that ever enters the King's head — and for those about him, I have the honour either to stand so personally well known to them, or to be so well repre-

sented by those of the first rank, as to fear no accident of that kind.

I thank God (B——'s excepted) I have never yet made a friend or connection I have forfeited, or done ought to forfeit — but, on the contrary, my true character is better understood, and where I had one friend last year, who did me honour, I have three now. — If my enemies knew, that by this rage of abuse and ill-will, they were effectually serving the interests both of myself, and works, they would be more quiet — but it has been the fate of my betters, who have found, that the way to fame, is like the way to heaven — through much tribulation — and till I shall have the honour to be as much maltreated as Rabelais and Swift were, I must continue humble ; for I have not filled up the measure of half their *persecutions.*

The court is turning topsy-turvy. Lord Bute, le premier * — Lord Talbot, to be groom of the chambers † in room of the D. of R[utlan]d — Lord Halifax to Ireland ‡ — Sir F.

* Lord Bute was appointed Secretary of State on the 26th of March, 1761.

† Lord Talbot was appointed Steward of the Household on the same day.

‡ Lord Halifax was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland on the 20th of March, 1761.

Dashwood in Talbot's place — Pitt seems unmoved — a peace inevitable — Stocks rise — the peers this moment kissing hands, &c. &c. (this week may be christened the kiss-hands week) for a hundred changes will happen in consequence of these. Pray present my compliments to Mrs. C. and all friends, and believe me, with the greatest fidelity, your ever obliged

L. STERNE.

P. S. Is it not strange that Lord Talbot should have power to remove the Duke of R[utlan]d?

Pray, when you have read this, send the news to Mrs. Sterne.

LETTER LV

To J[ohn] H[all] S[tevenson], Esq.

COXWOULD, July 28, 1761.

DEAR H[ALL], — I sympathised for, or with you, on the detail you give me of your late agitations — and would willingly have taken my horse, and trotted to the oracle to have enquired into the etymology of all your sufferings, had I not been assured, that all that evacuation of bilious matter, with all that abdominal motion attending it (both which are equal to a month's purgation and exercise) will have left you better than it found you — Need one go to D——, to be told that all kind of mild (mark, I am going to talk more foolishly than your apothecary), opening, saponaceous, dirty-shirt, sud-washing liquors are proper for you, and consequently all styptical potations, death and destruction — if you had not shut up your gall-ducts by these, the glauber-salts could not have hurt — as it was, 'twas like a match to the gunpowder, by raising a fresh

combustion, as all physic does at first, so that you have been let off — nitre, brimstone, and charcoal (which is blackness itself), all at one blast — 'twas well the piece did not burst, for I think it underwent great violence, and, as it is proof, will, I hope, do much service in this militating world — Panty * is mistaken, I quarrel with no one. — There was that coxcomb of —— in the house, who lost temper with me for no reason upon earth but that I could not fall down and worship a brazen image of learning and eloquence, which he set up, to the persecution of all true believers — I sat down upon *his altar*, and whistled in the time of his divine service — and broke down his carved work, and kicked his incense pot to the D——, so he retreated, *sed non sine felle in corde suo.* — I have wrote a *clerum;* whether I shall take my doctor's degrees or no — I am much in doubt, but I trow not. — I go on with Tristram — I have bought seven hundred books at a purchase dog cheap — and many good — and I have been a week getting them set up in my best room here — why do not you transport yours to town, but

* The Reverend Mr. R[obert] L[ascelles].

I talk like a fool —— This will just catch you at your spaw —— I wish you *incolumen apud Londinum* —— Do you go there for good and all — or ill? — I am, dear Cousin, yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LVI

To the Same

COXWOULD [August],* 1761.

DEAR H[ALL], — I rejoice you are in London — rest you there in peace; here 'tis the devil. —— You was a good prophet. — I wish myself back again, as you told me I should — but not because a thin, death-doing, pestiferous, northeast wind blows in a line directly from Crazycastle turret full upon me in this cuckoldy retreat (for I value the northeast wind and all its powers not a straw), — but the transition from rapid motion to absolute rest was too violent. — I should have walked about the streets of York ten days, as a proper medium to have passed through, before I entered upon my rest.

* [The edition of 1775 gives only 1761. In 1780 was added "*about* August."]

— I staid but a moment, and I have been here but a few, to satisfy me I have not managed my miseries like a wise man — and if God, for my consolation under them, had not poured forth the spirit of Shandeism into me, which will not suffer me to think two moments upon any grave subject, I would else, just now lie down and die — die ——— and yet, in half an hour's time, I'll lay a guinea, I shall be as merry as a monkey — and as mischievous too, and forget it all — so that this is but a copy of the present train running cross my brain. — And so you think this cursed stupid — but that, my dear H., depends much upon the quotâ horâ of your shabby clock if the pointer of it is at any quarter between ten in the morning or four in the afternoon — I give it up — or if the day is obscured by dark engendering clouds of either wet or dry weather, I am still lost — but who knows but it may be five — and the day as fine a day as ever shone upon the earth since the destruction of Sodom — and peradventure your Honour may have got a good hearty dinner to-day, and eat and drank your intellectuals into a placidulish and a blandulish amalgama — to bear nonsense, so much for that.

'Tis as cold and churlish just now, as (if God had not pleased it to be so) it ought to have been in bleak December, and therefore I am glad you are where you are, and where (I repeat it again) I wish I was also — Curse of poverty, and absence from those we love! — they are two great evils which embitter all things — and yet with the first I am not haunted much. — As to matrimony, I should be a beast to rail at it, for my wife is easy — but the world is not — and had I staid from her a second longer, it would have been a burning shame — else she declares herself happier without me — but not in anger is this declaration made — but in pure sober good-sense, built on sound experience — she hopes you will be able to strike a bargain for me before this time twelvemonth, to lead a bear round Europe: and from this hope from you, I verily believe it is, that you are so high in her favour at present — She swears you are a fellow of wit, though humorous; a funny, jolly soul, though somewhat splenetic; and (bating the love of women) as honest as *gold* — how do you like the simile? — O Lord! now are you going to Ranelagh to-night, and I am sitting, sorrowful as the prophet was, when the voice cried out to him and said,

"What dost thou here, Elijah?" — 'Tis well the spirit does not make the same at Coxwould — for unless for the few sheep left me to take care of, in this wilderness, I might as well, nay better, be at Mecca — When we find we can, by a shifting of places, run away from ourselves, what think you of a jaunt there, before we finally pay a visit to the *Vale of Jehosaphat?* — As ill a fame as we have, I trust I shall one day or other see you face to face — so tell the two colonels, if they love good company, to live righteously and soberly, as *you do*, and then they will have no doubts or dangers within or without them — present my best and warmest wishes to them, and advise the eldest to prop up his spirits, and get a rich dowager before the conclusion of the peace — why will not the advice suit both, *par nobile fratrum?*

To-morrow morning (if Heaven permit) I begin the fifth volume of Shandy — I care not a curse for the critics — I'll load my vehicle with what goods *he* sends me, and they may take 'em off my hands, or let them alone — I am very valorous — and 'tis in proportion as we retire from the world, and see it in its true dimensions, that we despise it — no bad rant!

— God above bless you! You know I am your affectionate cousin,

LAURENCE STERNE.

What few remain of the Demoniacs, greet — and write me a letter, if you are able, as foolish as this.

LETTER LVII

To Lady ———

COXWOULD, September 21, 1761.

I RETURN to my new habitation, fully determined to write as hard as can be, and thank you most cordially, my dear lady, for your letter of congratulation upon my Lord Fauconberg's having presented me with the curacy of this place — though your congratulation comes somewhat of the latest, as I have been possessed of it some time. — I hope I have been of some service to his Lordship, and he has sufficiently requited me. — 'Tis seventy guineas a year in my pocket, though worth a hundred — but it obliges me to have a curate to officiate at Sutton and Stillington. — 'Tis within a mile of his Lordship's seat and park. 'Tis a very agreeable ride out in the chaise I purchased for my wife. — Lyd has a pony which she delights in. — Whilst they take these diversions, I am scribbling away at my Tristram. These two volumes are, I think, the best. — I shall write as long as I live, 'tis, in fact, my hobby-horse:

and so much am I delighted with my uncle Toby's imaginary character, that I am become an enthusiast. — My Lydia helps to copy for me —— and my wife knits, and listens as I read her chapters. — The coronation of his Majesty (whom God preserve !) has cost me the value of an ox, which is to be roasted whole in the middle of the town, and my parishioners will, I suppose, be very merry upon the occasion.— You will then be in town — and feast your eyes with a sight, which 'tis to be hoped will not be in either of our powers to see again — for in point of age we have about twenty years the start of his Majesty. — And now, my dear friend, I must finish this — and with every wish for your happiness conclude myself your most sincere well-wisher and friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LVIII

To David Garrick, Esq.

[London, January, 1762.]

Dear Garrick, — Upon reviewing my finances, this morning, wth. some unforseen expences — I find I should set out with 20 p^{ds}. less — than a prudent man ought — will you lend me twenty pounds.

Y^{rs}.

L. Sterne.

LETTER LIX

To the Same

Paris, January 31, 1762.

Dear Friend, — Think not, because I have been a fortnight in this metropolis without writing to you, that therefore I have not had you and Mrs. Garrick a hundred times in my head and heart — heart! yes, yes, say you — but I must not waste paper in *badinage* this

post, whatever I do the next. Well! here I am, my friend, as much improved in my health, for the time, as ever your friendship could wish, or at least your faith give credit to — by the bye I am somewhat worse in my intellectuals; for my head is turned round with what I see, and the unexpected honours I have met with here. Tristram was almost as much known here as in London, at least among your men of condition and learning, and has got me introduced into so many circles ('tis *comme à Londres*). I have just now a fortnight's dinners and suppers upon my hands — my application to the Count de Choiseul goes on swimmingly, for not only M. Pelletiere (who, by the bye, sends ten thousand civilities to you and Mrs. Garrick) has undertaken my affair, but the Count de Limbourgh —— the Baron d'Holbach, has offered any security for the inoffensiveness of my behaviour in France — 'tis more, you rogue! than you will do — This Baron is one of the most learned noblemen here, the great protector of wits, and the Sçavans who are no wits — keeps open house three days a week — his house is now, as yours was to me, my own — he lives at great expence. — 'Twas an odd incident when I was introduced to the

Count de Bissie, which I was at his desire — I found him reading Tristram — this grandee does me great honours, and gives me leave to go a private way through his apartments into the Palais Royal, to view the Duke of Orleans' collections, every day I have time — I have been at the doctors of Sorbonne — I hope in a fortnight to break through, or rather from, the delights of this place, which, in the *scavoir vivre*, exceeds all the places, I believe, in this section of the globe. ——

I am going, when this letter is wrote, with Mr. Fox and Mr. Maccartny to Versailles — the next morning I wait upon Mons. Titon, in company with Mr. Maccartny, who is known to him, to deliver your commands. I have bought you the pamphlet upon theatrical, or rather tragical, declamation. —— I have bought another in verse, worth reading, and you will receive them, with what I can pick up this week, by a servant of Mr. Hodges, whom he is sending back to England.

I was last night with Mr. Fox to see Mademoiselle Clairon, in *Iphigene* — she is extremely great — would to God you had one or two like her — what a luxury, to see you with one of such powers in the same interesting

scene — but 'tis too much — Ah! Preville! thou art Mercury himself. —— By virtue of taking a couple of boxes, we have bespoke, this week, *The Frenchman in London*, in which Preville is to send us home to supper, *all happy* — I mean about fifteen or sixteen English of distinction, who are now here, and live well with each other.

I am under great obligations to Mr. Pitt, who has behaved in every respect to me like a man of good breeding, and good nature — In a post or two, I will write again — Foley is an honest soul — I could write six volumes of what has past comically in this great scene, since these last fourteen days — but more of this hereafter. — We are all going into mourning; nor you, nor Mrs. Garrick, would know me, if you met me in my *remise* — bless you both! Service to Mrs. Denis. Adieu, adieu! L. S.

LETTER LX

To Lady D———

LONDON,* February 1, 1762.

YOUR Ladyship's kind enquiries after my health are indeed kind, and of a piece with the rest of your character. Indeed I am very ill, having broke a vessel in my lungs — hard writing in the summer, together with preaching, which I have not strength for, is ever fatal to me — but I cannot avoid the latter yet, and the former is too pleasurable to be given up — I believe I shall try if the South of France will not be of service to me — his G. of Y.† has most humanely given me the permission for a year or two — I shall set off with great hopes of its efficacy, and shall write to my wife and daughter to come and join me at Paris, else my stay could not be so long — "Le Fever's story has beguiled your Ladyship of your tears," and the thought of the accusing spirit flying up to

* This letter, though dated from *London*, was evidently written at *Paris*.

† [Grace of York: Robert Hay Drummond, Archbishop of York.]

heaven's chancery with the oath, you are kind enough to say is sublime — my friend, Mr. Garrick, thinks so too, and I am most vain of his approbation — your Ladyship's opinion adds not a little to my vanity.

I wish I had time to take a little excursion to Bath, were it only to thank you for all the obliging things you say in your letter — but 'tis impossible — accept at least my warmest thanks — If I could tempt my friend Mr. H[ewit] to come to France, I should be truly happy. — If I can be of any service to you at Paris, command him who is, and ever will be, your Ladyship's faithful

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXI *

To Mrs. Sterne, York

PARIS, March 15, 1762.

MY DEAR, — Having an opportunity of writing by a physician, who is posting off for London today, I would not omit doing it, though you will possibly receive a letter (which is gone from hence last post) at the very same time. I send to Mr. Foley's every mail-day, to inquire for a letter from you; and if I do not get one in a post or two, I shall be greatly surprised and disappointed. A terrible fire happened here last night, the whole fair of St. Germain's burned to the ground in a few hours; and hundreds of unhappy people are now crying along the streets, ruined totally by it. This fair of St. Germain's is built upon a spot of ground covered and tiled, as large as the Min-

* [This letter appeared in *Notes and Queries* for March 13, 1852, with the following introductory note signed by H. A. B.: —

"I inclose a copy of an autograph letter of Sterne's written when at Paris. It is very interesting, and is not contained among his published letters. Some few words are illegible, and several of the proper names may be inaccurately copied."]

ster Yard, entirely of wood, divided into shops and formed into little streets, like a town in miniature. All the artizans in the kingdom come with their wares — jewellers, silversmiths, — and have free leave from all parts of the world to profit by a general licence from the Carnival to Easter. They compute the loss at six millions of livres, which these poor creatures have sustained, not one of which have saved a single shilling, and many fled out in their shirts, and have not only lost their goods and merchandize, but all the money they have been taking these six weeks. *Oh! ces moments de malheur sont terribles*, said my barber to me this morning; and the good-natured fellow uttered it with so moving an accent, that I could have found in my heart to have cried over the perishable and uncertain tenure of every good in this life.

I have been three mornings together to hear a celebrated pulpit orator near me, one Père Clement, who delights me much; the parish pays him 600 livres for a dozen sermons this Lent; he is K[ing] Stanislas's preacher — most excellent indeed! his matter solid, and to the purpose; his manner, more than theatrical, and greater, both in his action and delivery, than

Madame Clairon, who, you must know, is the Garrick of the stage here; he has infinite variety, and keeps up the attention by it wonderfully; his pulpit, oblong, with three seats in it, into which he occasionally casts himself; goes on, then rises, by a gradation of four steps, each of which he profits by, as his discourse inclines him; in short 'tis a stage, and the variety of his tones would make you imagine there were no less than five or six actors on it together.

I was last night at Baron de Bagg's concert; it was very fine, both music and company; and tonight I go to the Prince of Conti's. There is a Monsieur Popignière, who lives here like a sovereign prince; keeps a company of musicians always in his house, and a full set of players; and gives concerts and plays alternately to the grandees of this metropolis; he is the richest of all the farmer . . . . . ; he did me the honour last night to send me an invitation to his house, while I stayed here — that is, to his music and table.

I suppose you had terrible snows in Yorkshire, from the accounts I read in the London papers. There has been no snow here, but the weather has been sharp; and was I to be all

the day in my room, I could not keep myself warm for a shilling a day. This is an expensive article to great houses here — 'tis most pleasant and most healthy firing; I shall never bear coals I fear again; and if I can get wood at Coxwold, I will always have a little. I hope Lydia is better, and not worse, and that I shall hear the same account of you. I hope my Lydia goes on with her French; I speak it fast and fluent, but incorrect both in accent and phrase; but the French tell me I speak it most surprisingly well for the time. In six weeks I shall get over all difficulties, having got over one of the worst, which is to understand whatever is said by others, which I own I found much trouble in at first.

My love to my Lyd—. I have got a colour into my face now, though I came with no more than there is in a dishclout.

I am your affectionate

L. Sterne.

For Mrs. Sterne at York.

LETTER LXII

To David Garrick, Esq.

PARIS, March 19, 1762.

DEAR GARRICK, — This will be put into your hands by Dr. Shippen, a physician, who has been here some time with Miss Poyntz, and is this moment setting off for your metropolis; so I snatch the opportunity of writing to you and my kind friend Mrs. Garrick. — I see nothing like her here, and yet I have been introduced to one half of their best Goddesses, and in a month more shall be admitted to the shrines of the other half — but I neither worship or fall (much) upon my knees before them; but, on the contrary, have converted many into Shandeism — for be it known, I Shandy it away fifty times more than I was ever wont, talk more nonsense than ever you heard me talk in your days —— and to all sorts of people. *Qui le diable est ce homme-là* — said Choiseul, t'other day — *ce Chevalier Shandy* — You'll think me as vain as a devil, was I to tell you the rest of the dialogue — whether the

bearer knows it or no, I know not — 'Twill serve up after supper, in Southampton-street, amongst other small dishes, after the fatigues of Richard the IIId. — O God! they have nothing here, which gives the nerves so smart a blow, as those great characters in the hands of Garrick! — but I forgot I am writing to the man himself —— The devil take (as he will) these transports of enthusiasm! Apropos — the whole city of Paris is *bewitch'd* with the comic opera, and if it was not for the affair of the Jesuits, which takes up one half of our talk, the comic opera would have it all — It is a tragical nuisance in all companies as it is, and was it not for some sudden starts and dashes — of Shandeism, which now and then either break the thread, or entangle it so, that the devil himself would be puzzled in winding it off — I should die a martyr — this by the way I never will ———

I send you over some of these comic operas by the bearer, with the *Sallon*, a satire — The French comedy, I seldom visit it — they act scarce anything but tragedies — and the Clairon is great, and Mad^lle^ Dumesnil, in some places, still greater than her — yet I cannot bear preaching — I fancy I got a surfeit of it in

my younger days. — There is a tragedy to be damn'd to-night — peace be with it, and the gentle brain which made it! I have ten thousand things to tell you I cannot write — I do a thousand things which cut no figure, *but in the doing* — and as in London, I have the honour of having done and said a thousand things I never did or dream'd of — and yet I dream abundantly — If the devil stood behind me in the shape of a courier, I could not write faster than I do, having five letters more to dispatch by the same Gentleman; he is going into another section of the globe, and when he has seen you, he will depart in peace.

The Duke of Orleans has suffered my portrait to be added to the number of some odd men in his collection; and a gentleman who lives with him has taken it most expressively, at full length — I purpose to obtain an etching of it, and to send it you —— your prayer for me, of *rosy health*, is heard — If I stay here for three or four months, I shall return more than reinstated. My love to Mrs. Garrick. I am, my dear Garrick, your most humble servant,

L. STERNE

LETTER LXIII

To the Same

PARIS, April 10, 1762.

MY DEAR GARRICK, — I snatch the occasion of Mr. Wilcox (the late Bishop of Rochester's son) leaving this place for England, to write to you, and I enclose it to Hall, who will put it into your hand, possibly behind the scenes. I hear no news of you, or your *empire*, I would have said *kingdom* — but here everything is hyperbolized — and if a woman is but simply pleased — 'tis *Je suis charmée* — and if she is charmed, 'tis nothing less than she is *ravi*-sh'd — and when ravi-sh'd (which may happen), there is nothing left for her but to fly to the other world for a metaphor, and swear, qu'elle étoit tout *extasiée* — which mode of speaking is, by the bye, here creeping into use, and there is scarce a woman who understands the *bon ton* but is seven times in a day in downright extasy — that is, the devil 's in her — by a small mistake of one world for the other —— Now, where am I got?

I have been these two days reading a trag-

edy, given me by a lady of talents to read, and conjecture if it would do for you — 'Tis from the plan of Diderot, and possibly half a translation of it — The Natural Son, or the Triumph of Virtue, in five acts — It has too much sentiment in it (at least for me), the speeches too long, and savour too much of *preaching* — this may be a second reason, it is not to my taste. — 'Tis all love, love, love, throughout, without much separation in the character; so I fear it would not do for your stage, and perhaps for the very reason which recommends it to a French one. — After a vile suspension of three weeks —— we are beginning with our comedies and operas again — yours I hear never flourished more — here the comic actors were never so low — the tragedians hold up their heads — in all senses. I have known *one little man* support the theatrical world, like a David Atlas, upon his shoulders, but Preville can't do half as much here, though Mad^lle^ Clairon stands by him, and sets her back to his — she is very great, however, and highly improved since you saw her — she also supports her dignity at table, and has her public day every Thursday, when she *gives to eat* (as they say here) to all that are hungry and dry.

You are much talked of here, and much expected as soon as the peace will let you — these two last days you have happened to engross the whole conversation at two great houses where I was at dinner — 'Tis the greatest problem in nature, in this meridian, that one and the same man should possess such tragic and comic powers, and in such an equilibrio, as to divide the world for which of the two Nature intended him.

Crebillion has made a convention with me, which, if he is not too lazy, will be no bad *persiflage* — as soon as I get to Toulouse he has agreed to write me an expostulatory letter upon the indecorums of T. Shandy — which is to be answered by recrimination upon the liberties in his own works — these are to be printed together — Crebillion against Sterne — Sterne against Crebillion — the copy to be sold, and the money equally divided — This is good Swiss-policy.

I am recovered greatly, and if I could spend one whole winter at Toulouse, I should be fortified, in my inner man, beyond all danger of relapsing. — A sad asthma my daughter has been martyr'd with these three winters, but mostly this last, makes it, I fear, necessary she

should try the last remedy of a warmer and softer air, so I am going this week to Versailles, to wait upon Count Choiseul to solicit passports for them — If this system takes place, they join me here — and after a month's stay we all decamp for the south of France — if not, I shall see you in June next. Mr. Fox, and Mr. Maccartny, having left Paris, I live altogether in French families — I laugh till I cry, and in the same tender moments, *cry till I laugh.* I Shandy it more than ever, and verily do believe, that by mere Shandeism, sublimated by a laughter-loving people, I fence as much against infirmities, as I do by the benefit of air and climate. Adieu, dear Garrick! present ten thousand of my best respects and wishes to and for my friend Mrs. Garrick — had she been last night upon the Tuilleries, she would have annihilated a thousand French goddesses, *in one single term.* — I am, most truly, my dear friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXIV

To the Earl of Fauconberg

PARIS, April 10, 1762.

MR. WILCOX, the late Bishop of Rochester's son, passing through this place in his return from Italy, has given me an opportunity of troubling your lordship with the enclosed for Lady Catherine. I did myself the honour of writing a long letter to your lordship, dated the 11th of February, from St. Germains, where I retired for a week with young Mr. Fox, but I suppose that letter never reached your lordship, because five others sent by that post have all miscarried. Thank God, there was no treason in any one of them.

By all accounts you had a most dismal foggy winter in town; had I continued there I had certainly been six weeks ago in my grave. The weather indeed has been extremely severe here, but the air clear always and elastic, and not one foggy day (which is not the case, I believe, always), so that I have been gradually regaining my health, and on

the mending hand ever since I came. This was so remarkable the first three weeks that the faculty advised me to stay where I was, and not go southwards so long as I felt I gained ground where I was. By this, together with the great civilities I have met with from the French, I have been trail'd on till now in this metropolis, where I purposed to have continued till the end of May and returned home through Holland. I am told, however, by the faculty here I shall most certainly be where I was again the next winter, if I do not give time for my lungs to strengthen by going down to Tholouse and spending one winter free from coughs and colds; after which they say they shall look upon my cure as complete. This I should not regard on my own account, but fear I shall be compelled to it on my girl's, who, my wife writes me word, and has done some time, is in a declining way with this vile asthma of hers, which these three last winters has been growing worse and worse; and that unless something more than bare medicines can be done for her, she will be lost; and that the only chance for her is to try what one winter in a warmer climate will do for her. This obliges me to wait here till they join me,

and to go down and fix them at Tholouse, where I have taken a little house with a large garden in the pleasantest part of the town, and, in case I find myself very well when I have fixed them there, shall return; if not, stay the winter through and come back in May following.

I beg pardon, my Lord, for troubling you with this long and particular account about myself and my affairs, but I thought it my duty to tell you my situation. My family, my Lord, is a very small machine, but it has many wheels in it, and I am forced too often to turn them about — not as I would — but as I can.

I could never have been in France at so critical a period as this, when two of the greatest concerns that ever affected the interest of this kingdom are upon the anvil together — the affair of the Jesuits and the war, — for much of this kingdom's future glory and welfare seems to be depending upon these two great points. The first takes up the attention of the French much more than the last, — and well it may, — for in this city alone the Society have a rent of 95,000£ a year. What must their revenues be from the whole kingdom?

It will end, I trow, like our Henry the 8th, in a general resumption.

If your lordship has not read *Le compte rendu de Constitutions de Jusuists*, 'tis well worth your perusal. By this time, I suppose, it must have got to England. I hope your Lordship has had your health this winter. I wish it, as I do every other blessing to you and your family, with the zeal and truth which becomes me.

[L. STERNE.]

LETTER LXV

To Mr. Becket

PARIS, [April?] 12, 1762.

DEAR SIR, — The Gentleman who gives you this Letter, will likewise put into yr. hands, a Play translated from one of Monsr. Diderots, by a Lady who resides here, who is a friend both to him & me — If You like it, I suppose 'twil be at yr. service, because I have recommended it to be sent to You — I have read it over & think it will not do for *our stage* — 'tis yr. business to consider whether it will do for * * * * * *[1] — if so — the preference is given to You.

I have desired Mr. Foley, (who used to deal with D. Wilson) to send to You for whatever Books He wants or his friends in Paris or France send him Commissions to buy: — in Peace — this is sometimes considerable.

By the same Carrier who takes my Wifes Baggage from London to Dover, You may

[1] [A word here is not decipherable. It is probably *print* or *printing*, though it may be *Paris*.]

send over the underwritten Books to Mr. Foley — they are for Mon Diderot — but Mr. Foley will receive money for them & then order Mr. Selvin to pay you.

All the Works of Pope — the neatest & cheapest Edition — (therefore I suppose not Warburtons)

The Drumstick Works of Cibber — & Cibber's Life — Chaucer.

Tillotson's Sermons & the small edition. — All Lock's works.

the 6 Vols of Shandy — NB. These place to my Acct. for they are for a present to him — and all the works of (Vide Card)

These must be pack'd up in a Box and Directed to Mr. Minet & Co: at Dover, to be forwarded to Madame Morrel in Calais — they will by this means go with the Cartel Ship wch brings over my wife — send a Bill along with them directed to Mr. Foley.

Mrs Sterne will be in London at Midsummer and If you will be so good, betwixt & then to collect what is due from the Trade on my Acct. — & after paying my Printer & Stationer & yr. self — to pay what remains into Mrs Sternes hands — her Rect. will be sufficient for what money you pay her — I suppose there are 3000

disposed of by this time — so that the remainder may remain selling, — but I hope will be sold off, by the beginning of the next Year, when I shall have something ready to send, or bring with me to Town.

I wrote Mr. Edmundson a Letter last post upon this, In which I told him, In Order to settle the Acct. at once, I was willing to sell the remainder of the Edition to You, with a handsome allowance for the Chances & Drawbacks on yr. side — If you have any thoughts of this — You may write me a Line by the return what You will give per hundred & in one word I will answer You whether I will take it or no —

When Mrs Sterne is in London, send by her 3 sets of Shandys, & 3 Sets of Sermons, to be put up with her own things.

I am forced to inclose the Card itself wch We have recd. from Mr. Diderot — because I have not been able to make it all out — tis the last article but one —

Mr. Follett the Gentleman who does me the favour to deliver You this — will give you two Snuff Boxes — they are of Value — in one is my Portrait, don here — & the Other full of Garnets — I beg you will pack them up some

how or other with a quire or two of paper, so as to make such a Packet, as is not likely to be lost — & send it by the first York Stage coach (with Care) — directed to Mrs Sterne in the Minster Yard. York: — I have recd Mr Cambridge's Book safe — it was bought by Commission, so you did well to send me the Price. — My Service to all friends

I am Sr

Yr most faithful & humb

Servt L. STERNE.

put the inclosed
in the Penny post.

LETTER LXVI

To Robert Hay Drummond, Archbishop of York

PARIS, May 10, 1762.

MY LORD, — Mr. Kilner, my curate at Coxwould, who is a candidate for Priest's Orders at the ensuing Ordination, will deliver this into your Grace's hands. He has served the cure seven months, during which time I have been out of the kingdom, so have so little personal knowledge of him, that I can only certify to his character from the accounts I have had from others: he came extreamly well recommended as a scholar, and a moral man, to me from the clergyman he last assisted; and by all I have heard from time to time of his behaviour in the discharge of his duty in the parish of Coxwould since, he has given neither the parishioners or myself cause to complain. This is all I can take upon me to certify to y^r. Grace in his behalf; but he will have the honour to produce certificates from the neighbouring clergy, which I hope will give your Grace all possible satisfaction.

When I arrived here, the Faculty thought I could not live a month. I have lived, however, my Lord, 5 months, and in a gradual restoration of my health, so that I was setting my face towards home, when I was detain'd unhappily by the ill health of my daughter, who, at 14, is fallen into a confirmed asthma; for which she is advised to winter at Toulouse or Nice, as the only chance to save her. Whilst I was soliciting passports for her and my wife, I was unhappily myself attack'd with a fever, which has ended the worst way it could for me, in a *defluxion poitrine*, as the French physicians call it. It is generally fatal to weak lungs, so that I have lost in ten days all I have gain'd since I came here; and, from a relaxation of my lungs, have lost my voice entirely, that 'twill be much if I ever quite recover it. This evil sends me directly to Toulouse, for wch I set out from this place the moment my family arrives. The D. of Choiseul has treated me with great indulgence as to my stay in France, and has this moment sent me passports for my family to join me. I beg yr Grace's pardon for the liberty in representing my situation and that of my family. Yr Grace's humanity, I am sure, will

take part in my distresses, and that prompts me to lay them open. I wish y^r. Grace and y^r. family all health and all happiness in this world and a better.

I am, my Lord,

Y^r. dutiful and ever obliged servant,

LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER LXVII

To Mrs. Sterne, York

PARIS, May * 16, 1762.

MY DEAR, — It is a thousand to one that this reaches you before you have set out — However I take the chance —— you will receive one wrote last night, the moment you get to Mr. E. and to wish you joy of your arrival in town — to that letter which you will find in town, I have nothing to add that I can think on — for I have almost drain'd my brains dry upon the subject. — For God's sake rise early and gallop away in the cool — and always see that you have not forgot your baggage in changing post-chaises ——— You will find good tea upon the road from York to Dover — only bring a little to carry you from Calais to Paris. — give the Custom-House officers what I told you — at Calais give more, if you have much Scotch snuff — but as tobacco is good here, you had best bring a Scotch mill and make it yourself, that is, order your valet to manufacture it —

* ["May" was added in 1780.]

'twill keep him out of mischief. — I would advise you to take three days in coming up, for fear of heating yourselves. — See that they do not give you a bad vehicle, when a better is in the yard, but you will look sharp — drink small Rhenish to keep you cool, (that is if you like it). Live well, and deny yourselves nothing your hearts wish. So God in heaven prosper and go along with you — kiss my Lydia, and believe me both affectionately, — yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXVIII

To the Same

PARIS, May* 31, 1762.

MY DEAR, — There have no mails arrived here till this morning, for three posts so I expected with great impatience a letter from you and Lydia — and lo! it is arrived. You are as busy as Throp's wife, and by the time you receive this, you will be busier still — I have exhausted all my ideas about your journey, and what is needful for you to do before and during it — so I write only to tell you I am well — Mr. Colebrooks, the minister of Swisser-

* ["May" was added in 1780.]

land's secretary, I got this morning to write a letter for you to the governor of the Custom-House Office, at Calais — it shall be sent you next post. — You must be cautious about Scotch snuff — take half a pound in your pocket, and make Lyd do the same. 'Tis well I bought you a chaise — there is no getting one in Paris now, but at an enormous price — for they are all sent to the army and such a one as yours we have not been able to match for forty guineas, for a friend of mine who is going from hence to Italy — the weather was never known to set in so hot, as it has done the latter end of this month, so he and his party are to get into his chaises by four in the morning, and travel till nine — and not stir out again till six; — but I hope this severe heat will abate by the time you come here — however, I beg of you once more to take special care of heating your blood in travelling and come *tout doucement*, when you find the heat too much. — I shall look impatiently for intelligence from you, and hope to hear all goes well; that you conquer all difficulties, that you have received your passport, my picture, &c. Write and tell me something of everything. I long to see you both, you may be assured, my dear wife and

child, after so long a separation —— and write me a line directly, that I may have all the notice you can give me, that I may have apartments ready and fit for you when you arrive. — For my own part I shall continue writing to you a fortnight longer — present my respects to all friends — you have bid Mr. C[roft] get my visitations at P[ocklington] done for me, &c. &c. If any offers are made about the enclosure at Rascal, they must be inclosed to me — nothing that is fairly proposed shall stand still on my score. Do all for the best, as He who guides all things will I hope do for us — so heav'n preserve you both — believe me your affectionate L. STERNE.

Love to my Lydia — I have bought her a gold watch to present to her when she comes.

LETTER LXIX

To the Same

PARIS, June 7,* 1762.

MY DEAR, — I keep my promise and write to you again — I am sorry the bureau must be open'd for the deeds — but you will see it

* ["June 7" was added in 1780.]

done — I imagine you are convinced of the necessity of bringing three hundred pounds in your pocket — if you consider, Lydia must have two slight negligees — you will want a new gown or two — as for painted linens, buy them in town, they will be more admired because English than French. — Mrs. H[ewit] writes me word that I am mistaken about buying silk cheaper at Toulouse than Paris, that she advises you to buy what you want here — where they are very beautiful and cheap, as well as blonds, gauzes, &c. — these I say will all cost you sixty guineas — and you must have them — for in this country nothing must be spared for the back — and if you dine on an onion, and lie in a garret seven stories high, you must not betray it in your cloaths, according to which you are well or ill look'd on. When we are got to Toulouse, we must begin to turn the penny, and we may (if you do not game much) live very cheap — I think that expression will divert you — and now God knows I have not a wish but for your health, comfort, and safe arrival here — write to me every other post, that I may know how you go on — you will be in raptures with your chariot. — Mr. R. a gentleman of fortune, who is going to Italy,

and has seen it, has offered me thirty guineas for my bargain. — You will wonder all the way, how I am to find room in it for a third — to ease you of this wonder, 'tis by what the coach-makers here call a cave, which is a second bottom added to that you set your feet upon, which lets the person (who sits over against you) down with his knees to your ancles, and by which you have all more room — and what is more, less heat, — because his head does not intercept the fore-glass — little or nothing — Lyd and I will enjoy this by turns ; sometimes I will take a *bidet* — (a little post-horse) and scamper before — at other times I shall sit in *fresco* upon the arm-chair without doors, and one way or other will do very well. — I am under infinite obligations to Mr. Thornhill, for accommodating me thus, and so genteelly, for 'tis like making a present of it. — Mr. T[hornhill] will send you an order to receive it at Calais, — and now, my dear girls, have I forgot anything? — Adieu, adieu! — yours most affectionately, L. STERNE.

A week or ten days will enable you to see everything — and so long you must stay to rest your bones.

LETTER LXX

To the Same

PARIS, June 14, 1762.

MY DEAREST, — Having an opportunity of writing by a friend who is setting out this morning for London, I write again, in case the two last letters I have wrote this week to you should be detained by contrary winds at Calais — I have wrote to Mr. E——, by the same hand, to thank him for his kindness to you in the handsomest manner I could — and have told him, his good heart, and his wife's, have made them overlook the trouble of having you at his house, but that if he takes you apartments near him, they will have occasion still enough left to shew their friendship to us — I have begged him to assist you, and stand by you as if he was in my place, with regard to the sale of the Shandys — and then the copyright — Mark to keep these things distinct in your head — but Becket I have ever found to be a man of probity, and I dare say you will have very little trouble in finishing matters with him —— and I would rather wish you to treat with him than

with another man — but whoever buys the fifth and sixth volumes of Shandy's, must have the nay-say of the seventh and eighth. — I wish, when you come here, in case the weather is too hot to travel, you could think it pleasant to go to the Spaw for four or six weeks, where we should live for half the money we should spend in Paris — after that we should take the sweetest season of the vintage to go to the south of France — but we will put our heads together, and you shall just do as you please in this, and in everything which depends on me — for I am a being perfectly contented, when others are pleased — to bear and forbear will ever be my maxim — only I fear the heats through a journey of five hundred miles for you, and my Lydia, more than for myself. — Do not forget the watch-chains — bring a couple for a gentleman's watch likewise; we shall lie under great obligations to the Abbé M[ackarty] and must make him such a small acknowledgment; according to my way of flourishing, 'twill be a present worth a kingdom to him. — They have bad pins, and vile needles here — bring for yourself, and some for presents — as also a strong bottle-skrew, for whatever Scrub we may hire as butler, coachman, &c., to uncork us our

Frontiniac. — You will find a letter for you at the Lyon D'Argent — Send for your chaise into the court-yard, and see all is tight — Buy a chain, at Calais, strong enough not to be cut off, and let your portmanteau be tied on the fore part of your chaise for fear of a dog's trick — so God bless you both, and remember me to my Lydia. — I am yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXI

To the Same

PARIS, June 17,* 1762.

MY DEAREST, — Probably you will receive another letter with this, by the same post — if so read this the last — It will be the last you can possibly receive at York, for I hope it will catch you just as you are upon the wing — if that should happen, I suppose in course you have executed the contents of it, in all things which relate to pecuniary matters, and when these are settled to your mind, you will have got through your last difficulty — everything else will be a step of pleasure, and by the time you have got half a dozen stages, you will set

* [" 17 " was added in 1780.]

up your pipes and sing Te Deum together, as you whisk it along. — Desire Mr. C[roft] to send me a proper letter of attorney by you, he will receive it back by return of post. You have done everything well with regard to our Sutton and Stillington affairs, and left things in the best channel — if I was not sure you must have long since got my picture, garnets, &c., I would write and scold Mr. T——* abominably — he put them in Becket's hands to be forwarded by the stage coach to you, as soon as he got to town. — I long to hear from you, and that all my letters and things are come safe to you, and then you will say that I have not been a bad lad — for you will find that I have been writing continually, as I wished you to do. — Bring your silver coffee-pot, 'twill serve both to give water, lemonade, and orjead — to say nothing of coffee and chocolate, which, by the bye, is both cheap and good at Toulouse, like other things. — I had like to have forgot a most necessary thing, there are no copper tea-kettles to be had in France, and we shall find such a thing the most comfortable utensil in the house — buy a good strong one, which will hold two

* [Presumably Mr. Thornhill or Mr. Tollot. But in Letter LXV the name is given as Mr. Follett, which may be Sterne's slip for Mr. Tollot.]

quarts — a dish of tea will be of comfort to us in our journey south —— I have a bronze tea-pot, which we will carry also — as china cannot be brought over from England, we must make up a villainous party-coloured tea equipage, to regale ourselves, and our English friends, whilst we are at Toulouse — I hope you have got your bill from Becket. — There is a good-natured kind of a trader I have just heard of, at Mr. Foley's, who they think will be coming off from England to France, with horses, the latter end of June. He happened to come over with a lady, who is sister to Mr. Foley's partner, and I have got her to write a letter to him in London, this post, to beg he will seek you at Mr. E——'s, and, in case a cartel ship does not go off before he goes, to take you under his care. He was infinitely friendly, in the same office, last year, to the lady who now writes to him, and nursed her on ship-board, and defended her by land with great good-will. — Do not say I forgot you, or whatever can be conducive to your ease of mind, in this journey — I wish I was with you, to do these offices myself, and to strew roses on your way — but I shall have time and occasion to shew you I am not wanting — Now, my dears, once more pluck

up your spirits — trust in God — in me — and in yourselves — with this, was you put to it, you would encounter all these difficulties ten times told — Write instantly, and tell me you triumph over all fears; tell me Lydia is better, and a helpmate to you — You say she grows like me — let her shew me she does so in her contempt of small dangers, and fighting against the apprehensions of them, which is better still. As I will not have F.'s share of the books, you will inform him so — Give my love to Mr. Fothergill, and to those true friends which Envy has spared me — and for the rest, *laissez passer* — You will find I speak French tolerably — but I only wish to be understood. — You will soon speak better; a month's play with a French Demoiselle will make Lyd chatter it like a magpye. Mrs. —— understood not a word of it, when she got here, and writes me word she begins to prate apace — you will do the same in a fortnight — Dear Bess, I have a thousand wishes, but have a hope for every one of them — You shall chant the same *jubilate*, my dears, so God bless you. My duty to Lydia, which implies my love too. Adieu, believe me

Your affectionate,

L. Sterne.

Memorandum: Bring watch-chains, tea-kettle, knives, cookery-book, &c.

You will smile at this last article — so adieu — At Dover, the Cross Keys; at Calais at the Lyon D'Argent — the master a Turk in grain.

LETTER LXXII

To Lady D———

PARIS, July 9, 1762.

I WILL not send your ladyship the trifles you bid me purchase without a line. I am very well pleased with Paris — indeed I meet with so many civilities amongst the people here that I must sing their praises — the French have a great deal of urbanity in their composition, and to stay a little time amongst them will be agreeable. — I splutter French so as to be understood — but I have had a droll adventure here in which my Latin was of some service to me — I had hired a chaise and a horse to go about seven miles into the country, but, *Shandean like*, did not take notice that the horse was almost dead when I took him — Before I got halfway, the poor animal dropp'd down dead — so I was forced to appear before the Police, and began to tell my story in French, which was, that the poor beast had to do with a worse beast than himself, namely *his master*, who had driven him all the day before (Jehulike) and that he had

neither had corn, or hay, therefore I was not to pay for the horse — but I might as well have whistled, as have spoke French, and I believe my Latin was equal to my uncle Toby's Lilabulero — being not understood because of it's purity, but by dint of words I forced my judge to do me justice — no common thing by the way in France. — My wife and daughter are arrived —— the latter does nothing but look out of the window, and complain of the torment of being frizzled. — I wish she may ever remain a child of Nature — I hate children of art.

I hope this will find your ladyship well — and that you will be kind enough to direct to me at Toulouse, which place I shall set out for very soon. I am, with truth and sincerity, Your Ladyship's Most faithful,

L. Sterne.

LETTER LXXIII

*To Mr. E.**

PARIS, July 12, 1762.

DEAR SIR, — My wife and daughter arrived here safe and sound on Thursday, and are in high raptures with the speed and pleasantness of their journey, and particularly of all they see and meet with here. But in their journey from York to Paris, nothing has given them a more sensible and lasting pleasure, than the marks of kindness they received from you and Mrs. E. — The friendship, good-will and politeness of my two friends I never doubted to me, or mine, and I return you both all a grateful man is capable of, which is merely my thanks. I have taken, however the liberty of sending an Indian taffety, which Mrs. E. must do me the honour to wear for my wife's sake, who would have got it made up, but that Mr. Stanhope, the Consul of Algiers, who sets off tomorrow morning for London, has been so kind (I mean his lady) as to take charge of it; and

* [Perhaps the Mr. Edmundson mentioned in Letter LXV.]

we had but just time to procure it: and had we missd that opportunity, as we should have been obliged to have left it behind us at Paris, we knew not when or how to get it to our friend. — I wish it had been better worth a paragraph. If there is anything we can buy or procure for you here (intelligence included) you have a right to command me — for I am yours, with my wife and girl's kind love to you and Mrs. E.

LAU. STERNE.

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